UNG DIEV ET UNG ROY
Sr. Thomas Littleton Baronet
Treasurer of Her Majesties Navy,
1702

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THE WORKS OF Mr. Thomas Brown, In PROSE and VERSE; Serious, Moral, and Comical.

In Two Volumes.

CONTAINING,

A Dialogue between two *Oxford* Scholars.
A pleasant Dialogue of the *Saints*, after the manner of *Lucian*.
An *Essay* on the *Satyr* of the *Ancients*
A short *Essay* on *Modern Satyr*.
A Satyr of *Persius*.
A Satyr against *Woman*.
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A Satyr on the *French King*, occasion'd by the Peace of *Reswick*.
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An *Oration* in Praise of *Drunkenness*.
A *Declamation* of *Adverbs* in Latin.
The same in English.
A *Declamation* in Praise of *Riches*.
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Letters from the best *Latin* Authors.
Letters from the best *French* Authors.
Letters from the Dead to the Living, in Three Parts; the Third Part never before Printed.

To which is prefix'd,

A CHARACTER of Mr. *Tho. Brown* and his WRITINGS, by *JAMES DRAKE*, M. D. Fellow of the *College of Physicians* and *Royal Society*.

London, Printed for SAM. BRISCOE, and Sold by *B. Bragg*, at the *Raven* in *Pater-noster-Row*. 1707.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

To His GRACE,

JAMES

DUKE of *Ormond*, &c.

My Lord,

BEing desir'd to submit the *Works* of the late Ingenious Mr. *Brown* to the Protection of some great Man, I knew not where to Address my self so properly as to *Your Lordship*, whose Courage, Good Sense, and Breeding have equally Endear'd You to both *English* and *Irish*, and made those Nations (impatient of Servitude, and even sometimes of a Just Obedience to their Princes) the Sincerest Slaves to *Your Lordship*'s Affability and Goodness.

Tho' the Greatness of *Your Lordship*'s Actions, your *Valour* and *Success*, abroad, the Memorable Stories of *Landen* and *Vigo*, afford a Subject for a *Sublimer*

Genius than that of the Author I present you with; yet it must be acknowledg'd, that the *Illustrious Roman*, who, like *Your Grace*, protected Learning and the Muses, bestow'd his Smiles on the engaging *Wit* of *Horace*, as well as on the *Bolder Labours* of *Virgil*: The last of these was able to transmit to Future Ages such a *Hero* as an *Offory* or an *Ormond*; yet, perchance, the Richness of *Fancy*, the *Wit*, the *Genteel Way* of *Writing*, and *Surprizing Thoughts* of Mr. *Brown* may divert *Your Lordship*, and entertain *Your Grace*'s Hours, when unbent from your Country's Service.

Mr. *Brown* was a perfect *Original* in his way of Writing, and less a *Plagiary* than any of our Modern Authors: His Works introduc'd themselves into the Favour and Applause of a *Malicious Age*, in spight of all Opposition; and tho' the Unhappy Humour of the *Times* branch'd into different *Parties* and *Factions*, yet all Men of *Sense* and *Learning* admir'd the Comic Stile of Mr. *Brown*, in which no Man yet has equal'd

equal'd him: And even the *Parties* and *Perswasions* that felt his Satyr acknowledg'd his Reflections *judicious*, his Expressions *smart*, and his Ideas of things alike *pleasing* and *beautiful*.

His *Wit*, in the last Reign, brought him once under the Displeasure of the Government, but his *Parts* rescu'd him from its Resentment; And indeed, my Lord, that Person must have been of a very agreeable Sense, that could soften and unbend the Temper of King *William*.

Tho' Mr. *Brown* may be suppos'd to have taken some part of his Design from *Lucian*, and imitated that Witty *Grecian* in his *Dialogues* of the *Dead*, yet certainly the many and beautiful Embellishments in all his Works (which laugh'd at the *Follies* of *Mankind*, and crush'd the *Vices* of the Times) were perfectly *his own*; and the Age we live in, is as much oblig'd to the *first* for his *Improvement*, as the *last* for his *Invention*.

The prefixing any Name but that of *Your Lordſhip's* to theſe Volumes would be Injuſtice to the Memory of the Dead; for, the *Firſt* Remarkable Eſſay of Mr. *Brown*, in Poetry, was an *Ode*, congratulating the Recovery of His Grace your Grandfather from a Dangerous Fit of Sickneſs; and theſe his *laſt Remains* were intended as an humble Offering to *Your Grace's* Protection.

Permit then, *My Lord*, your Smiles to the Labours of a Poet, who is not qualified to beg ſo Great a Favour for himſelf, but who, ſo far as the Dead are capable, will reſent the Honour you ſhall do him; as will in a moſt particular manner he who is

Your GRACE'S

Humble and moſt Devoted

Servant.

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

THE *General Doubts that Posthumous Works create of their being Genuine, have made me think my self oblig'd to let the* Public *know, That the* ORIGINALS *may be seen at Mr.* BRAGG's, *in* Pater-noster-row, *in the Ingenious* AUTHOR's OWN HAND.

This Volume *swelling to a greater bulk than was at first expected, I have been oblig'd to defer the Publication of Mr.* BROWN's **Pocket-book of Common Places** *till another Opportunity; but am resolv'd, very speedily, to present 'em to the World from the Original, together with* several other Pieces *I have lately obtain'd of a worthy Relation of the* Author's. *But, to make that Design the*

more agreeable, I desire all Gentlemen, who have any Piece or Pieces of Mr. Brown's *by 'em, not yet printed, to send 'em to Mr.* Bragg *in* Pater-noster-row, *and every such Contributor shall receive from the said Mr.* Bragg *a Note, to have a Sett of Mr.* Brown's *Works Compleat, in acknowledgment of the Favour.*

The Merit of the Author is too well known to need here an Encomium, *or to want any* Arguments *to prove of what Benefit such a Contribution would be to the* Ingenious; *and a* Particular Obligation *for it shall ever be acknowleg'd by*

Your Humble Servant,

Sam. Briscoe.

A CHARACTER OF Mr. *Tho. Brown* & his *Writings*.

Written by *James Drake*, M. D. Fellow of the College of *Physicians* and *Royal Society*.

THE unfair and injurious Liberties that have been taken with Mr. *Brown*, ſince his Death, render it neceſſary, by a juſt *Character*, to remove that Load of Dirt and Ribbaldry, which have been thrown upon his Aſhes; and to vindicate his Wit and Learning from the rude Inſults of thoſe that have neither. *Oxford* was an early Witneſs of his extraordinary Genius, which he ſignaliz'd at *Chriſt-Church* whilſt yet very Young, by divers Odes, and Copies of excellent *Latin* Verſes, and other extraordinary Exerciſes, many of which are extant in ſome of the Printed Exerciſes of that *Univerſity* upon publick Occaſions, but under other Names; a Practice very frequent there, for the Youth of Wit and Learning to grace thoſe of better Quality with their Productions, and eſpecially neceſſary to Mr. *Brown*, whoſe Fortune obliged him to prefer Money (which he only wanted) to Reputation, of which he had enough. There is but one (that I remember)

ber) preserv'd with his own Name to it, which is Printed in the First Volume of the *Musæ Oxonienſis*, under the Title of *Soteria Ormondiana*; which tho' written while he was very Young, is equal to any Modern Ode whatesoever. This may suffice to give the Learned Reader a Taste of the Delicacy of his *Latin* Poetry, which would his Fortune have allow'd him to have cultivated with due Care and Application, he might perhaps have excelled any Modern whomsoever in it.

By this Talent, and some witty Pieces in *English*, which because *Ludicrous*, tho' ingenious, and such as are not only excused, but admir'd in Youth, he took no Care to preserve, he became Famous in the University. But the Disadvantages of a narrow Fortune, and an Education in a private Country-School, which intituled him to no Academical Preferment, would not suffer him to continue very long there, where the Expence was like to be too great for him, and the Prospect of Preferment too little. From thence he came to Town, without any other Recommendation, than a Stock of Wit and Learning sufficient to have advanc'd him to a much better Fortune than he ever lived to see. His Wit soon procur'd him a numerous Acquaintance here, who being greater Admirers, and more competent Judges of that, than of his Learning, made him more Ostentatious of it, and perhaps think it the

surer

ſurer Recommendation. His Converſation was always pleaſant and entertaining, ſeldom ſerious, but like his Humour, which was negligent and chearful, fitter for Company than Buſineſs, which made it very much coveted by thoſe who knew no other Uſe of Time, than to paſs it away agreeably. By theſe he was much eſteem'd and cheriſh'd; and as they were the moſt fond of him, ſo they were the moſt agreeable to his Temper, which was naturally averſe to Buſineſs and ſevere Thinking, ſo it's probable, if his Fortune had been eaſier, the World had ſeen leſs of his Writing. But thoſe merry Companions that robb'd him of his Time, were not the Men that could provide for his Subſiſtance: A Jeſt and a merry Tale, tho' they might ſometimes pay for his Wine, would not find Cloaths and Lodging; For thoſe, he was forced to have Recourſe to his Pen; Wit and Learning being the only Revenue he had to ſubſiſt upon. The firſt Piece which made him known to the Town, was an Account of the Converſion of Mr. *Bayes*, in a Dialogue, which met with a Reception ſuitable to the Wit, Spirit, and Learning of it.

But this, tho' it brought him abundance of Reputation, did not add much to his Subſtance; for, tho' it made his Company exceedingly coveted, and might have recommended him to the Great, as well as to the Ingenious, yet he was of an Humour not to chuſe his Acquaintance by his Intereſt,

reft, and ſlighted ſuch an Opportunity then, as others, by improving Wiſely, have riſen to great Dignities and Preferment by.

The Stile of his Dialogue was like that of his ordinary Converſation, lively and facetious, and the Matter full of ſound Argument and fine Learning, but managed according to his natural Temper, with a great deal of Humour, and in a Burleſque way, which make both the Reaſoning and the Reading, which are abundantly ſhewn in 'em, extreamly ſurprizing and agreeable. The ſame Manner and Humour runs through all his Writings, whether Dialogues, Letters, or Poems; of all which kinds of Writings, he has left behind him not a few. The only conſiderable Objection which the Criticks have made to his Writings, is, That ſome of 'em have thought they wanted Delicacy, not conſidering, that Delicacy is not the Character of Humour, and perhaps ſcarce conſiſtent with it. But in anſwer to this, it may be affirm'd, that there is as much Delicacy in his Writings as the Nature of humorous Satyr, which is the chief Beauty of his Works, will admit; which requiring ſtrong Ideas, will ſometimes unavoidably have 'em hard too. But that Delicacy which they ſo much require, by too much ſoftening the Colours, weakens the Drawing. Others have complain'd, That his Writings are unequal, a Fault that no Man that hath writ much, ever avoided, not *Homer*, *Horace*, or *Virgil* themſelves

ex-

excepted. That this was not his Fault, beyond the unavoidable Condition of Humanity, is apparent from the Equality of his Dialogues, of which the Second and Third Part of Mr. *Bayes*'s Converſion are not inferior to the Firſt; nor were they worſe receiv'd in the World; a Fate which has befallen few Second and Third Parts. The ſame may be ſaid of his other Dialogues, in which kind of Writing no *Engliſh*-Man has hitherto excell'd him, perhaps few will hereafter equal. His Letters, tho' written looſly, and in a careleſs way to private Friends, bare the true Stamp and Image of their Author, and the ſame Humour and Spirit runs through 'em. The Variety of his Learning, may be ſeen in the *Lacedæmonian Mercury*, where abundance of Critical Queſtions of great Nicety are anſwer'd with a great deal of Solidity and Judgment as well as Wit and Humour. But that Deſign expoſing him too much for his Humour to the Scruples of the Grave, and to the Curioſity of the Impertinent, he continued not that Deſign long.

But perhaps one, and that the main Reaſon, why Mr. *Brown* has been charged with Inequality in his Writings is, that moſt of the Anonymous things that took with the Town, were father'd upon him.

This, tho' an Injury in Reality to him, is a plain Demonſtration of the Univerſality of his Reputation, when whatever pleas'd from an unknown Hand, was aſcrib'd to him:

him: And thus he came to be the reputed Author of many things very unworthy of him. In Poetry, he was not the Author of any long piece; of which, if any be found less correct than might be expected from a Man of his Judgment and Learning, it must be imputed to his being unambitious of a Reputation in that kind; however, that Negligence is abundantly recompenced by the Richness of his Fancy. His Poems are most of 'em Imitations of Antiquity, and so called by him, but generally so improved under his Hands, they may justly be esteem'd Originals: They were generally *Odes*, *Satyrs*, or *Epigrams*, and tho' most of 'em be admirable, and some almost inimitable, yet perhaps they are not much out in their Judgment, who think his Poetry not the best part of his Works.

Of his Translations in Prose, *&c.* much need not be said; they were many, and of various kinds; but in general, thus much, that he was just to his Authors, and understood *Greek*, *Latin*, and *French* excellently well, which were the Languages out of which he Translated; nor was he ignorant of the *Italian* and *Spanish*. His *English* was pure, his Stile strong and clear; and if he was not so nice in the Choice of his Authors as might be expected from a Man of his Taste, he must be excused, because doing those things for his Subsistance, he did not consult his own Liking so much as his Booksellers, and took such as they offer'd

the

the best Price for. Nor can he be blamed for this, since Fortune having provided no other way for him to Live by, Prudence directed him to prefer the Drudgery of *most Gain* before a more spacious one of *Applause*, and taught him not to barter his *Ease* and *Profit* for the Reputation of being nice.

To sum up all, if he cannot be called one of our best Poets, he was undeniably one of our greatest Genius's; and tho' some may have excelled him in some Particulars, scarce any one has reach'd him in all. It was his Misfortune to appear upon the Stage of the World when Fears and Jealousies had sour'd the Peoples Blood, and Politicks and Polemicks had almost driven Mirth and good Humour out of the Nation; so that that careless gay Humour, and negligent chearful Wit, which in former Days of Tranquility would have made him the Delight of Princes, was in a quarrelsome contentious Time lost upon a parcel of thoughtless Men, whom either want of Interest or Ambition rendred uncapable of serving themselves or others.

These, because they did not like some things that were at that time done, or because they did not care a Farthing what was done, possessed themselves first of Mr. *Brown*, as a Man whose Conversation was the best of their Entertainment; and he on the other Hand, who aimed at nothing more than living pleasantly, indulg'd his own Humour amongst 'em; and living at

his

his Eaſe, without Care, ſought no farther. Thus, tho' in his firſt Dialogue he was ſo happy both in the Choice of his Subject, and in the Execution, as to be read and known by Name to the Ingenious of all Ranks and Conditions, yet he was ſo regardleſs of his own Intereſt, as ſcarce to make himſelf known by Face to any Body about the Court, where his Work was at that time in the higheſt Eſteem. But this careleſs Humour, which loſt him that Opportunity, follow'd him through the whole Courſe of his Life, and ſubmitted him to ſome undeſerved ill Uſage and Inſults, and gave Courage to petty Scriblers, who envied his Merit, to arraign him upon his Fortune, who yet were never ſo proud as when their Trifles were by ill Judges taken for his; and took a Pride in attacking him, tho' they never got more by their Performance, than the Reputation of having neither Senſe nor Manners.

Some things have been publiſh'd on him ſince his Death, with as little Truth in Fact, as Wit in the Performance; the *Authors* of which have ſhewn but one Sign of Senſe, which is, in ſuppreſſing their *Names*.

THE

THE CONTENTS OF Mr. *Tho.* Brown's Works.

A *Dialogue between two* Oxford *Scholars*, Page 1

An Oration in Praiſe of Drunkenneſs, deſign'd to be ſpoke at the Act at Oxford p. 47

A Declamation of Adverbs, writ by Mr. T. Brown *upon a pair of Bellows at Mother* Warner's *in* Oxford, *for the uſe of Mr.* Alfred C—r p. 57

The foregoing Declamation Engliſh'd, impos'd on Mr. Brown *for a Task by the Vice-Chancellor of* Oxford p. 58

The Men and Women-Saints in an Uproar; or, The Superſtition of the Romiſh *Church pleaſantly expos'd, in a Dialogue after* Lucian's *manner: written in the Year* 1687. p. 106

A Declamation in praiſe of Quality and Wealth, ſpoken by the Conde de la Titulado p. 121

A Declamation in praiſe of Poverty, againſt Wealth, ſpoke by a poor Poet without a Name p. 127

A pleaſant Epiſtle, ſuppos'd to be written by a Citizen to all his Brethren within the Bills of Mortality, ſhewing the neceſſity of their Care for the Poets, Epigr. p. 1

Table-talk; or, Amuſements moral and comical, Epigr. p. 43

A Comical View of the Tranſactions that will happen in the Cities of London *and* Weſtminſter, *for every day in the week* Ep. p. 43

The merry Quack; or, Physick rectified for the Beaux and Ladies p. 58
Observationes quædam in Virgilium, Ovidium & Homerum p. 102
An Essay upon Satyr of the ancient Poets p. [illegible]
A short Essay on English Satyr p. [illegible]
The Prologue to the Satyrs of Persius *imitated, addres'd to Dr.* Midgley p. 75
The first Satyr of Persius *imitated* p. 77
A Satyr against Woman, upon a five Gentlemen's dying for Love p. 80
A Satyr on Marriage p. 86
A Satyr upon the French King, on the conclusion of the Peace at Reswick, *suppos'd to be written by a Non-swearing Parson, and dropt out of his Pocket at* Sam's *Coffee-house* p. 89
To the Lords in Council assembled, the Petition of Tom Brown, *by which he receiv'd his enlargement from Prison, for writing the Satyr on the French King;* p. 94.
The Satyr against Wit burlesqu'd p. 13
Epigram, occasion'd by the News, That Sir R. B—'s *Paraphrase on* Job *was in the Press* p. 5
Upon the Knighting Sir R— Bl——re *for his Poem call'd* King Arthur p. 6
Upon King Arthur, *partly written in a Coach, and partly in a Coffee-house* ibid.
Upon seeing a Man light a Pipe with a leaf of King Arthur p. 7
Epigram, occasion'd by the Passage in the Satyr against Wit that reflects on Mr. Tate ibid.
A Story of a Greek Chevalier, Predecessor in a direct line to the British Knight p. 8
To Elkanah Settle, *City Poet* ibid.
To the Author of the Satyr against Wit, on concealing his Name p. 9
On Job *newly travestied by Sir* R—— Bl—— p. 10
To Sir R—— Bl——re, *upon his unhappy Talent of prai-*

praising and railing p. 11
On Sir R—— Bl——re's Project to erect a Bank of Wit ibid.
To Sir R—— Bl——re, on the two wooden Horses before his House at Sadlers-hall p. 12
Epigram upon King Arthur p. 13
Epitaphium Fleetwoodi Shepherd p. 39
Per Thomam Brown amicum Fleetwoodi Shepherd ibid.
Litera Pastoralis p. 41
In Diadema Regium à Bluddio Furto ablatum, p. 44
Epitaphium Domini D. James Custodis Coll. Om. Anim. Oxon. p. 44.
M. S. Johannes Fell, S. T. P. p. 45.
Soteria Ormondiana p. 66.
The same in English, on the late Duke of Ormond's Recovery p. 71.
An Epigram upon Stantia non poterant tecta probare Deos p. 101
The Beauties p. 62
To a young Lady, who appear'd frequently leaning out of her Chamber-window p. 95
Upon a Lady who was disappointed by a young Scotch Lord p. 97.
The Epicure p. 98.
An Epigram on Sir R—— Bl—— p. 100
An Epigram p. 101
An Epigram on a Blind-man in Love ibid.
On the same ibid.
Epigram upon the fortunate and auspicious Reigns of Q. Elizabeth and our Gracious Q. Ann, p. 17
To Mr. Dryden, on his conversion p. 17
On a Lady that fancied her self a Beauty ibid.
Upon the Pensioners in Parliament p. 18
A Panegyrick on a Louse p. 19
Upon the Legion's humble Address to the Lords, p. 21
To that most senseless Scondrel, the Author of Legion's hum-

humble Addreſs to the Lords p. 21
A pleaſant Dialogue between the Pillory and Daniel de Foe p. 29
The laſt Obſervator, in a Dialogue between John Tutchin *and his Countryman* p. 24
Advice to the Kentiſh *Long-tails by the Wiſe-men of* Gotham, *in anſwer to their ſawcy Petition to the Parliament in* 1701. p. 27
To a Lady whom he refus'd to marry becauſe he lov'd her p. 28
Jo. Haines's *Reformation-Prologue, dreſs'd as a Mourner* p. 29
To his Friend Mr. Owen Swan p. 32
The Pleaſures of Love p. 151
Cupid *turn'd Tinker* p. 152
The general Lover p. 154
A Cure for Cuckoldom, a Tale out of Bocas, p. 155
On the Tax on Salt p. 150
The Highlander p. 159

A Collection of Original Letters on ſeveral Occaſions, written by Mr. *Tho. Brown.*

To his honour'd Friend Dr. Baynard, *at the* Bath. p. 83
Melaniſſa *to* Alexis p. 87
To Mr. J—— C——, *a litigious Country Attorney, a Letter of Gallantry* p. 93
To George Moult *Eſq; at* Tollerton-hall *near* Nottingham p. 96
To George Moult *Eſq; a Letter of News* p. 99
A pleaſant Deſcription of Bartholomew-Fair, *in a Letter to* George Moult *Eſq;* p. 105
To George Moult *Eſq; upon the breaking up of* Bartholomew-Fair. p. 110
To William Joy *the ſtrong* Kentiſh-man, *ſuppos'd to be written by the Lady* C—— p. 114
A Conſolatory Letter to my Lady *** *upon the Death of her Husband* p. 115

To

To Walter Knight *Esq*; *at* Ruscomb, *being a relation of a Journey to* London p. 118
A Love-letter from an Officer in the Army to a Widow whom he was in love with before he saw her, p. 124
A Letter to Mr. Owen Swan, *upon his forgetting to send Wine into the Country* p. 126
The Answer by Mr. Brown p. 127
To a Physician in the Country, giving a true state of the Poetical War between Cheapside *and* Covent-Garden p. 128
A Letter to an old Lady who smoak'd Tobacco, p. 130
Mr. —— *a P*——*'s Letter to Dr.* Garth p. 131
To Madam ***, *upon sending her Sir* Richard Blackmore's Job *and* Habakkuk; *by Mr.* Tho. Brown, *after* Balzac's *manner* p. 132
To Monsr. de la —— *his Correspondent in* Paris; *an account of all the merry Passages he observ'd in* London p. 134
A Letter to a Lady that had got an Inflamation in her Eyes p. 141

The Contents of *Aristaenetus*'s Letters, in two Parts; Translated from the Greek by Mr. *Tho. Brown.*

A Letter giving an account of an Adventure with two pretty Ladies, who fell in love with the Author, for his Singing p. 1
The Complaints of a brisk Lady that had married a dull unactive Lawyer, and her Resolution to do her self Justice, in a Letter to her Friend p. 7
Description of a Lady bathing her self in the Sea, Ibid.
The success of a walk in the Park, with an Assertion, That all Women are to be conquer'd p. 9
A Lady attacks her Lover first, and they continue the Engagement all the Night p. 12
Neither Musick nor Eloquence have half so many Charms as Gold; and the Latter has the greatest power over the Fair Sex p. 13

A Relation how a young Slave fell in love with her Mistresses Gallant, by being witness to the Joys. P. 14
A Letter of Gallantry from a Gentleman to his perjur'd Mistress P. 17
Abrocomas *to his dear* Delphis, *that he looks upon other Women only to observe how much his Mistress exceeds 'em all in her Perfections* P. 18
An account of a Lover despis'd by his Mistress, who from the falseness of Mankind draws Arguments to despise them P. 29
A Letter from a Lady to her Friend, on their mutual Amours, they being in love with each other's Husband and Page P. 22
Of a Lady that feign'd her self sick, and sent her Husband for a Physician, to have an opportunity with her Gallant Ibid.
About a Lady that consented to grant her Lover every thing but the last favour P. 24
A Gentleman falls in love with a pretty Lady at Church, and sends her this merry Letter P. 26
How a Woman put a Trick upon her Husband, who had surpriz'd her at a publick Entertainment, making him glad to buy his Peace at any rate P. 29
That 'tis Folly for a Man to marry a Woman beneath himself, in hopes she'll make a dutiful Wife, which is confirm'd P. 34
A Letter of Gallantry to a married Woman P. 37
A young Gentleman and his Mistress fall out, and a Friend of his endeavours by this Letter to reconcile the Lady to her Lover, telling her he shall bring his Pockets well lin'd with Gold; which Argument, they say, never fail'd with any Woman, of any Age, Religion, and Country whatever P. 39

A Collection of Letters from the best Latin Authors, made English by Mr. *Tho. Brown.*

Pliny's *Junior Letters.*

To his Friend Romanus, *being a short Essay on Panegyrick*

negyrick p. 45
To his Friend Caninius, upon his Poem of the Dacian War ibid.
To his Wife Calphurnia, a Consolatory Letter, occasion'd by his absence p. 48
Another to the same Person, on the same Subject, ibid.
To his Friend Ferox, in praise of a Letter he had receiv'd from him —— p. 49
A Letter to Cornelius Tacitus, concerning mutual Friendship ibid.
To the same Person, desiring him to insert the Death of his Uncle in his Works, by that means to make the Memory of the Deceas'd immortal p. 51
To Sura, concerning Spectres; whether their Existence is imaginary or real —— p. 55
To his Friend Fuscus. In this Letter Pliny advises a young Gentleman what method to follow in his Studies p. 58

Brutus to Cicero.

After Cæsar had been assassinated, Octavius was sent for to take the Government; amoug the rest, Cicero made his court to young Octavius, and recommended his Friend Brutus and his Party to his protection, for which Brutus quarrels with him. p. 63

Sulpitius to Cicero.

He condoles the loss of his Daughter Tullia, alledging for a reason to attenuate his grief, the short duration of all mortal Beings, p. 70

Cicero to Titius.

This Letter is consolatory, of the same nature with the former; the Arguments are almost the same, taken from the common Destiny of Mankind, and from the calamitous Disorders of those Times. p. 75

Cicero to Lucceius.

The most predominant Passion in Tully was an immoderate desire of Glory, which perhaps he carried to excess: Accordingly we find him very urgent with Lucceius (a learn'd Author, whose Works are also pe-

periſh'd) to write a Hiſtory of Cataline's *Conſpiracy, which was detected and baffled by the Judgment and Vigilance of* Cicero. p. 79

A Collection of Letters on ſeveral entertaining Subjects, from the beſt French Authors, adapted to the Humour of the preſent Age.

To Madamoiſelle de J——, *upon ſending her a Boar in a Paſty, who had like to have wounded him at the Chace* p. 85

To Monſ. C——, *upon the* Carteſian *Philoſophy*, p. 87

To Madam D—— V——, *upon ſending her a Monkey and a Black* p. 98

To the ſame, on the death of the Monkey p. 90

To Madam —— how a young Gentleman that had try'd all other methods unſucceſsfully, frightned his Miſtreſs into a complyance, by threatning to ſtarve himſelf in her Cloſet p. 92

To Madamoiſelle de C——, *upon ſending her an Extract of the Church-Regiſter* p. 95

To Monſ. de T——, *about a young croſs Devil of a Wife, that would not let her Husband have to do with her the firſt Night of her marriage* p. 97

To the ſame: By what means the 'foreſaid young Lady was at laſt brought to be complaiſant p. 100

To Monſ. de F——, *deſiring his Advice, whether he ſhould marry a Lady recommended to him*, p. 102

To the ſame; wherein he gives an account, that the Match is broke off p. 105

A Letter of Monſ. de Balzac *to Monſ.* de la Motte Aigron, *deſcribing a Country Seat* p. 108

A Letter of Monſ. Balzac *to Card.* Richelieu, p. 114

Monſ. de Paye *to Monſ.* de A—— *at Paris, being a ſhort Account of the principal things he obſerv'd in* England p. 117

To the ſame; a Deſcription of Flanders, p. 121

To the ſame; a Deſcription of Holland. p. 124

THE

THE WORKS OF Mr. *Tho. Brown* IN PROSE *and* VERSE.

A Dialogue between Two Oxford Schollars.

A. WEll! I see thou art resolv'd to leave us. I will not say, Go and be Hang'd; but go and turn Country-Parson.

B. That's almost as bad, as the World goes now: But thanks to my Stars, I know a better Trick than that.

A. It may be thou art fallen out with all Mankind, and intendest to turn Quack, or as they call it in the Country, Doctor.

B. No such matter, the French can kill Men fast enough; and for the Women, thou knowest my kindness——

A. But some of them have Lived too long; and there are others so miserable, that even Compassion will incline thee to help them out

of the World. I can aſſure thee 'tis a profitable Calling, for whether thou doſt Kill or Cure, thy Fees will be put into thy Hand, and Ladies Bed-Chambers, thou knoweſt, are Comfortable places.

B. Yes, when they are found. But prithee ſpeak no more of it, for I am reſolv'd againſt it.

A. What then, art Thou reſolv'd for the Law; methinks Thou ſhould'ſt have too much Univerſity Learning, and too much Wit for that Profeſſion.

B. And too much Honeſty——But I'le ſpare thee the pains of gueſſing, and tell thee in ſhort what my Condition is, and what I deſign. My Portion is all ſpent ſave Fifty pound; and with that I am reſolv'd for *London*, or ſome other Wealthy place, where Conventicles abound; and as a Man of a Tender Conſcience, and infinitely diſſatisfy'd with ſeveral things in the Church of *England*, I will endeavour by ſome means or other to force my ſelf into an Acquaintance with ſome of their leading Men, and more eſpecially with ſome of the moſt Zealous and Powerful Women among them: And this point once gain'd, I doubt not, but before my Stock is half ſpent, I ſhall receive a Call to be Paſtor of, or Holderforth in ſome Congregation or other——Why do'ſt ſmile.

A. At my Friend's deſign. And I cannot but admire how it came into thy Head. Thy Ability to manage ſuch a deſign, I know very well, but how thou wilt diſpence with the Knavery of it I am yet to learn.

B. That's a ſmall matter. As the World goes, one muſt practiſe a little Knavery, or reſolve to leave the World. Doſt not know that Religious Cheats are Licens'd by a Law? And ſhall I live

and

and dye without taking advantage of it? Believe me, Friend, Nature has fitted me pretty well to be one of the Godly Mountebanks, and a little Art, together with few Months Converſation with that ſort of People, will ſupply all Natures defects. Cannot I put on, when I pleaſe, a grave and ſerious Countenance; and with Head depending on one Shoulder a little more than on the other, ſigh for the Iniquities of the Times, and the Corruptions of the Church? Cannot I wipe mine Eyes with the fair Pocket-Cloath, as if I wept for all your Abominations? Cannot I groan in Spirit as if ready to burſt with Grief and Compaſſion? And cannot I likewiſe when Time ſerves, and Company is diſpos'd to be kindly affected with it, ſmile and fleer as takingly? And what hurt is there in this? Sure I may uſe my own Fee as I pleaſe, *Et ſi populus vult decipi decipiatur.*

A. But where's your Conſcience all this while?

B. Why, 'Tis to be pretended for all this, and ſeveral things more——And the pretence of Conſcience is a good Legal Warrant againſt all Oppoſers. In ſhort, Sir, I muſt live, and my Conſcience tells me ſo, and you muſt help me to live, it is my own, and neither you nor any other Mortal has any thing to do with my Conſcience.

A. A pure Rogue! But what if my Conſcience force me to diſcover thy Roguery, when thou art too far engag'd in it to make a fair Retreat?

B. Behold the Blinders of Mankind, the folly of Humane Learning. How much better is one Dram of Grace than all the vain Philoſophy of the World? Let me tell thee, my Friend, and I do it from the very bottom of my Bowels,

That it is a very dangerous thing to ſuffer Conſcience to command thee: Thou hadſt better command it----verily Beloved it is better to command it: 'Tis good, 'tis good I ſay, to bring it under the Yoke. Believe——Alas, that you will be ſo hard of Belief! You break my Heart, indeed you do, by your Imperſuadablems——

A. Go, Go thou Canting Raſcal to the Conventicle, and there be a Reproach to thy Mother and to all Old Acquaintance.

B. And go thou to ſome pitiful Country Vicaridge; or if thy Stars favour thee, get the biggeſt Parſonage in thy Country, and I'le wager my Head againſt thee, I'le get more Money in one Year in a ſmall Congregation of the Saints, than thou wilt do in three——

A. But a little gotten in an Honeſt way and with an upright Heart, will be ſweeter than all thy Gains.

B. I intend not to diſpute with thee about Honeſty. It was much commended and but little practiſed, when the World was better than it is now. But I'le undertake to convince thee, that the Conventicling way is the only Thriving way, and the beſt way for me to take at this Time.

A. Do ſo then, I'le hear thee with a great deal of Patience, though I know there is nothing but Hypocriſy at the Bottom——

B. Firſt then, if I have a deſire to take Orders in your way, I muſt to a Biſhop; and before the Good Man with two or three of his Presbyters will lay Hands upon me, I muſt undergo an Examination in ſeveral points of Divinity, as they pleaſe. This muſt needs go much againſt me, becauſe I am well aware that I am but a ſmall Divine.

A. Very

A. Very Right.

B. Then ſuppoſing I am ſo fortunate as to paſs Muſter, I cannot be ordained before I have Subſcribed and taken ſome Oaths. Neither of which will paſs very well, if I am ever ſo little Popiſhly inclined, or Socinianiv'd, or have entertain'd any odd *Crotchets* in any point of Religion, (and 'tis but ſeldom that great Wits are without ſome) or if I know my ſelf to be of a proud and pragmatical Temper, not very apt to own any Superiors, and conſequently not very able to withſtand the Temptations I am like to meet withal to Faction, Sedition and Rebellion.

A. Right ſtill.

B. But ſuppoſing me to ſwallow all this, and to be Ordain'd. Before I go to Exerciſe my Office, the Biſhops Secretary or Regiſter will preſent me with ſome Parchments and Wax, and theſe I muſt take for my Credentials; for which I muſt preſent him with ſome Crowns, which for a poor Man that knows the worth of Money will go like ſo many Ounces of his beſt Blood. Is not this, think you, a very fine and hopeful Beginning? And can a Man hope to thrive that takes not better ſteps at firſt ſetting out? But now all this I clearly eſcape in my deſign'd way. I have no need of any outward Call, one from within will do my Buſineſs; and a pack of Phraſes, without much Divinity, together with a Demure look, and ſome other Remarkable ſigns of Grace, either in my Face, or in the faſhion of my Cloaths, will do as much as all the Parchment and Wax in the World. By Virtue of which I can hold forth the Goſpel boldly, and pray out of a Nonſenſical Sermon without fear of any Spiritual Court; and Scratch and Tickle the Ears, the Itching Ears of my Godly Hearers, till they cry out, O precious Man! How ſweet

and gracious are his Lips! O happy people upon whom the Honey of the Goſpel does drop ſo ſweetly, ſo abundantly! O that we were ſenſible of our Happineſs! O that we had but enlarg'd Mouths to receive it!——And beſides this, I am at Liberty (O precious Liberty, who would part with it for a Kingdom!) to find fault with any thing my Superiors do. I can compare your Biſhops to *Baal*'s Prieſts, and your Civil Governors to thoſe that lick up the Spittle of the *Whore of Babylon*: I can bewail their Blindneſs, with all the ſigns of Grief and Compaſſion; and with all the Spight I am capable of entertaining, Envy againſt their Malice to the Truth—— And the more I ſpend my ſelf this way, the more enlarg'd towards me will the Hearts of my Good People be, and the more open their Purſes.——

A. A ſubtle Rogue.

B. But then, in the ſecond place, in your way, when I have done what I have ſaid before, I cannot exerciſe the Office, which coſt me ſo dear, to any purpoſe of Profit, without ſome Curacy, Vicaridge or Parſonage; and after either of theſe I may Hunt till my Pocket is as Empty as 'twas when it came from the Taylor. I may poſſibly meet in a ſhort time with ſome rich Impropriator, who receives two or three Hundred Pounds a Year in Tithes, who may out of his Chriſtian Charity, or Generous Liberality vouchſafe to promiſe me Ten Pounds a Year beſide a *Sunday* Pudding, for which I muſt wear out mine Eyes and Lungs, and humour the Imperious Gentleman as much as his Groom or Butler. Or the like Fortune may befal me under a Goodly Pluraliſt, who will not favour me much more, though he may Condeſcend to call me Brother. But to put the beſt Caſe in ſhort,

ſhort, we will ſuppoſe a Vicaridge or Parſonage to become Vacant, of an Hundred Pound value in common Eſtimation; and the poor painful Prieſt ſtanding fair in the Opinion of the Neighbourhood is recommended to it; It is ten to one but there is an *Abigail* in the Patron's Houſe, that muſt be Married, or there is a Steward that has look'd after his Worſhip's Buſineſs at very ſmall Wages for ſeveral Years, and He muſt be gratified: or (as it often happens) the Gentlemans Hounds and Whores have weaken'd his Eſtate, and He muſt be dealt withal in way of Bargain and Sale; or if he be in a better Condition, it may be he has a fancy to ſome of the Churches Revenue, and thinks no Money ſo ſweet as that which comes from the Clergy. And which of theſe ſoever it is, poor *Pil-Garlick* is but in ſorry Circumſtances. If there be nothing but Matrimony in the caſe, 'tis two to one but that he is undone. If there be not any thing of that, but all muſt be done by hard Silver or Gold, or ſomething Eqvivalent, as a Leaſe of Tithes, or the like—— I am certainly Ruin'd, the Oath of Simony will be a continual Scourge to me, and I may wear away my unhappy life before I ſhall recover the Money I have paid or engag'd to pay——

A. This is not to be deny'd.

B. But ſuppoſe my good Fortune brings me a Preſentation to a Benefice in the moſt Honourable way; I muſt firſt with my Preſentation to the Biſhop; and if my Patrons Title and my own Teſtimonials be accepted of, I muſt again ſubſcribe and ſwear. And from him I am ſent to an Arch-Deacon or Rural Dean for Induction with Wax and Parchment the value of Five or Six Pounds; and this Charge with that of Journeying will render the little Clergy-man as poor as *Job*. And

when he comes to the long wiſh'd for place, 'tis Five to One, he finds an old rotten Houſe ready to fall upon his Head, and the little ground about it laid waſt (for Vacancies are generally beneficial to poor Knaves) And a poor diſconſolate Widow, with ſeveral Children about her, ready to Dye at the ſight of Him, and all her Relations and Friends come flocking about him, to deſire him to compaſſionate her Condition and to allow her One Years Profit at leaſt.——This is the joy that poor Booby muſt expect to meet with, when he knows very well that he has need of Peoples Charity himſelf.

A. This may be too true.

B. But then, when I have got over all theſe Rubs, and begin to ſhew my ſelf in my Pariſh, and expect that ſomething of Money ſhould come in unto me to defray my former Charges, the Church-Wardens tell me, that they have a Sequeſtration upon my Living, and the Profits are at their Diſpoſal till I have taken it off; and withal, that a conſiderable Sum of Money has been diſburs'd by them, for the ſervice of the Cure during the Vacancy, which muſt be repaid them. Which ſad News puts me upon another Journey and Coſts me a Pound, or a Mark at leaſt. And when this is done I find my Living is in the Kings Books, and the Firſt Fruits muſt be Compounded for, and paid, which will make me much worſe than nothing (as they ſay) and I muſt live upon the little Credit I have gotten by my Title to the Benefice. —— But now, my Friend, in my intended way, there is nothing of all this. If a Church will not call me, I can call a Church, and without a penny Charge receive the Profits thereof, being King, Biſhop, Arch-Deacon and every thing my ſelf. I ſhall be

be wholly on the gaining ſide, and not one Perſon the better for my Preferment.

A. Very good.

B. Let me then ſuppoſe my ſelf to be ſettl'd in my Vicaridge or Parſonage; I ſhall quickly feel my goings out. Beſides Tenths to be Yearly paid to the King, and the Charges of Viſitations by way of Procurations, Synodals, and I know not what more; The Charge of attending upon my Superiors when they are pleas'd to command me; The Charge of entertaining Officers, and I know not how many ſorts of Men coming to me upon publick Buſineſs; I ſhall find a Charge to lie heavy upon me from my own Pariſh: Hoſpitality muſt be kept, and none of my Pariſhioners muſt go from me with dry Lips, or empty Bellies. I muſt contribute equally with all of them to the maintenance of the Militia, the Poor and I know what beſides; And upon ſome occaſion or other, ſome of them will be ſpunging on me every day.——What this may coſt me every Year let my Friend compute it if he pleaſes. I proceed to another Charge, which poor Country Parſons do at this Time find more heavy than all. No Act of Parliament paſſes for Money for the King but the Clergy are included in it. And tho they have no Repreſentatives, or Votes by Repreſentatives in Parliament, (except you will ſay a Knight or two in a County are intruſted to Vote for them) and have not the leaſt power, either as Commiſſioners or Aſſeſſors in Levying of Taxes, which puts them in a worſe condition than the meaneſt Free-Holder that can expend Forty Shillings a Year, and lays them open to the Malice and Spight of every Atheiſtical or Factious Knave in the Neighbourhood; they muſt pay equally with their Neighbours, whoſe Eſtates have no ſuch Burthens upon

on them, and are Eſtates of Inheritance: Equally did I ſay? I may ſay double to what they pay; for I am ſure upon good and certain grounds, that conſidering the Charges they are at in the ways before mentioned, and that the far greateſt part of what they can claim as due to them by Law, muſt come from a Multitude of People, ſome of whom are Poor and cannot Pay, and others Knaviſh and will not Pay, except they be compell'd by Law, which as the Caſe ſtands with the Clergy is a Remedy worſe than the Diſeaſe; that the Country-man that has but Forty Pounds a Year is in a far better condition than the Parſon that has Fourſcore, tho he has that Forty Pounds a Year but for his Life, as the Parſon has his Fourſcore.

A. I can readily believe all this; for 'tis but three days ſince I heard an Honeſt Country-Parſon ſay, That his Charge was ſo great upon the Accounts mention'd, that he did not know how to maintain himſelf and his Family in any tolerable ſort, tho his Living was commonly reputed with Sixſcore Pound a Year. And he told me and others very ſeriouſly, That by the late Aſſeſſments which were made and deliver'd into the Commiſſioners upon Oath, he had paid and was to pay for Threeſcore pound a Year, as much as ſome of his Neighbours did for Sixſcore Pound of good Land of Inheritance. And which is more, he told us that a profeſt Papiſt in his Neighbourhood, who by the late Act of Three Shillings in the Pound was to pay double for his Eſtate, was not charg'd with ſo much as himſelf for the ſame value in Tithes and a ſmall Glebe. But nothing troubled him ſo much as that after all this, he and his poor Brethren who would gladly part with their Benefices, if it could be done lawfully, for leſs Money than Three Hundred Pound,

ſhould

ſhould be made Gentlemen and forc'd to pay Twenty Shillings a piece as ſuch, tho ſome of them hardly know how to get Bread to Eat.

B. Very well on my ſide, A wonderful Encouragement indeed 'tis for a Man to turn Country Parſon: May I rather be a Hog-heard. But there is this of comfort in it, for thoſe that look that way, that this may occaſion a great fall in the price of Preſentations. But let ſo much ſuffice for that, and let me proceed to ſomething farther, *viz.* That as I ſhall be quickly ſenſible of the Charge I muſt be at in my new Parſonage, ſo when I come to demand my Dues for the defraying of that Charge, and the maintenance of my Family, I ſhall find it a hard matter to get them. If I be minded to Farm out my Tithes, my Pariſhioners will bid me half the worth of them. If I will take them in kind, they will Cheat me of little leſs than the half. And that which will vex me moſt of all, I muſt not dare to tell them of their Injuſtice; for if I do I ſhall certainly have their ill will and as many miſchievous Tricks plaid me as they can poſſible. And ſhould I lay aſide all Care for their Souls to watch their ſubtle practiſes, and do no more for them than any Lay Impropriator does where he is concern'd, they would be too hard for me in many things, ſo full of Cunning and Knavery are Clouted Shoes———

A. Well, let them paſs; for I can eaſily think of many things relating to them and their Cheats which need not take up our Time. I deſire to have a ſhort Account of the Advantage thou dream'ſt of in thy intended way.

B. Dream, do you ſay? You ſhall hear and confeſs that I think and ſpeak nothing but Demonſtration. Suppoſe me then in my Congregation as their Paſtor, Teacher, Holderforth,

call

cail it what you pleaſe; you muſt know, that they will be a ſelect number of People (not like your Churches, a Herd made up of few Sheep and a Multitude of Goats) moſt of them of the ſweet Female Sex (whoſe kindneſs towards the Spiritual Paſtors or Teachers is never leſs than their Zeal for what they teach them) ſcatter'd up and down, here and there in ſeveral of your Pariſhes. And for the better Edification of theſe precious Souls, it will be in my power to chuſe the place of my Reſidence or Abode: And if I do not chuſe a convenient place 'tis my own Fault. Inſtead of an old rotten Parſonage or Vicaridge Houſe, I promiſe my ſelf Forty, Fifty or Threeſcore good Houſes, where I ſhall be entertain'd with ſuch fulneſs of Delight, yea, and Empire too (not like your pitiful Curates or Chaplains that muſt ſneak to the Groom and Butler) that even the Gentlemen that pretend to make a God of their Landlords will be apt to Envy me. And if I reſolve to enter into the Matrimonial ſtate, I ſhall be ſtrangely unfortunate, if inſtead of an *Abigail*, I meet not with ſome Opulent Widow, or ſome tender hearted Virgin of no ordinary Fortune, who with yearning Bowels will offer me her beſt Aſſiſtance and Endeavours to *build me a Houſe*——

A. Excellent! 'Tis the common Fortune of a Conventicle.

B. Suppoſe me then a Houſe-keeper; I dare promiſe my ſelf at leaſt an Hundred Pounds a Year, which will be paid me Quarterly without the leaſt trouble or Charge. I ſay I dare promiſe my ſelf ſo much, becauſe I am well aſſur'd that ſeveral Holdersforth about mine own ſize, receive two or three Hundred Pound a Year. And all this, if I pleaſe, may be ſpent on my own dear ſelf; for beſides this, That no Obligation

to

to Hoſpitality will lye upon me, and I ſhall be troubled with few Viſiters but ſuch as will bring their Entertainment with them, if they ſend it not before them; or will pay me richly for what I gave them; I ſhall not be liable to pay one Penny out of my Income to Biſhops or Chancellors, to Church or Poor, no, nor to the King and Queen. And what a Happineſs, think you, will this be, to live under a Government, and to enjoy ſo much good under its Protection, and not part with one Farthing towards the ſupport of it! And pardon us (my Friend) if we think our ſelves much the Happier, that your poor Parſons, Vicars and Curates, do with ſo much Charge preſerve and nouriſh the Tree, under which we ſit ſo ſafely, and enjoy our ſelves ſo pleaſantly.——

A. Very pleaſant indeed. But methinks, to a generous Soul this ſhould be a very diſagreeable way of Living.

B. That's thy Ignorance Friend. For what can be more agreeable to thee than that which comes freely, which is ſo far from being Extorted, as your Tithe Pigs and Geeſe are, that it is even forced upon us. And if the good Wife does rob from the Husband, or the Husband does ſubſtract a little from you to oblige and cheriſh us, it will not be the leſs but rather the more ſweet unto us. You never yet heard that the *Iſraelites* were offended with their Jewels and other fine things, becauſe they were the ſpoils of the *Egyptians*.——

A. Very true; but prithee do not prophane Scripture: And tell me whether thou muſt not be a Slave to the Humours of thy precious People for all this; and how thou hopeſt to bring thy ſelf to it.

B. Alas!

B. Alas! That a Man ſhould live ſo long in the Univerſity, and have his Eyes and his Ears open to get ſome knowledge of the World, and yet ask ſuch a Queſtion, and have need of Inſtruction. I'le reſolve and inſtruct thee in few words, becauſe I muſt haſten from thee upon neceſſary Buſineſs. Know then, that they are generally People that will be eaſily managed, and it can hardly be imagined that they ſhould be otherwiſe, becauſe they have been Teacher-ridden for many Years. Their Underſtandings have been ſo baffl'd with Phraſes and Diſtinctions, that they have but little uſe of them: And for their Affections, I ſhall be at Liberty to turn my ſelf into any ſhape to Command them; and I do not doubt in the leaſt but I ſhall have as Abſolute an Empire over them, as ever the Pope of *Room* had over the beſt natur'd of our Fore-Fathers. But if any ſhould prove more intractible or leſs ductible than others, I ſhall not be without ſome Tricks for 'em, which will not coſt me half the pains as your Parſons are found to be at, to keep a poor Intereſt among their Pariſhioners.—— But whereas you ſpeak of my being a Slave, let me tell you in ſhort, that I know no greater Slaves than the *Church of* England *Clergy are*; and I have never thought of them of late, but the Fate of *Iſſachar* has come into my Mind, *a ſtrong* and patient Creature *Crouching down between two Burdens.* On one ſide there are Laws or Acts of Parliament, on the other Canons, and leſt theſe ſhould not pinch you enough, there comes ever and anon Declarations, Injunctions, Orders, and I know not what beſides, which muſt be ſubmitted to, or the poor Creature muſt ſuffer for it. There was a time indeed when you were accounted one of the three Eſtates of the Realm, and the firſt and greateſt

greateſt of the Three; but now you are ſwallow'd up by the other Two, and you ſtand but for Cyphers in the Government. Your Priviledges are daily leſſened; and your Burdens are daily increaſed; for beſides the Burdens which your Predeceſſors did bear, and you as Clergymen do bear ſtill, many of the Burdens of the Laity are laid upon you, whilſt you enjoy the Privileges of neither. You are made meer Tools for the Great ones to work their Deſigns by; and when they have compaſſed their ends, they expoſe you to Contempt and Scorn, and encourage the vileſt of People to tread you under foot. Your Power and Authority, as the Miniſters of Chriſt is next to nothing. You may talk in your Pulpits, as Mountebanks upon the Stage, but few think themſelves obliged to mind what you ſay. And as for your Cenſors which formerly were dreaded as Thunder-bolts, they are generally contemn'd, and there is one bare word which will defend the vileſt and moſt ſcandalous Men againſt them all. Some parts of your Office (in ſome caſes at leaſt) you cannot execute according to your Rule, without galling your Conſciences; and if you fail to do it, there is a Cruel Whip ready for your Backs. And tho' your Principles are infinitely Serviceable to Government, Order and Peace, yet you are treated rather like Enemies than Friends thereunto; as Men of pernicious Principles and of no Conſcience. Whilſt others whoſe Principles are big with Nonſence and Irreligion, and who draw Conſequences from them deſtructive to all Government, and productive of Anarchy and Confuſion, are favour'd and reſpected as Men of Conſcience, Sobriety, and Godlineſs, becauſe they ſcruple the wearing of a Surplice, Sir. If you know not theſe things, you know nothing.

Judge

Judge then whether you may not be accounted Slaves. I would add ſomething of the Freedom of the Conventicle Holders-forth.—— Free as the Light they are, and ſafe as the Sun in the Firmament: They are ty'd to no Rules but their own, and thoſe they may change as they pleaſe themſelves.—— But I muſt leave thee at preſent for the Diſpatch of neceſſary Buſineſs.

A. One Word before thou goeſt, *viz.* That as Happy as the Conventiclers are at preſent, the Caſe may quickly be alter'd with them and us.——

B. Yes when the World becomes Wiſe: But that is not to be expected in this its declining State.

A. But there is, thou knoweſt, an Union deſigned between all diſagreeing Parties: And good Men hope it will quickly be effected.

B. But they who have their Eyes in their Heads, know very well, that it will not be done by the ways of Condeſcenſion and Comprehenſion, except there be a Miraculous change wrought upon the Diſſenting Parties. Make it once their Intereſt to Unite with you, and do ſomething to ſave their Honour, and then I ſhall entertain ſome Hope: But till this done I'le prepare my ſelf for what I ſaid at firſt was my Deſign. And do thou turn Country Parſon or be----

AN ESSAY UPON SATYR.

HORACE entitles his two Books of Satyrs indifferently, *Sermones* and *Satyræ*; And since these two Names give different Ideas; for certain Reasons it is necessary to explain what the *Latins* understood by the Word *Satyr*. The Learned *Casaubon* is the first, and only Man that has with Success attempted to shew what was the *Satyrical Poesie* of the *Greeks*, and the *Satyr* of the *Romans*. His Book is an inestimable Treasure, and I confess I have had great Helps from it; which is the use we ought to make of the Works of those extraordinary Men, who have only gone before us to be our Guides, and serve us as Torches in the thick Darkness of Antiquity. But you must not have your Eyes so continually fix'd on them, as not to regard whither they lead you; for they deviate sometimes into Paths, where you cannot safely follow them. This Rule I my self have observ'd, in forsaking my Guides, and past that Way which no Body be-

fore me has done, as the following Diſcourſe will convince you.

Satyr is a kind of Poeſie, only known to the *Romans*, being not at all related to the *Satyrical Poeſie* of the *Greeks*, as ſome learned Men have pretended. *Quintilian* leaves no Doubt upon this Point, when he writes in Chap. 10. *Satira quidem tota noſtra eſt.* The ſame Reaſon makes *Horace* call it in the laſt Satyr of Book 1. *Græcis intactum Carmen.* The natural and true Etymology is this: The *Latins* called it *SATUR*, *quaſi plenum*, to which there was nothing wanting for its Perfection. Thus *Satur color*, when the Wooll has taken a good Dye, and nothing can be added to the Perfection of it. From *Satur* they have made *Satura*, which they wrote ſometimes with an *i*, *Satira*: They uſed in other Words, the ſame Variation of the Letter *u* into *i*, as in *Maxumus*, *Maximus*, *optumus*, *optimus*. *Satura*, is an *Adjective*, which has reference to a Subſtantive underſtood; for the Ancient *Romans* ſaid *Saturam*, underſtanding *Lancem*. And *Satura Lanx*, was properly a Baſon fill'd with all ſorts of Fruit, which they offer'd every Year to *Ceres* and *Bacchus*, as the Firſt Fruits of all they had gathered. Theſe Offerings of different things mix'd together, were not unknown to the *Greeks*, who call'd 'em παντοφορὸν θυσίαν *a Sacrifice of all ſorts of Fruit*, παντοσπερμίαν & πυανεψίαν *an Offering of all ſorts of Grain*, when they offer'd Potherbs. The Grammarian *Diomedes* has perfectly deſcrib'd both the Cuſtom of the *Romans*, and the Word *Satura*, in this Paſſage *Lanx referta variis multiſq; primitiis, ſacris* Cereris *inferebatur, & a copia & Saturitate rei*, Satura *vocabatur: cujus generis lancium &* Virgilius *in* Georgicis *meminit, cum hoc modo dicit*,

Lancibus

Lancibus & pandis fumantia reddimus exta,
and——*lanceſq; & liba feremus.*

From thence the Word *Satura* was apply'd to many other Mixtures, as in *Feſtus: Satira cibi genus, ex variis rebus conditum.* From hence it paſt to the Works of the Mind; for they call'd ſome Laws *Leges Saturas*, which contain'd many Heads, or Titles, as the *Julian*, *Papian* and *Popean Laws*, which were called *Miſcellas*, which is of the ſame Signification with *Satura*: From hence aroſe this Phraſe, *Per Saturam legem ferre*, when the Senate made a Law, without gathering, and counting the Votes in haſte, and confuſedly all together, which was properly call'd, *Per Saturam ſententias exquirere*, as *Saluſt* has it after *Lelius*. But they reſted not here, but gave this Name to certain Books, as *Peſcennius Feſtus*, whoſe Hiſtories were call'd *Saturas*, or *per Saturam*. From all theſe Examples, 'tis not hard to ſuppoſe, that theſe Works of *Horace* took from hence their Name, and that they were call'd, *Saturæ quia multis & variis rebus hoc carmen refertum eſt*, becauſe *theſe Poems are full of a great many different Things*, as *Porphyrius* ſays, which is partly true. But it muſt not be thought it is immediately from thence; for this Name had been uſed before for other things, which bore a nearer reſemblance to the Satyrs of *Horace*; in explanation of which a Method is to be follow'd, which *Caſaubon* himſelf never thought of, and which will put things in ſo clear a Light, that there can be no Place left for Doubt.

The *Romans* having been almoſt four hundred Years without any *Scenical Plays*, Chance and Debauchery made them find in one of their *Feaſts* the *Saturnian* and *Feſcennine* Verſes, which

for ſix ſcore Years they had inſtead of *Dramatic Pieces.* But theſe Verſes were rude, and almoſt without any Numbers, as being made *extempore*, and by a People, as yet but barbarous, who had little other Skill, than what flow'd from their Joy, and the Fumes of Wine. They were filled with the groſſeſt ſort of Raileries, and attended with Geſtures and Dances. To have a livelier Idea of this, you need but reflect upon the honeſt *Peaſants*, whoſe clowniſh Dances are attended with *extempore* Verſes, in which, in a wretched manner they jeer one another with all they know. To this *Horace* refers in the firſt Epiſtle of his ſecond Book,

Feſcennina per hunc inventa licentia morem,
Verſibus alternis opprobia ruſtic a fudit.

This Licentious and Irregular Verſe, was ſucceeded by a ſort more correct, filled with a pleaſant Railery, without the Mixture of any thing ſcurrilous, and theſe obtain'd the Name of Satyrs, by reaſon of their Variety, and had regulated Forms, that is regular Dances, and Muſick, but undecent Poſtures were baniſh'd. *Titus Livius* has it in his ſeventh Book. *Vernaculis artificibus, quia* Hiſter *Tuſco verbo* Ludio *vocabatur, nomen Hiſtrionibus inditum, qui non ſicut ante Feſcennino verſu ſimilem compoſitum temere, ac rudem alternis jaciebant; ſed impletas modis Satiras, deſcriptio jam ad Tibicinem cantu, motuſq; congruenti peragebant.* Theſe Satyrs were properly honeſt Farces, in which the Spectators and Actors were rallied without Diſtinction.

Livius Andronicus found things in this poſture, when he firſt undertook to make Comedies, and Tragedies in Imitation of the *Grecians.* This Diverſion appearing more noble and perfect, they

they run to it in Multitudes, neglecting the Satyrs for ſome time, though they receiv'd them a little after; and ſome model'd them into a purpos'd Form to act at the end of their Comedies, as the French act their Farces now. And then they alter'd their Name of Satyrs for that of *Exodia*, which they preſerve to this day. This was the firſt and moſt ancient kind of *Roman* Satyr. There are two other ſorts, which tho' very different from this firſt, yet both owe their Birth to this, and are, as it were, Branches of it.

This I ſhall prove the moſt ſuccinctly I can.

A Year after *Livius Andronicus* had caus'd his firſt Efforts to be acted, *Italy* gave birth to *Ennius*, who being grown up, and having all the leiſure in the World to obſerve the eager Satisfaction with which the *Romans* receiv'd the Satyrs, of which I have already ſpoke, was of Opinion, that Poems, tho' not adapted to the *Theatre*, yet preſerving the *Gaul*, the *Railings* and Pleaſantneſs, which made theſe Satyrs take with ſo much Applauſe, would not fail of being well receiv'd; he therefore ventur'd at it, and compos'd ſeveral Diſcourſes to which he retain'd the name of *Satyrs*. Theſe Diſcourſes were entirely like thoſe of *Horace*, both for the Matter and the Variety. The only eſſential difference that is obſervable, is that *Ennius*, in Imitation of ſome *Greeks*, and of *Homer* himſelf, took the liberty of mixing ſeveral kinds of Verſes together, as *Hexameters*, *Iambics*, *Trimeters*, with *Tetrimeters*, *Trochaics* or *Square* Verſe; as it appears from the Fragments which are left us. Theſe following Verſes are of the *Square* kind, which *Aullus Gellius* has preſerv'd us, and which very well merit a place here for the Beauty they contain:

Hoc erit tibi Argumentum ſemper in promptu-ſitum,
Ne quid expectes Amicos, quod tute egere poſſies.

I attribute alſo to theſe Satyrs of *Ennius* thoſe other kinds of Verſes, which are of a Beauty and Elegance, much above the Age in which they were made;- nor will the ſight of 'em here be unpleaſant.

Non habeo deniq; nauci Marſum Augurem,
Non vicanos aruſpices, non de Cicro Aſtrologos,
Non Iſiacos Conjectores, *non Interpretes Hominum:*
Non enim ſunt ij aut Scientia, aut Arte Divini;
Sed Superſtitioſi vates, Impudenteſq; harioli,
Aut inertes, aut inſani, aut quibus egeſtas Imperat:
Qui ſui queſtus cauſſa fictas ſuſcitant ſententias,
Qui ſibi ſemitum non ſapiunt, alteri monſtrant viam,
Quibus devitias pollicentur, ab ijs Drachman petunt,
De devitijs deducant Drachman, reddant cætera.

Horace has borrow'd ſeveral things from theſe Satyrs. After *Ennius* came *Pacuvius*, who alſo writ Satyrs in Imitation of his Uncle *Ennius*.

Lucilius was born in the time when *Pacuvius* was in moſt Reputation. He alſo wrote Satyrs. But he gave 'em a new turn, and endeavoured to imitate, as near as he could, the Character of the old *Greek* Comedy, of which we had but a very imperfect *Idea* in the ancient *Roman* Satyr, and ſuch, as one might find in a Poem, which

which Nature alone had dictated before the *Romans* had thought of imitating the *Grecians*, and enriching themſelves with their Spoils. 'Tis thus you muſt underſtand this Paſſage of the firſt Satyr of the ſecond Book of *Horace*,

——*Quid, cum eſt Lucilius auſis,*
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem?

Horace never intended by this to ſay, That there were no Satyrs before *Lucilius*, becauſe *Ennius* and *Pacuvius* were before him, whoſe Example he followed: He only would have it underſtood, That *Lucilius* having given a new Turn to this Poem, and embelliſhed it, ought by way of Excellence to be eſteemed the firſt Author. *Quintilian* had the ſame Thought, when he writ, in the firſt Chapter of the tenth Book, *Satira quidem tota noſtra eſt, in qua primus inſignem laudem adeptus eſt* Lucilius. You muſt not therefore be of the Opinion of *Caſaubon*, who building on the Judgment of *Diomedes*, thought that the Satyr of *Ennius*, and that of *Lucilius* were entirely different: Theſe are the very Words of this Grammarian, which have deceived this Judicious Critick. *Satira eſt Carmen apud* Romanos, *non quidem apud* Græcos *maledicum, ad carpenda hominum vitia, Archæa Comœdiæ charactere compoſitum, quale ſcripſerunt* Lucilius & Horatius, & Perſius. *Sed olim Carmen quod ex variis Poematibus conſtabat, Satira licebatur, quale ſcripſerunt* Pacuvius & Ennius. You may ſee plainly that *Diomedes* diſtinguiſhes the Satyr of *Lucilius*, from that of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*; the reaſon which he gives for this Diſtinction, is ridiculous, and abſolutely falſe: The good Man had not examin'd the Nature and Origin of theſe two Satyrs, which were entirely like one another, both in Matter and

Form; for *Lucilius* added to it only a little Politeneſs, and more Salt, almoſt without changing any thing: And if he did not put together ſeveral ſorts of Verſe in the ſame Piece, as *Ennius* has done, yet he made ſeveral Pieces, of which ſome were entirely *Hexameter*, others entirely *Iambics*, and others *Trochaic*'s, as is evident from his Fragments. In ſhort, if the Satyrs of *Lucilius* differ from theſe of *Ennius*, becauſe the former has added much to the Endeavours of the latter, as *Caſaubon* has pretended, it will follow from thence, that thoſe of *Horace*, and theſe of *Lucilius*, are alſo entirely different; for *Horace* has no leſs refin'd the Satyrs of *Lucilius*, than he on thoſe of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*. This Paſſage of *Diomedes* has alſo deceiv'd *Douſa* the Son. I ſay not this to expoſe ſome light Faults of theſe great Men, but only to ſhew, with what Exactneſs, and with what Caution their Works muſt be read, when they treat of any thing ſo obſcure and ſo ancient.

I have made appear what was the ancient Satyr, that was made for the *Theatre*. I have ſhewn, That that gave the Idea of the Satyr of *Ennius*: And, in fine, I have ſufficiently prov'd, that the Satyrs of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*, of *Lucilius* and *Horace*, are but one kind of Poem, which has received its Perfection from the laſt. 'Tis time now to ſpeak of the ſecond kind of Satyr, which I promiſed to explain, and which is alſo derived from the ancient Satyr; 'tis that which we call the *Varronian*, or the Satyr of *Menippus*, the Cinic Philoſopher.

This Satyr was not only compoſed of ſeveral ſorts of Verſe, but *Varro* added Proſe to it, and made a Mixture of *Greek* and *Latin*. *Quintilian*, after he had ſpoke of the Satyr of *Lucilius*, adds, *Alterum illud eſt, & prius Satiræ genus, quod non ſo-*

la

la Carminum varietate miſtum condidit Terentius Varro, *vir Romanorum Eruditiſſimus.* The only Difficulty of this Paſſage is, that *Quintilian* aſſures us, that this Satyr of *Varro* was the firſt, for how could that be, ſince *Varro* was a great while after *Lucilius? Quintilian* meant not that the Satyr of *Varro* was the firſt in Order of Time, for he knew well enough, that in that reſpect he was the laſt: But he would give us to underſtand, that this kind of *Satyr*, ſo mix'd, was more like the *Satyr* of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*, who gave themſelves a greater Liberty in this Compoſition, than *Lucilius*, who was more ſevere and correct.

We have now only ſome Fragments left of the Satyr of *Varro*, and thoſe generally very imperfect; the Titles, which are moſt commonly double, ſhew the great Variety of Subjects, of which *Varro* treated.

Seneca's Book on the Death of *Claudius Boetius*, his *Conſolation of Philoſophy*, and that of *Petronius Arbiter*, are Satyrs entirely like thoſe of *Varro*.

This is what I have to ſay in general on *Satyr*; nor is it neceſſary I inſiſt any more on this Subject. This the Reader may obſerve, that the Name of *Satyr* in Latin, is not leſs proper for Diſcourſes, that recommend Vertue, than to thoſe which are deſign'd againſt Vice. It had nothing ſo formidable in it, as it has now, when a bare Mention of Satyr makes them tremble, who would fain ſeem what they are not; for Satyr, with us, ſignifies the ſame thing, as *expoſing*, or *laſhing* of ſome thing, or Perſon: Yet this different Acceptation alters not the Word, which is always the ſame; but the *Latins* in the Titles of their Books, have often had regard only to the Word, in the extent of its Signification, founded on its Etymology, whereas we have

have had reſpect only to the firſt, and general Uſe, which has been made of it in the beginning to *mock*, and *deride*; yet this Word ought always to be writ in *Latin* with an (*u*) or (*i*) *Satura*, or *Satira*, and in Engliſh by an (*i*) thoſe who have wrote it with a (*y*) thought with *Scaliger*, *Henſius*, and a great many others, that the Divinities of the Groves, which the *Grecians* call'd *Satyrs*, the *Romans Fawns*, gave their Names to theſe Pieces; and that of the Word *Satyrus* they had made *Satyra*, and that theſe Satyrs had a great Affinity with the Satyrick Pieces of the *Greeks*, which is the abſolutely falſe, as *Caſaubon* has very well prov'd it, in making it appear, That of the Word *Satyrus* they could never make *Satyra*, but *Satyrica:* And in ſhewing the Difference betwixt the Satyrick Poems of the *Greeks*, and the *Roman* Satyrs, Mr. *Spanheim*, in his fine Preface to the *Caſars*, concerning the Emperor *Julian*, has added new Reflections to thoſe which this Judicious Critick had advanced; and he has eſtabliſh'd, with a great deal of Judgment, five or ſix eſſential Differences between thoſe two Poems, which you may find in his Book. The *Greeks* had never any thing that came near this Roman Satyr, but their *Silli* [σίλλοι] which were alſo biting Poems, as they may eaſily be perceived to be yet, by ſome Fragments of the *Silli* of *Timon*. There was however this Difference, That the *Silli* of the Greeks were *Parodious*, from one end to the other, which cannot be ſaid of the *Roman* Satyrs; where, if ſometimes you find ſome *Parodia*'s, you may plainly ſee that the Poet did not deſign to affect it, and by conſequence the *Parodia*'s do not make the Eſſence of a Satyr, as they do the Eſſence of the *Silli*.

Having

Having explain'd the Nature, Origin and Progreſs of *Satyr*, I'll now ſay a Word or two of *Horace* in particular.

There cannot be a more juſt Idea given of this part of his Works, than in comparing them to the Statues of the *Sileni*, to which *Alcibiades* in the Banquet compares *Socrates*. They were Figures, that without had nothing agreeable, or beautiful, but when you took the Pains to open them, you found the Figures of all the Gods. In the manner that *Horace* preſents himſelf to us in his Satyrs, we diſcover nothing of him at firſt that deſerves our Attachment. He ſeems to be fitter to amuſe Children than to employ the Thoughts of Men; but when we remove that which hides him from our Eyes, and view him even to the Bottom, we find in him all the Gods together; that is to ſay, all thoſe Vertues, which ought to be the continual Practice of ſuch as ſeriouſly endeavour to forſake their Vices.

Hitherto we have been content to ſee only his out-ſide, and 'tis a ſtrange thing, that Satyrs, which have been read ſo long, have been ſo little underſtood or explain'd: They have made a Halt at the out-ſide, and were wholly buſy'd in giving the Interpretation of Words. They have commented upon him like Grammarians, not Philoſophers; as if *Horace* had writ meerly to have his Language underſtood, and rather to divert, than inſtruct us. That is not the end of this Work of his. The end of any Diſcourſe is the Action for which that Diſcourſe is compos'd; when it produces no Action, 'tis only a vain Amuſement, which idly tickles the Ear, without ever reaching the Heart.

In theſe two Books of his Satyrs, *Horace* would teach us, *to conquer our Vices, to rule our Paſſions,*

Paſſions, to follow Nature, to limit our Deſires, to diſtinguiſh True from False, and Ideas from Things; to forſake Prejudice, to know throughly the Principles and Motives of all our Actions, and to ſhun that Folly which is in all Men, who are bigotted to the Opinions they have imbibed under their Teachers, which they keep obſtinately, without examining whether they are well grounded. In a Word, *he endeavours to make us happy for our ſelves, agreeable, and faithful to our Friends, eaſie, diſcreet, and honeſt to all, with whom we are oblig'd to live.* To make us underſtand the Terms he uſes, to explain the Figures he employs, and to conduct the Reader ſafely through the Labrynth of a difficult Expreſſion, or obſcure *Parentheſis*, is no great matter to perform: And as *Epictetus* ſays, there is nothing in that Beatiful, or truly worthy a wiſe Man. The principal, and moſt important Buſineſs, is to ſhew the Riſe, the Reaſon, and the Proof of his Precepts, to demonſtrate that thoſe who do not endeavour to correct themſelves by ſo beautiful a Model, are juſt like ſick Men, who having a Book full of Recepts, proper to their Diſtempers, content themſelves to read 'em, without comprehending them, or ſo much as knowing the Advantage of them.

I urge not this becauſe I have my ſelf omitted any thing in theſe Annotations, which was the incumbent Duty of a Grammarian to obſerve; this, I hope the World will be ſenſible of, and that there remains no more Difficulty in the Text. But that which has been my chief Care, is, to give an Inſight into the very matter that *Horace* treats of, to ſhew the ſolidity of his Reaſons, to diſcover the Turns he makes uſe of to prove what he aims at, and to refute or illude that which is oppoſed to him, to confirm the Truth of his Deciſions, to make the

Delicacy

Delicacy of his Sentiments perceiv'd, to expoſe to open Day the Folly he finds in what he condemns. This is what none have done before me. On the contrary, as *Horace* is a true *Proteus*, that takes a thouſand different Forms, they have often loſt him, and not knowing where to find him, have grapled him as well as they could; they have palm'd upon him in ſeveral Places, not only Opinions, which he had not, but even thoſe which he directly refutes: I don't ſay this to blame thoſe who have taken Pains before me on the Works of this great Poet, I commend their Endeavours, they have open'd me the way; and if it be granted, that I have ſome little Advantage over them, I owe it wholly to the great Men of Antiquity, whom I have read with more Care, and without doubt with more Leiſure. I ſpeak of *Homer*, of *Plato*, and *Ariſtotle*, and of ſome other *Greek* and *Latin* Authors, which I ſtudy continually, that I may form my taſte on theirs, and draw out of their Writings, the juſtneſs of Wit, good Senſe and Reaſon.

I know very well, that there are now adays ſome Authors, who laugh at theſe *great Names*, who diſallow the Acclamations, which they have receiv'd from all Ages, and who would deprive them of the Crowns which they have ſo well deſerv'd, and which they have got before ſuch Auguſt *Tribunals*. But for fear of falling into *Admiration*, which they look upon as the Child of Ignorance, they do not perceive that they go from that *Admiration*, which *Plato* calls the Mother of *Wiſdom*, and which was the firſt that opened Mens Eyes. I do not wonder that the Celeſtial Beauties, which we find in the Writings of theſe incomparable Men, loſe with them all their Attractives, and Charms, becauſe they

they have not the Strength to keep their Eyes long enough upon them. Beſides, it is much eaſier to deſpiſe than underſtand them. As for my ſelf, I declare, that I am full of Admiration, and Veneration for their Divine Geniuſſes: I have them always before my Eyes, as Venerable and Incorruptible Judges; before whom I take pleaſure to fancy, That I ought to give an account of my Writings. At the ſame time I have a great Reſpect for Poſterity, and I always think with more *Fear*, than Confidence, on the Judgment that will paſs on my Works, if they are happy enough to reach it. All this does not hinder me from eſteeming the great Men that live now. I acknowledge that there are a great many who are an Honour to our Age, and who wou'd have adorn'd the Ages paſs'd. 'But amongſt theſe great Men I ſpeak of, I do not know one, and there cannot be one, who does not eſteem, and honour the Ancients, who is not of their Taſte, and who follows not their Rules. If you go never ſo little from them, you go at the ſame time from Nature and Truth; and I ſhall not be affaid to affirm, that it wou'd not be more difficult to ſee without Eyes or Light, than 'tis impoſſible to acquire a ſolid Merit, and to form the Underſtanding by other means, than by thoſe that the *Greeks* and *Romans* have trac'd for us. Whether it be that we follow them by the only force of Natural Happineſs, or inſtinct, or that Art and Study have conducted us thither. As for thoſe who thus b'ame Antiquity, without knowing of it, once for all I'll undeceive them, and make it appear, that in giving all the advantage to our Age, they take the direct Courſe to diſhonour it; for what greater Proofs can be of the Rudeneſs, or rather Barbarity of

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an Age, than in it, to hear *Homer* called dull and heavy, *Plato* tiresome and tedious, *Aristotle* ignorant, *Demosthenes* and *Cicero* vulgar Orators, *Virgil* a Poet without either Grace or Beauty, and *Horace* an Author unpolished, languid, and without force? The *Barbarians* who ravag'd *Greece* and *Italy*, and who laboured with so much fury to destroy all things that were fine and noble, have never done any thing so horrible as this. But I hope that the false taste of some particular Men without Authority, will not be imputed to the whole Age, nor give the least Blemish to the Ancients. 'Twas to no purpose that a certain Emperor declar'd himself an Enemy to *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Titus Livius*. All his Efforts were ineffectual, and the Opposition he made to Works so perfect, serv'd only to augment in his History the number of his Follies, and render him more odious to all Posterity.

Epitaphium

A Short

ESSAY

On ENGLISH

SATYR.

IT would appear as vain and superfluous to pretend to an Essay upon the Satyr of the Ancients, after what hath been already said upon that Subject in the preceeding Pages, by one of the most Judicious Criticks that *France*, or any other Nation hath produced. The Reflections are Beautiful, founded upon the true Learning, and give a just Reputation to their Author: But, since different Countries have their different tastes of Wit, and the foregoing Observations was Calculated for, and are naturally adapted to the Genius of the *French* Nation. I shall venter to touch upon the Original of *English Satyr*, and reflect how far our Modern Authors have succeeded in that way of Writing. Posterity has been very little beholding to the Ancient *Greeks* for Satyr, I believe *Archilochus* will be found the only Person of that Country, who had a Stile and Genius capable of correcting the Vices of their Country-men; and Painting their Crimes in the disagreeable Colours they deserved; and making them as

bitter

bitter in the Reflection, as perchance they might be supposed *pleasant* in the Enjoyment. That Poet exerted the Vigour of Satyr, and pointed his Verses with Revenge and Wit; his Ungenerous Father-in-law asham'd to be exposed for Actions that render'd him unworthy Life, discreetly Hang'd himself, and by that means found a sure Retreat from the just Resentments of his Angry Son-in-law. It must be acknowledged that *Lycambes* Complimented the *Jambicks* of *Archilochus* with a most convincing Proof of their Wit and Goodness. Yet those Verses that occasion'd so remarkable a Tragedy, either by the Immorality of the Author, or the Impropriety of the Language and Numbers they were writ in, have been lost to Mankind; and all that Lives of him now, is his Name and the Story of his Success.

Whether the *Romans* took their hint of Satyr from the *Greeks*, or invented that sort of Poetry themselves, I shan't determine; without dispute, if Satyr did not find its Birth in *Italy*, it did both its Improvements and Perfections.

The *Romans* had several good Satyrists, but *Horace* and *Juvenal*, both whose Works have escaped the Ruins of time, and the *Roman* Empire Challenge with Justice a Superiority before all the rest; and have divided the admiring World into two Classes of Opinions.

I shan't pretend to make any comparison between those two celebrated Authors; that Affair has been sufficiently touch'd upon by an abler Hand. I shall only observe from the Gentleman-like Learning of the one, and the Vigorous Morals of the other, the *English Satyr* hath derived both its Force and Virtues. But however it happens, tho' the *English* Language seems

to have as Natural a tendency to Satyr, tho it contains as much Strength, as brisk a Fire, and Numbers as agreeable as any, to that ſort of Poetry, the Latin only excepted; and notwithſtanding the Genius of the Engliſh Nation, has a peculiar richneſs of Thought, magnificence and force in Expreſſion, a Natural Beauty in deſcribing the Paſſions of Mankind, tho our Notions are ſolid and juſt, and our Morals without diſpute, juſt as Conſcientiour as our Neighbours; yet it muſt be acknowledged that *England* has produc'd very few Poets who have Courted the Revengeful Muſes with Succeſs.

Poetry has had its *Criſis* in theſe Nations, as well as in other Countries. It was during the Reign of King *Charles* the II. that Learning in general flouriſh'd, and the Muſes like other fair Ladies, met with the Civilleſt ſort of Entertainment. The Immorality's the Engliſh learnt from the Court of *France*, during the unhappy Exile of that Prince, and the luxurious Idleneſs which ſucceeded the long fatiegues of our Civil Wars, frequently gave Births to Lampoons and Satyrs; but as the firſt of theſe were perfectly Malicious, and the laſt pointed too much at great Men, laſhing the Perſons more than the Vices; they eſcaped the Cenſure of Poſterity, and are interr'd in the Tombs of Forgetfulneſs. Thoſe Embrio's of Satyr were ſucceeded by three great Wits all Contempories, with little difference in their Age, and great Similitude in their Writings. Satyr was the principal Talent of them all: In which way of Writing, my Lord *Rocheſter* and my Lord *Dorſet*, exceeded all the Modern Poets, and perchance were not inferiour to the beſt of the Ancients. *Oldham* indeed has not imitated *Juvenal* ſo well as my Lord *Rocheſter* has Paraphraſed upon *Boileau*. But then,

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as there is no compariſon betwixt *Boileau* and *Juvenal*, ſo there's no concluſion to be made from my Lord *Rocheſter's* exceeding his Original, and Mr. *Oldham's* not coming up to the Genius, Beauty and Fire, of his *Roman* Example.

Theſe three are the greateſt *Satyriſts* of the *Engliſh*, and have their ſeveral Beauties diſtinct and apart from each other. My Lord *Rocheſter* and *Dorſet*, had all the advantages of a generous Education; the greatneſs of their Genius was improved by the Acquiſitions of Art; and their Natural Parts were Cultivated by the Care of the ableſt Maſters. *Oldham* ow'd every thing to himſelf, nothing to his Birth, but little to the Precepts of *Pedants*, and ſeems, as it were, Predeſtinated to the Service of the Muſes, and the rediculing that Claſs of Men, who of all Perſons leaſt deſerve to draw the Appellation of their Order from the Sacred Name of *Jeſus*. His Conceptions were Noble, infinitely Bold, full of Fire and Vivacity; he ſeldom was Flat, and generally ſpoke to the purpoſe; he always was an Enemy to Vice, encouraged the Good and Vertuous. Yet, on the other Hand, it muſt be confeſs'd, that the ſame Author was always in a Paſſion; that he was inclinable to Rail at every thing; that both his Thoughts were too Furious and his Stile too bold to be Correct, or partake of thoſe Beauties, which even his great Maſter *Juvenal* did not think unworthy his Care. His Curſes were Cruel, and ſometimes ſtretch'd to that degree that his Verſes could be term'd no longer *Satyr*, but rather the hot Expreſſions of ſome witty Mad-man. *Satyr* is deſigned to expoſe Vice and encourage Vertue; he Obeyed but half of that ſolid Maxim. 'Tis true, he Expos'd and Rail'd at Vice, but then his perſuing both the Theme and Perſons, too

far obliged the Criminal he expos'd, to believe that the ſharpneſs of his Satyr proceeded rather from ſome Perſonal diſguſt than any averſion to Vice and Immorality in general. Inſtead of Correcting the Manners of the Age, he fermented the Paſſions of the Vicious, and rendred their Minds only capable of ſuch Sentiments as Revenge and Fury ſuggeſted. *Juvenal* himſelf taught Mr *Oldham* the way; and was in ſome meaſure guilty of the fault which is Univerſally objected againſt his Schollar. But then it muſt be uaged on the *Romans* behalf, that he lived and writ in the time of *Domitian* the moſt ſcandalous Emperor, and moſt infamous of Men. There's no occaſion to mention his cruel Treatment of the *Chriſtians*. *Juvenal* was a *Pagan* Author, and neglected the ill uſage of the *Nazarenes*, he had no other regard in the Fire of his Writings, than to reform a Luxurious, Bloody Court; a Cowardly Senate, and a Deſpicable Populace. Theſe were the proper Engines and Subjects of a Tyrant; the Immorality and Baſeneſs of the *Roman* Empire, might juſtly exact the heavieſt Cenſures; and if *Juvenal* ſometimes forget his Morals and Philoſophy, it muſt be attributed to the Reaſons I have mentioned; but Mr *Oldham* could not alledge ſuch pretentions for that ungovernable heat which appears in all his Poetry, nor indeed can the Court of King *Charles* be compared to that of *Rome*, tho it muſt be own'd, there happened, but too often, ſufficient Arguments for Satyr, whilſt he ſate upon the Throne. Whether Mr *Oldham* would have Corrected his Writings, if he had attained to a longer date of Years, and ſeen the Turns and Changes of Fortune which happen'd ſoon after his Death, is uncertain; yet, this Character ought to be allowed his Memory, (and I believe Mr *Dennis*, who

who hath Judiciouſly Criticiſed upon his Paſſion of *Byblis* will admit) that he was Born a Poet, had a Genius very Bold and Sublime, that his Thoughts were generally very Noble, that his Heat was Maſculine, and always pointed againſt Vice; that he was one of the beſt Tranſlators, had a Vein rich enough of his own without borrowing from the Labour of others; and that if Fortune had permitted him time, and thoſe opportunities which ſome Poets of greater Quality enjoy'd, he had not only equall'd them, but been ſuperior to all that went before him. The Earls of *Rocheſter* and *Dorſet*, had the happineſs to addreſs themſelves to the Muſes, favour'd by a noble Extraction, and bleſt abundantly with the Goods of Fortune. Their Natural parts wanted very little aſſiſtance from Study, or the Precepts of the Dead; and the Vivacity of their Wit might have prefer'd them to the eminent Station they poſſeſt, if Providence had not been ſo propitious to them in their Birth. Yet, tho the Quality of theſe two Great Men, their Inclination to Poetry in general, and Satyr in particular, was much the ſame; their Learning and great Capacities not much unlike; yet there was a wonderful difference in their Humours and Morals. My Lord *Rocheſter* was always witty, and always very ill Natured; he never troubled himſelf much about correcting the Vice, unleſs it diſturb'd him in his Pleaſure, (for reforming the Age was none of his Province) he generally took care to expoſe the Perſon, and that in ſuch a manner, as uſually begat more Crimes in thoſe that were the Subjects of his Satyrs, than he corrected faults. His Wit was often Prophane, and he neither ſpared Prince nor God, from whom he received both the greateſt Abilities a ſplended Title and a magnificent

Fortune. My Lord *Dorſet* was as much his Equal in Learning and Senſe, as he was inferior to him in Ill Nature and Invectives; his Natural ſweetneſs led him to ſpeak better of Mankind as my Lord *Rooheſter* ſpake always worſe than they deſerved; and as my Lord *Dorſet*'s Morals and Integrity, his Candor and his Honour, were infinitely beyond his Rivals, ſo his performance in Satyr was no leſs. And this may be added to his Character, that his Writings contain'd as ſevere a reprehenſion as any others, either of the Ancients or Moderns. But had the Air of Court, and a particular richneſs of Expreſſion, if poſſible, even beyond my Lord *Rocheſters*; and what was yet more Wonderful, is, that he was able to exert ſo vigorous a Satyr, when his Compaſſion for Mankind and Conſideration of Learned Men, render'd him the moſt Generous Patron of the Muſes, and the moſt certain Friend of good Men in Diſtreſs.

For Pointed Satyr, *I would* Buchurſt *chooſe*,
The beſt good Man with the worſt Natur'd Muſe.

This was my Lord *Rocheſter*'s Character of his Lord-ſhip, and all the World knows my Lord *Rocheſter* never flatter'd any Perſon. I ſhant add any farther Remarks upon a Gentleman whoſe Worth, Learning and Judgment, all will allow, that have any of theſe diſtinguiſhing Qualities of their own; who was as much beyond the Celebrated *Mæcenus* of the *Romans* in Learning, and the favour of the Muſes, as that Favourite exceeded him in the advantages of Riches and good Fortune.

Epitaphium FLEETWOODI SHEPHERD.

O Vos, qui de ſalute veſtrâ ſecuri eſtis,
Orate pro animâ miſerrimi peccatoris
Fleetwoodi Shepherd, etiamnum viventis,
Et ubicuncq; eſt, peccantis!
Qui fide exiguâ, & tamen ſpe impudentiſſimâ
Optat & ſpectat, quam non meruit,
Felicem reſurrectionem.
Anno religionis & libertatis reſtauratæ terio
Rerum potientibus fortiſſimo Willielmo
Et formoſiſſimâ Mariâ.

Per Thomam Brown Amicum Fleetwoodi Shepherd.

STA Viator! ſive tu Veneri, ſive Baccho vix-
(eris Idoneus;
Et ſi quando a Scortis vel poculis vacat,
Reminiſcere defuncti in Baccho & Venere fratris
(Fleetwoodi Shepherd
Qui vitijs, & (quod in ipſo vitioſiſſimum erat)
Ingenio piè renunciavit.
Apolline jam nullo, Venere nulla,
Et, quod magis dolendum, Baccho nullo;
Cui nihil non in vultu erubeſcit præter frontem
Nec

Nec ulla meretrix displicuit, præter Babyloni-
(cam
Fortitudine & sobrietate pari:
Quippe qui nulli hosti bellum unquam indixerit,
Si excipias Sitim.
Qui Comiti *Dorsetensi* a risu,
Cubiculario Regio à sanctioribus biblijs,
Et Poetarum Macœnati a dactylis & spondæis.
Nihil unquam facete dixit, quod, salvo pudore,
Nec liberè, quod salvâ religione dici potuit.
Promisiorum usq; & usq; profusus,
Montes aureos pollicetur.
At ubi bonæ fidei hominem sperabis,
Poetam, sed sola illâ vice, verum induit.
Qui ut mensâ aliena semper vixerit,
Sic Jocis alienis non suis inclaruit.
Nec alium edidit jocum, nisi quem
Sackvilianæ genti & fortunæ debuerit.
Inter Aulicos Theologum, inter Theologos Au-
(licum Profitetur,
Inter Magnates literatum,
Et (quæ magna hominis modestia est)
Inter literatos nihil.
Anno publicæ paupertatis,
Et (si paupertati Poesis semper a tergo Adhæreat)
Anno publicæ Poeseos restauratæ tertio,
Cum de bicipite nostro Parnasso certaret,
Hinc bifrons Drydenus,
Inde bicornis Shadwellius;
Quorum hic de facto, ille de Jure
Archipoeta cluit.

Litera

Litera Paſtoralis.

QUÆ ſcombros, Quæ thus meruit, damna-
(natur ad ignes,
Longaq; funereo eſt pompa parata rogo:
Purpurei adſtant Carnifices, haſtataq; cingit
Turba, edunt raucos æra recurva ſonos.
Proh pia pompa rogi! proh gloria funeris! Auctor
Non meruit fato nobiliore mori.

Julii *Mazarini Cardinalis Epitaphium.*

HIC jacet Julius Mazarinus,
Galliæ *Rex Italicus*,
Eccleſiæ Præſul laicus,
Europæ prædo purpuratus:
Fortunam omnem ambijt, omnem corrupit,
Ærarium adminiſtravit et exhauſit,
Civile bellum compreſſit, ſed commovit,
Regni Jura tuitus eſt, & invaſit,
Beneficia poſſedit, & vendidit,
Pacem dedit aliquando, diu diſtulit;
Hoſtes cladibus, Cives oneribus afflixit:
Arriſſit paucis, Irriſit plurimos,
Omnibus nocuit.
Negotiator in templo, Tyrranus in Regno,
Prædo in miniſterio,
Vulpes in concilio,
Graſſator in bello,
Solus nobis in Pace hoſtis.
Fortunam, olim adverſam, aut eluſit, aut vicit.
Et noſtro ſeculo vidimus Adorari

Adorari fugitivum,
Imperare civibus exulem,
Regnare Proſcriptum.
Quid deinde egerit ? Rogas ? Paucis accipe,
Luſit, fefellit, rapuit;
Ferreum nobis induxit ſeculum, ſibi ex auro noſtro
Aurum fecit:
Quorundam capiti, nullius fortunis pepercit
Homo crudeliter Clemens.
Pluribus tandem morbis elanguit,
Plures ei cælo mortes irrogante,
Cui Senatus Olim unam tantum decreverat,
Vincemi ſe arcibus inclusit moriturus
Et quidem aptè
Quæſivit carcerem.
Diu cedentem animam retinuit, ægrè reddidit.
Sic retinere omnia dedicerat,
Nihil ſua ſponte reddere.
Conſtanter tamen viſus eſt mori; quid mirum?
Ut vixit, ſic obijt diſſimulans.
Ne morbium quidem noverunt qui curabant,
Hac unâ fraude nobis profuit.
Fefellit Medicos.
Mortuus eſt tamen, niſallimur, & moriens
Regem Regno, Regnum Regi reſtituit.
Reliquit,
Præſulibus peſſima exempla,
Aulicis infida concilia,
Adoptivo ampliſſima ſpolia,
Paupertatem populis.
Succeſſoribus ſuis omnes prædandi artes,

Sed

Sed prædam nullam :
Immenſas tamen opes licèt profuderit
Id unum tantum habuit ex ſuo quod daret
Nomen ſuum.
Pectus ejus poſt mortem apertum eſt.
Tum primum patuit vafrum cor
Mazarini, (moveretur,
Quod nec precibus, nec lachrymis, nec injuriis
Diu quæſivimus, invenêre Midici
Cor lapideum.
Quòd mortuus adhuc omnia moveat&adminiſtret,
(ne mireris,
Stipendia in hunc annum accepit.
Nec fraudat poſt mortem, vir bonæ fidei.
Quò tandem tandem evaſerit rogitas?
Cælum ſi rapitur, tenet, ſi datur, meritis, longe
(abeſt.

Sed abi Viator & cave,
Nam hic tumulus
Eſt ſpecus Latronis.

In

In Diadema Regium a Bluddio, *Furto ablatum.*

BLuddius ut damnum ruris repararet Aviti,
Addicit fiſco dum diadema ſuo.
Egregium ſacro facinus velavit amictu
(Larva magis Reges fallere nulla poteſt)
Excidit aſt auſis tactus pietate profanâ,
Cuſtodem ut ſervet, maluit ipſe capi.
Si modò ſævitiam texiſſet Pontificalem
Veſte ſacerdotis, rapta corona foret.

Epitaphium Domini Dr. James, *Cuſtodis* Coll. Om. Anim. Oxon.

HIC Jacet qui ſub nullo lateret Marmore,
Thomas James, *S. S.* Theologiæ Doctor,
Collegii hujus verè cuſtos,
Optimo dignus monumento,
Nullius indigens:
Quem nec parcus invidiæ Sermo,
Nec propria modeſtia,
Nec mortis umbræ poſſunt cælare,
Cujus in laudibus celebrandis,

Nec

Nec Fama loquax, nec ipſa mendax,
Poterit eſſe Epitaphium ;
Sed plura vetat magnarum
Virtutum comes vercundia,
Hoc igitur omnia breve claudat encomium,
Vivus amicos habuit homines,
Moriens Conſcientiam,
Mortuus Deum.
Ætatis ſuæ LXVII.
Obiit 5. *Januarij*, *Anno Dom.* CIↃ DCLXXXVI.

M. S.
Johannes Fell, S. T. P.

LOngworthiæ Bercherienſium natus,
In hanc Ædem,
A patre Decano admiſſus
Alumnus Undecennis.
Magiſtralem togam ante induit quam ſumeret (Virilem,
Sacros Ordines
Diaconatus, vacillante Eccleſiâ,
Presbyteratûs, penitus everſâ,
Auſus eſt ſuſcipere.
Et Eccleſiæ reliquias eâ fovit curâ
Quæ præluſiſſe videatur Epiſcopatui.
Spectatâ,
In utrumq; *CAROLUM* fide
A filio tandem reſtaurato
Tutelam hujus Eccleſiæ Decanus accepit.

Et

Et huic, tantæ plus quam par Provinciæ,
Episcopatum unà Oxonienſem
Felicitèr adminiſtravit.
Sed dùm ſaluti publicæ intentus
Negligeret] ſuam,
Ab Eccleſia iterumpericlitante deſideratus eſt.
* Diaconus A.D. 1647. } Diaconus A. D. 1660.
Presbyter A. D. 1649. } Epiſcopus A. D. 1675.
* Natus, *Jan.* 23. A. D. 1625.
Mortuus, *Jul.* 10. A. D. 1686.

On the other ſide.

Monumentum ſibi fieri Vetuit
Beatiſſimus Pater.
Thomas Willis & *Henricus Jones*
Poſuêre,
Eduabus ſororibus repotes:
Pietatis eſſe Arbitrati,
Huic uni ejus mandato non obtemperare,
Prædicandum ſibi.
Minimè cenſuere hunc talem virum,
Meliorem quam ut vellet laudari,
Majorem quàm ut poſſet.
Deſideratiſſimi Patris pietatem,
Non hoc Saxum.
Sed hæc teſtentur mœnia,
Munificentiam, hujus loci ædificia
Liberalitatem, Alumni,
Quid in moribus informandis potuit, hæc Ædes,

Quid

Quid in publicis curis ſuſtentandis Academia;
Quid in propaganda Religione, Eccleſia, (Fancilia,
Quam Feliciter Juventutem erudierit, Procerum
Quam præclare de Republica mourerit tota (Anglia,
Quantum de bonis literis, univerſus orbis (Literatus.

An ORATION *in Praiſe of* DRUNKENNESS.

Deſign'd to be ſpoke at Oxford *in the time of the* Act.

THIS Dome, this *Lycæum* is only Conſecrated to ſuch whoſe ſmiling Aſpect beſpeaks them Friends to the good natur'd God of Wine, whoſe Sacred Rites I eſteem, and whoſe eminent perfection, *Drunkenneſs*, I intend to make the Subject of my enſuing Diſcourſe. Nor muſt the Philoſophers or Divines here exert their Auſterity, nor interpoſe with their Maxims of Decency and good Manners: I acknowledge my ſelf of no Sect but that of *Epicurus*, whoſe Drunken Atoms Reel'd into Order, and fram'd a World ſo infinitely Beautiful. A World that produces ten Thouſand Pleaſures, but none ſo great or agreeable as thoſe that proceed from the ſoft Enchantments of the *Vine*, a Plant that has greater Power over the Minds and Nature of Mankind, than the ſubtile Draughts of *Circe* or *Medea*, you ſmile and think me in the Condition, I would perſwade my Audience to be in. But Gentlemen——— you are miſtaken, I am Sober to my own Misfortune; and Soberly, I deſire, I aduiſe and exhort you all to be Drunk, Sobriety makes a Man revengeful, or fit to ruin the Com-

mon-

mon-Wealth: In Drunkenneſs the injur'd forgets his Sentiments of Paſſion, remembers neither the blows of his Enemies nor of Fortune; is as great as an Emperor, and if he ſpeaks a little Treaſon or ſo, never acts any againſt the Government. 'Tis Wine that enlivens the Converſation, makes the Soldier bold and daring, refines the Politicks of the Stateſman, and makes the Caſuiſtical Divine moſt Orthodox in his Opinions: If we look back into the Primitive Hiſtory of the firſt Ages, into the Originals of Nature from the very firſt Structure of the World, we ſhall find that Drinking to Exceſs has been a Cuſtom approv'd of by all Nations: Our great Grand-mother *Eve* was certainly Drunk of the Grape before ſhe Luſted for the Apple; and if ſhe had had any Conſcience ſhe might well have been contented with the firſt, without Coveting the latter. The Confuſion of *Babel* was a parcel of Drunkards, who fell out among themſelves, when they had taken a Cup of the Creature; and they ſeparated themſelves into ſeveral Troops and Companies, in order to raiſe that agreeable Plant which gave them ſo comfortable a Liquor; but, why do I dwell upon a Truth that is notorious to all manner of People, or endeavour to convince the World of the Antiquity of Drunkenneſs, which now ſtretches it ſelf thro' all the Univerſe. The Cuſtom of Nations is the Law of Nations, and the wiſe *Athenians* obliged their Common-wealth to ſubmit to ſuch Cuſtoms as were of three Years ſtanding, as if enacted in the moſt ſolemn manner. But Drunkenneſs has poſſeſt the VVorld, and been a practical Vertue theſe three Thouſand Years and upwards, and only Younger than the Divine ones are. I ſee Gentlemen you begin to change your Sentiments, and this Aſſembly muſt acknowledge, if that Drunkenneſs may juſtly

justly challenge a Priority in practice before all other Virtues whatsoever. The Annals of our Fore-fathers can produce no Custom so Primitive, or fitter to be imitated by Posterity. The Custom of Drunkenness we received from our Fathers, to whom the same Virtue was transmitted from their Ancestors, and made Illustrious by the Tradition of so many Ages. I am of Opinion, that if the *Jews* had been as careful in Collecting Transactions of this Nature, as Recording to Futurity, the respective Births of their Sons and Daughters in some Folio of Bulk and Piety. This Sage Practice would appear much Ancienter than the Books of *Moses*; and even to extend it self backwards to the Patriarchs of the Anti-diluvian VVorld, *Noah* the *Janus* of Antiquity past away the Melancholy Hours of Confinement in the fine VVooden VVorld of his own Structure, with a consoling Bottle, and in gratitude to the Juice which they made the Patriarch so Merry during the most dreadful Convulsions of Nature, upon his happy Descent from that floating Castle, he planted a Vine, and drank heartily of the Juice thereof; He bless'd his Sons, and his Blessings are as permanent as the Heavens. To enumerate all the Merits of Drunkenness would exceed the Limits of my intended Harangue, I shall only insist upon the Prudence of those good Patriots, who with great VVisdom first institute d *Bacchus*, Mysteries celebrated by the greatest part of Mankind, and however the Names and Appellations of such Tracts, or Drunken Ceremonies may differ, yet the Fact and Practice is the same in all the Polite Governments of *Europe*. *Spain*, *France* and *Italy*, have their Carnivals: The Drunken *Mahometan* his Days of Excess before the *Biram*. The *Protestants* and *Lutherans*

their Holy-days, and this Reverend City, what the Learned call their *Act.* Theſe are times Dedicated to Drinking, and all the Irregularities that attend the wanton Fumes inſpired by the God of Wine, ſuch Hours ſlide away with Pleaſure, indulge the wearied Senſes, ſoften the Soul with extreme delight, and flatter the Mind with endearing B——y hints of Happineſs: The Melancholly are not entertain'd upon theſe occaſions, with other Objects than ſuch as are likely to diſpel the diſmal Clouds of Miſeries, ſuch as render the Soul Serene and Gay, Superſtition, and the dull Religious, meet in theſe Rencounters with no Hobgoblins or dancing Faries, no Stories of Purgatory, or the Puniſhments of the Dead; the Prieſts impoſe no longer on Mankind, nor amuſe the People with empty Repreſentations of what they give no Credit to themſelves. Methinks I ſee ſome among you inclin'd to contradict my Aſſertions, and ready to run upon Invectives againſt the celebrated Rites I have been Diſcourſing of; but let me tell you, beſides the injuſtice you do the generous Liquor of the Grape, you ſpeak againſt a Truth confirmed by common and daily experience, by the uſe of the Ancients, and the practice of the Moderns, to ſatisfy you of the ſtupenduous effects of Drunkenneſs, and its unlimited power and advantages to all Orders of Men, reflect upon thoſe Scenes which a Thouſand times have been obvious to your Eyes; look upon that Sober Mechanick, how dull, how heavy is the Animal, ſcarce by his Intellects to be diſtinguiſh'd from the Inhabitants of the Deſarts, the Beaſt of the Fields, or Fowls of the Air, but when Wine ferments the groſſer particles of his Brain, and lends its kind aſſiſtance. He then proves himſelf a rational Creature

turns

turns Politician; argues upon the right of Empire, makes War and Peace, beats the *French* with his Stratagems, rallies the *Germans*, and laughs at the ſlow *Portugueſe*. He turns a State-Critick, and Harangues his Audience upon the moſt important Affairs; the ſame Divinity encourages the Youth of this Univerſity, obliges them to lay aſide their Modeſty ſo injurious to their Fame, they find Rhetorick, Divinity, Phyſick, Philoſophy, Law and all other Sciences in a Bottle, they take their Degrees without the uſual Formalities and Expence; boldly ſet up for Doctors and Preach upon the niceſt points of Knowledge, with the utmoſt aſſurance imaginable, they expect to be made Deans and Biſhops, and think their Parts give them a juſt Title to ſo Eminent a Station; nor does the Young only reap the Benefits that proceed from the force of Wine; the Old, whom Age and Diſeaſes have render'd almoſt incapable of Action, or partaking in the Pleaſures or Buſineſs of the World, find themſelves Vigorous and Luſty by drinking full Bumpers of that ſparkling Juice, from thence they find their Nature and Inclinations chang'd, as well as Strength renewed. They dance away the Lazineſs of Age, make Love as if they had recover'd time, and had never ſeen above Twenty Winters, when their Hoary Heads confeſs their Years, and ſtupifie the World with ſo powerful an alteration, but what is equally ſurprizing, their Temper is chang'd, their darling Humour, Avarice is loſt, and their Hearts become unbounded, and free as the God by whom they are poſſeſs'd. Wines give all things, it makes the Dull Ingenious, the Modeſt Bold, the Fearful Brave; refines the Judgment of the Doctors and make their Opinions moſt Canonical. It muſt be confeſs'd that the Notion

of Liberty is deeply imprinted in our Hearts, there being certainly nothing more advantageous, nothing more beneficial, more pleaſing and agreeable to Humane Reaſon. 'Tis Liberty that by it's Origine and Excellency imparts to us a great reſemblance, and as it were, unites us with the Divine Nature it ſelf: For the God's tho' they enjoy immenſe Pleaſures, yet their higheſt Excellency conſiſts in their having their Will unlimited by any Superior Power. You that are Enemies to Drunkenneſs, conſider ſeriouſly the Courſe of all Sublunary things; conſider whether 'tis not the Drunkard, that before all others can boaſt of this Liberty, and acts as uncontroulable as the God's themſelves. If ſuch a one affronts his Friend or his Neighbour, the Civil Magiſtrate, or the Government, 'tis imputed to Wine; the conſiderate World ſays, *the Man was not himſelf*, he eſcapes publick Juſtice and private Revenge, and that Liquor that renders him happy in his Thoughts, makes him alſo ſecure, and protects him in his Perſon. If the Drunkard commits a Murther, he will be Hang'd when he is Sober, ſo that he has all the reaſon in the World to repent of and avoid Sobriety. If this ſeems a Paradox, I beg the Favour you would try the Experiment, and put ſuch a Crime in execution: If an honeſt Gentleman is a little too much heated with the Fumes of VVine, and plays the Hero in the Streets, Affronts the Men, Ruffles the VVomen, Roars like a Lyon, and becomes as Mad as the Tygars that draw the Gods he pays Obedience to. Such a Perſon meets with all the Civility imaginable, every one is ready to flatter him, to ſpeak the ſofteſt words, and uſe the tendereſt Actions in order to reduce him to Reaſon; but when he returns to his Senſes, when the next Morning has diſſipated the

the Divine Fumes of the laſt Nights drinking. What Plagues muſt the poor Sober Mortal undergo, his Spouſe who addreſt herſelf within ſome few Hours ſo kindly, raves like a Fiend, the Tune is now alter'd, ſhe breaks out, ——Is this the Courſe you take? Muſt I be always a Slave to your Humours? Is this the effect of a Gentleman-like Education? Is it thus you provide for your Family? What occaſion is there for more Arguments to prove what in it ſelf is ſo apparent and beyond contradiction: That there is no compariſon in happineſs betwixt a Sober and a Drunken-Man, no more than betwixt the moſt Miſerable and the moſt Happy, ſince the firſt linger away their Lives in perpetual Drudgery, in Slavery and Obligations; the laſt enjoy all the Sweets of an unbounded Liberty; thoſe have their Chains whilſt theſe are as unconfin'd as the greateſt Monarchs, and ſcarce inferior to the Celeſtial Beings. What luſtre has a Crown, and what Pains does Mankind take to extend an Arbitrary ſway over their fellow-Creatures. Ambition has carried very often Mankind from the Paths of Juſtice; and how many Thouſand have been Sacrificed for the attaining the Royal Dignity. Now if I can make it appear by undeniable Inſtances, that a Drunkard does not only fancy himſelf a King in his own Conceit, but acts, is reſpected and attended as ſuch, and purchaſes this Sovereignity only with a few Bottles, which is ſometimes obtained by the Great, by Perjuries and Blood-ſhed; you muſt confeſs that he is as happy, if not much happier, than a King. What can appear more like a great Prince than to ſee a Drunkard ſeated in an Elbow Chair, Majeſtically ſpewing, whilſt one Servant holds the Baſon, another fetches him Cordials, and a third

pities his Condition, and uſes the ſofteſt expreſſions to divert his Maſters Peeviſhneſs or Fury. The Royal Drunkard uſes his Hands and Feet very briskly, and upon the leaſt occaſion, his Domeſticks feel their Sovereign's Reſentment. 'Twas in theſe Pleaſures *Heliogabalus* ſpent his Imperial Hours, in drinking the moſt Noble and Generous Wines, and Eating the greateſt Rarities that Art or Nature could produce. He neglected the other advantages of Empire, and ſought a more pleaſing and ſolid ſatisfaction in the enjoyment of Wine and good Company; drinking largely got *Promachius* his Reputation, and *Anacreon* was as famous for a Bottle, as he was ſoft and pleaſing in his Poetry. Let us Drink then my Friends, for to morrow we may Dye. Pray how do you like theſe Aſſertions? You ſeem to approve them well enough; but you will be better pleas'd, when I aſſure you, that thoſe who take delight in Drinking, commonly make a very graceful appearance both in Bodies and Faces. Perhaps you will anſwer. How can Drunkards ſeem agreeable. Well——— I wonder at you, for if we meaſure Beauty, either by Bulk or Complexion, the Drunkard in either of theſe makes a moſt glorious Figure; without ſurveying the whole frame of his Body. Pray take notice of his Belly, how plump and round it is? Of what a magnificent Circumference? How ſtrong and large are his Leggs, fit and proportion'd to ſupport the Noble Structure above? Next, pray view his Face, how round, how ſmooth his Cheeks, like thoſe the *Painters* give to Infant Angels, or the illuſtrious Son of *Semele*, as Purple as his Wine, and always ſmiling like the God of Love. The Drunkards Voice is Hoarſe and Manly, not like the ſqueaking trills of an *Eunuch*, but like the Martial

Kettle-

Kettle-Drum; and gentle Sleep concludes the Story, aſſiſts the God of Wine, and renders himſelf Obedient to the Divine Boy, when the Thunder of *Jove*, nor the Arrows of *Cupid* can't command him. Oh! Charming Virtue, Drunkenneſs; Miſtreſs of all Pleaſures, that Conquers all things, all the Race and Generations of Men. What Hero of Antiquity can the Tables of the *Greeks* or the Hiſtories of the *Romans* produce or Conquer, that hath held, and yet does, ſo many Nations, and ſo great Perſonages in Chains. In vain does *Hercules* boaſt of all his Victories, of his *Hydra*, the *Amazonians*, and the Helliſh *Cerberus* Wine has overcome more Ladies and greater Monſters than e'er the Son of *Alcmena* could ſubdue. All Empires and Kingdoms ſubmit themſelves to Drunkenneſs; ſhe makes them ſtagger with the Power of her Breath; ſhe Reigns Imperially in *Germany* and *Denmark*, Lord's it over *Poland*, *Sweden* and *Norway*. Amongſt the *Dutch* ſhe is a Stadt-Holder, and even extends her Dominion to this Univerſity, Reigns over the Doctors Fellows and Students.—— But hold, perhaps you'll affirm, that only the thinking of ſtrong Liquors has had the ſame effect upon me, as the drinking of them occaſions in others; and that I am too tedious and proli in a matter obvious in it ſelf to the meaneſt Underſtanding, I ſhall therefore trouble my Audience no farther than only to add, that 'tis highly reaſonable, that a Cuſtom eſtabliſh'd and continu'd ſince the beginning of the World to this Day, ought to be preſerv'd inviolable; that a Cuſtom fram'd and cemented by Nature, ſupported by Reaſon, and practiſed with ſucceſs, ought to be deliver'd down to Poſterity; be maintain'd with Honour, and had in Veneration by all ſucceeding Ages.

A

Bantering Adverbial

Declamation,

Written by Mr. *Tho. Brown*, upon a Pair of *Bellows* at Mother *Warner*'s in *Oxford*; for the uſe of Mr. *Alfred C------r.*

Divitis Cujuſdan Avari Filius Templum Æſculapio voit, ſi réadoleſcat Pater, Pater readoleſcit, & exheredat Filium.

Contrà Patrem.

QUandoquidèm enimverò (Judices) nec ſanè Laborioſè ſatis et anxiè, præterea mediùs fidiùs; Curioſè nimis et ſedulò meherculè, nec enim aliter aut rectè aut erudité, violenter parùm et negligentèr protinus, nimirùm olim ſicuti et nunc candidè juxtá et offi cioſè,

cioſè, quippè tam diù lautè quàm diù pecunioſè, nec rectè nec proſpere ſicut ſemper, extemplò ſcilicet et inconſideratè, priuſquàm quandoquidèm olìm necnon itaq; cum ubiq; turpitèr et inhoneſtè, idcirco nec glorioſè parumper et humiliter ſed quid opus eſt pluribus?

Ferunt Achillem Darij Reges Gazas evolventem, quem turpiter prope Perſianos Montes fudit *Julius Cæſar*, Parthorum Imperator iratum ſubinde *Alexandro* fuiſſe, quod fracto cum Hiſpanis fædere Hectori Galliæ Regi Bellum indixit, non nifi Luctu et Lachrymis Memorandum. Quippe cum Germanicos Agros Tybris jam inundaſſet, multuſq; Fluvij Sonitus in Ipſis aeris Plagis Terræ motum moviſſet Jam prope periiſſet Tybris niſi ſecundas meſſes miſiſſet Nilus Auſoniæ Fluvius. Sed quid facit Virtus, ſi Fortuna contrarietur? Aut quid prodeſt ſuum Marito Jus ſi Conjux interim induat Femoralia? Recte ſemper mihi viſus ſapuiſſe Conſul, qui Fabium Maximum: Ignaviæ condemnavit, et Avaritiam aiebat Cujuſq; Mali Originem. Quapropter ob has rationes (nec Aſiatice, ſed Laconice loquor) Corulos veriſimile eſt Legatos ad Æquinoctialem miſiſſe nuper Caſſiopeiæ Cathedram, quàm ſummà tunc Temporis Fraude invaſerat Innocentius, ejus nominis Milleſimus. Æquator autem ut fere accidit in adverſis Rebus) Copiarum nihil pollicitus eſt, ſicut et Satyricus erudite Obſervavit,

Ille autem in lectis fultis pedibuſq; Stragulis,
Textis purpura et oſtro dormiturus ſæpe cubabat.

Coluri igitur extemplo Argonavim inſtruxere Armis, cum Antarctico Polo Amicitiam contrahere (qui nuper in Ecylypticâ ſummâ cum Laude Gladiatorium Munus exhibuerat) Pleiadeſq; et geminum Urſæ ſydus multâ cum Æſculapij

Phalange

Phalange circumcingere cæperunt. Memorabile eſt de Romulo, qui cum *Julij Cæſaris* Mortem audiſſet, protinus Hermophroditum peperit. Quod ad Me ſpectat (Judices) de Patris Hereditate dejcior, non aliam obrationem, quam propter Amorem et Charitatem; fateor me eſſe Cupidiſſimum et Patri ſimillimum, et quovis Aſino Membroſiorem, quod vel ipſæ Vicinorum Conjuges teſtari poſſunt. Dicunt me eſſe inopem Ingenij, et ipſo Corœbo impudentiorem; ſi quis tamen, Judices, rite perpenderit, quomodo a me tranſigitur Tempus, non mirabitur ſi non Latini tantum mihi ſuppetat Sermonis, quantum (ut aiunt vulgo) me ad Lectum refectorium afferre poſſet. Poſt peractas Matutinas Preces, quibus raro interſum utpote quas parum intelligo, rurſus Lectum peto; illic, inſtar Pecudis, jaceo, donec Promptuarium accedere et venter et Tempus poſtulant; cum ſonandis Tympanis Hora vocat altera, ſi quis me vellet reperire in Turri inveniet (*among the Bells*); tum itur in Culinam et illic ambulatur donec a Togatis in Aulam cocatur; ſed quid ridetis Amici?

Quid poteſtis dicere de illa Perſiano?
De Jove *quid vos ſentitis Mundoq; futuro?*

Si Catonis Diſtica unquam legiſſetis, melioresa Vobis Mores expectarem; ſed non vobis eſt novum ſumere Murum de Melioribus Veſtris, et Ludibrium facere de quovis Ingenioſiſſimo. Cohibete Riſum, ſocij bibaciſſimi, et Matri *Joanne* perſuadebo, ut credat mihi pro bis 12 Botellis, quas craſtina nocte clamantes et cantantes potabimus,

Ocyus Ventis, et agente himbos
Aifred C——r.

Ocyus Euro.
Thus

Thus *Tranſlated*, by Mr. *Brown*.

FOraſmuch really, worthy Auditors, (under the Roſe be it ſpoken) as I hope to be ſav'd, ſincerely by *Jove*: neither diligently enough, nor carefully, as in the days of *Yore*, but helter skelter, ſlapdaſh, confuſedly; not indeed otherwiſe than hisRight,and topſy turvy; for by the By, Gentlemen, notoriouſly enough, and manifeſtly, that hereafter, nay for the future, haſtily, raſhly, and ſo forth. But what need I bring more Topicks for Illuſtration, ſince you ſee it is as plain as a *Cows Thumb*; for upon this account it was, that *Achilles*, that fam'd Arithmetician, as he was looking over *Darius*'s Mony Bags, was a little before ſo curſedly mumpt by *Julius Cæſar*, King of the *Parthians*, by the Mount *Danubius*, not a Stones caſt from the River *Atlas*, that he had ſcarce a word to throw at a Dog, fell immediately into a great Huff with *Alexander Magnus*, Haberdaſher of ſmall Wares, becauſe contrary to the League made with the *Spaniards*,he fell foul upon *Hector*, *Boetius* King of *Gallia*; the Reaſon, as the Event ſheweth, was not without good ground, and indeed every *why* hath its *wherefore*: For the River *Tiber* a little after over-flowing all *Germany*, and the great Noiſe the Deluge made, cauſing great Earthquakes in the *Atmoſphere*, all *Theſſaly* had in the twinkling of a *Shoeing-horn* been certainly undermin'd by *Lobſters*, had not the *Auſonian* River *Nile*, been as good as his word, and ſent them good ſtore of *Garlick* and *Oynions*. For my part, 'tis a hard matter to paſs one's

ones Judgment upon ſuch diſputable Queſtions. But I am verily perſwaded in my Conſcience, that *Socrates* was not beſide the Cuſhion, when he condemn'd *Fat*: *Maximus* a *Roman Shoemaker* of *Lingridge*, and ſwore before the Senate, till he was black in the Face, that Avarice was the Root of all Evil. You wou'd ſtare perhaps, worthy Auditors, ſhou'd I in ſober ſadneſs tell you, that this ſame unlucky Buſineſs made the *Coluri Saturn's Coach-Horſes* ſend an Embaſſy to the Equator about *Caſſiopeia's Hair*, which was about that time invaded by *Pope Inocent*. *(ejus nominnis Milleſimus)* The Equator indeed (as it commonly happens to thoſe that are down in the Wind, and under the Hatches) ſent neither Ammunition, Horſe nor Foot, as it is ſomewhere egregiouſly obſerv'd by the *Satyriſt*,

She in a Bed, that had Back, Mat and Teſter,
Snor'd all Night, and nothing did infeſt her.

However, the *Coluri*, that ſure were bluſtering Bullies, and never hung an Arſe for the matter, but ſlap dash Rigg'd the Ship *Argo* with new *Pallizadoes*, and made Articles with the *Antartick Pole*, who had lately to his great Credit (for he play'd excellently well at *Back Gammon*) ſhew'd notable ſigns of his experience at *Quarter-ſtaff* at the *Bear-Garden* in the *Ecliptick*, till at laſt he routed *Sagittarius*, *Orion*, and the reſt of the Enemies, and ſo made himſelf *Dominus fac totum* of the Field. To prove this, Gentlemen, you may ſee the Story of *Romulus*, who when he heard that *Julius Cæſar* was put out of the *Commons*, and gone the way of all Fleſh, fell into ſuch a Paſſion, that he was ſtraightway deliver'd of an *Hermophredite*. For my part (Judges) and a Fig for you, I can ſay ſo much of my ſelf.

Thou

Thou canſt take off thy *Potus*, *Alfred*, as well as e're a Man of them all; and for a Fellow that is well hung, never a Stallion, or Coach-Horſe can come near thee. If ye doubt of this, go into St. *Abbs*, and ask the *Aſh-Woman* there. And thou art as like thy Father, as if thou hadſt been pick'd out of his A——ſe: They ſay indeed that I had a Knock in the Cradle, and am ſomewhat white Liver'd; if they dealt ſquarely with me, and conſider'd how Times go with me, they'd ſcarce at all wonder, if I had not ſo much Latin as wou'd bring me to Bed. After *Morning-Prayer*, which I ſeldom come to, becauſe in an unknown Tongue, I preſently lye down again, and take a Civil Nap, till both my Belly and Time warn me to the *Buttery*. Then from 9 till 10 I am ringing the Bells; if any one hath any Buſineſs with me he may find me in the *Tower*. Then I walk as grave as a *Coach-Horſe* up and down the *Kitchen*, till my Belly tells me it has ſtruck Eleven. But Faith, Gentlemen, it ſeems you had never very good Breeding thus to laugh at my Ingenuity, and ſport ſo rudely with my Wit. But hark ye now, be Civil and a little Graver, ſo, my Learned Lads, I'le make my Mother *Jone* truſt me for two Dozen of Bottled Ale, which we will take off in full Bumpers Tearing and Singing,

Swifter than Winds and Lightning,
The Ale *our Spirits heightning.*

The Beauties *to* Armida.

EASIE to Love, much eaſier to change,
Uncircumſcrib'd my wanton Paſſions range.
With ſure ſucceſs each fair Enchanter ſets,
Toils for my Heart, and ſpreads her blooming (Nets;
The faithleſs Wanton ſoon a freedom gains,
And from another feels repeated Chains.
To every Saint I moſt devoutly fall,
My ſuperſtitious Love adores them all;
I ſwear by Love, and by the pain he brings,
My Soul's inconſtant as the Wanton's Wings.
No lovely Maid cou'd ever fix my Mind,
Or all my Heart in Loves ſoft Circles bind;
Too partial Fate, to frame my Soul for Joys,
Which my uncertain Temper ſoon deſtroys:
Whilſt for each Fair, ſucceſſively I burn,
My Roving Heart meets no ſincere return.
Come then, GreatGod of Love, and take my part,
And fix for ever my inconſtant Heart;
Why will you ſee your faithful Slave abus'd,
The pleaſing Pain of Loving long, refus'd?
Why muſt I make my Solemn Vows in vain?
I, who your Empire did ſo well maintain.

I, who ſo far did Loves ſoft Power extend,
And made the Chaſte before your Altars bend;
Hear but this once with a propitious Ear,
And by your ſelf and *Venus* Eyes I ſwear,
A Thouſand Offerings each returning Day,
My grateful Heart ſhall moſt devoutly pay:
Hear me, Great God, and grant this laſt requeſt,
Since no Terreſtial Maid can charm my Breaſt;
Make one on purpoſe, and from every Fair,
Some *Beauty* ſnatch to make the Charmer rare,
There to begin, whence Love himſelf does riſe,
Let her have *Silvia's* kind engaging Eyes;
In which dear Circles all Incentives move,
To cauſe, confirm, and entertain my Love.
His Sureſt Net there wanton *Cupid* lays,
And as he wounds about her Eyes, Balls plays;
Sometimes how ſoft and charming they appear,
Sometimes Tyrannick with a look ſevere,
They drive the worthieſt Lover to Deſpair.
Wiſdom and Sence in vain her Victims aid,
To break her Chains too ſtrong her Eyes perſwade,
A——s Neck with graceful motion turns,
VVhere purple ſtreams in a winding Channels (run,
Next place, *Serena's* white enchanting Breaſt,
On which Imperial *Jove* himſelf might reſt,
To meet the touch thoſe lovely Hills ariſe,
And every motion does our Sence ſurprize:
But oh! two ſnowy Mounts ſo near her Heart,
Still keep it cold, and quench Loves hotteſt Dart,

Between

Between thoſe Hills, a Milky way there leads,
Not to the Skies or the *Elizian Meads*,
But here's a Path to greater Pleaſures ſhown,
For which the God's have oft forſook their own.
Happy's the Man, enters this Sacred Grove,
And treads the mazes of myſterious Love.
And next, great Love, below this charming (Breaſt,
Leſbia's engaging Belly muſt be plac'd.
A Cupilo to thy moſt awful ſhrine,
VVhence comes your Pow'r which Mortals make (Divine:
This is the trueſt *Heliconian* ſpring,
By which inſpired Bards firſt learn't to ſing;
Venus her Charms, *Phœbus* his Silver Bow,
Jove does his Thunder to the Poets owe.
The God's themſelves by their aſſiſtance live,
Eternal Fame there Deathleſs pages give,
If more Perfections you expect below,
Her Legs and Feet muſt bright *Almeria* ſhow.
Gods! How ſhe takes me with a vaſt ſurprize?
Oh Love, how charming is thy Paradice!
Next over all muſt *Phrynes* Skin be drawn,
Lucid and clear as the firſt Orient dawn,
Thro' which moſt lovely and unfaithful Skreen,
The various Paſſions of her Soul is ſeen;
And all the Tumults of her Virgin Breaſt,
By Fear, Diſdain, or ſofter Love poſſeſt.
To *Laura's* Waſt, let *Lydia's* Air invite,
A dear Temptation to that ſtraight delight:

From

From her *Apelles* might his Pattern take,
From her alone, a brighter *Venus* make.
Let her like *Cloe* tread an even pace,
And print in every ſtep ſhe takes, a Grace;
May ſhe in meaſure like *Clarinda* move,
And ſing as Charming as the Saints above.
Let *Laura*'s Air in every Act appear,
Raiſing deſire, and yet commanding Fear.

And next, great God, that ſhe may nothing want,
Of all that I can ask, or you can grant,
Let her, Oh let her like Dear *Claria* Kiſs,
Like her tranſport me with ſurprizing Bliſs.
Help me, ye Powers of Love, I faint, I dye,
The Thought ſcrews Nature to a pitch too high,
Scarcely my Breaſt, my fleeting Soul retains,
And Guſts of Pleaſure hurry thro' my Veins.
One touch of hers——
More Bliſs contains than pamper'd Prelates prove,
In ſnatcht Embraces of forbidden Love.
To my laſt Prayer, Propitious Love be kind,
And make the fair bewitching in her Mind,
Good Sence and Wit in the ſame Perſon joyn'd,
Seldom our ſtricteſt Inquiſitions find;
Unite two Stocks to form the witty She,
Dorinda's Senſe, and *Flavia*'s Repartee.
The wanton God ſmil'd on his humble Slave,
As when *Adonis* he his Mother gave;
When ſtrait Heaven's Gates by Loves ſupream (command,
Were open ſet, for what can Love withſtand?

Soft Breezing *Zephirs* bring the Virgin down,
A Gift Divine that muſt my Paſſion crown:
I threw my ſelf devoutly at her Feet,
Where all Perfections all the Graces meet,
But by the God commanded to ariſe,
I ſaw *Armida* to my vaſt ſurprize:
So Rich in Charms and ſo Divine her Air,
The Queen of Love was ſcarce her ſelf ſo Fair.
With eager Arms I clasp'd the lovely Maid,
My humble Thanks to mighty Love I paid,
And as I wanted nothing elſe, for nothing pray'd

Soteria *Ormondiana.*

TAudem querelis modum pone tuis,
Juverna, tandem deſine luctum,
Revixit *Ormondus*, Caduci
Grande decus, columenq; Regni
Gaudete ſacræ *Pieridum* Domus
Eblana gaude, Templaq; *Cynthio*
Dilecta, quantum non *Citharon*,
Non *Viridis* juga tonſa *Pindi*.
Evæ! Recentis Conſcia Gaudij
Sonent Canoris Littora plauſibus,
Et ſaxa reſpondent *Camænis*,
Pulſa meis, Iterentq; carmen.
Cæca impiorum turba Rebellium,
Inuiſa ſemper principibq; cohors,
Zeliq; mentita ſub umbra,
Docta pias adlibere fraudes.

Qui

Quo bella quo vos deferet Impotens,
Tandem Cupido? fiſtite Barbaros,
Motus fatigatumq; *Martem*,
Immodicis prohibite votis.
Ille, ille Regno eſt redditus & ſibi,
Qui pervicaci fræna Licentiæ,
Turbæq; ferratas catenas,
Injiciet male contumaci.
Lanugo vultus vix nova cæperat,
Veſtire pulchros Induitur ſagum,
Ormondus, & *Scotos* frementes,
Auſpicijs pepulit Secundis.
Qualis Juventâ fervidus Impigrâ,
Mutavit Armis prima crepundia,
Pompeius, & pulchro ſubegit
Pene puer, *Numidas* Triumpho.
Quis fata verſæ dicat *Hyberniæ*,
Pulſaſq; Muſas templaq; cælitum,
Disjecta non levi ruina?
Funera quis Memorare dignis.
Speret querelis? Oh Heliconidum,
Eblana ſedes! O nemora! O ſacræ,
Laurus, & optandi receſſus!
Fontibus O celebrata tempe!
Fortuna quæ vos illachrymabili,
Merſit ruina? Quid niſi nomina,
Tum nuda deſertæq; Cautes
Pierijs catulos ferarum.
Celâſtis Antris! ſæpe caput gravi,
Mærens Ierne vulnere ſaucium.

Narratur oſtentaſſe nato,
ſæpe preces gemituſq; miſcens.
Per iſta, (dixit) per generis decus,
Per ſpem tuorum, perlachrymas meas
Fletuſq; per ſi quid paternum,
Grande tibi eſt, miſerere gentis,
Aſſurge & Iras concipe vindici,
Virtute dignas, quaq; tuis patet,
Arena bellis, i negatas
Quære vias adituſq; rumpe.
Quali Medullas fulgere percitus,
Ormondus Arſit! Flamma capacibus,
Quæ infuſa venis cum protervo,
Indomitum ſcelus ire Curſu
Paſſim videret, me nova buccina,
Me poſcit ingens militiæ labor,
Me dixit in bellum reſorbens,
Unda fretis rapit æſtuoſis.
Veſter beatum Carolidæ genus,
Veſter Cohortes in medias feror,
Si totus obluctetur orbis,
Vincet amor ſtudiumq; recti,
Hæc Elocutus Cæſareis caput,
Devovit aris, nec violabile,
Dixit ſacramentum, ter aræ,
Ter ſubitæ tremuere flammæ,
Exinde quali turbine proruit
In bella, quali fertur anhelitu,
Vireſq; vultuſq;, Impetumq;
Fulmineo ſimilis Gradivo!

Heu!

Heu ! quantus ille ſub *Jove* torrido,
Sudor ! quot illum non timidum mori,
Pericla circumſtant ! quot arces
Perfidiæ manifeſtus ultor.
Dejecit acri (plus vice ſimplici)
Belli procella ! Barbaricas opes,
Curvaſq; ſcotorum ſecures,
Et trabeas ducibuſq; ſigna.
Detracta teſtor ; Teſtor ad arduos,
Affixa poſtes ſigna triremibus,
Erepta Captivoſq; currus,
Et galeas clypeoſq; centum.
Perfoſſa telis. Quid fera prælia,
Quid arma tantum, regnaq; proſequor,
Colliſa bellis. Ille ramo
Tempora palladio revictus.
Jani ferocis Limina clauſit, &
Leges Ierne reſtituit ſuas,
Deditq; pacem, quam nec arma,
Nec litui, ſtrepituſq; rumpent ;
Qualis beatis incubuit locis,
Cum pulſa nondum ceſſerat Impiis,
Aſtræa terris, & beatas,
Rura darent inarata meſſes,
Simplexq; paſſim turba feracibus;
Spectaret aris, nectaris uberes.
Errare Rivos, atq; truncis,
Lapſa cavis trepidare mella.
Ah ! ne ſerenos protinos Inquinet,
Sodes iniqui turbinis impetus,

Heu!

Canam nec *Ormondi* ſenectam,
Sors Levis in nova bella trudat.
Eheu veremur dij procul arceant,
Omen nefandum, ne labor arduus,
Fatumque Juvernæ ruentis,
Immineat duce reſtituto.
Sat ille Martis pertulit horridi,
Duros tumultos, & fremitum gravem,
Sat ille diſtinxit minacem,
Pro patria gladium ruenti.
Fallorne? gentis dux bonæ Hyberniæ,
Te poſſit ingens regia Cælitum;
Fallorne anil luſtris triumphi,
Signadedit manifeſta tellus.
Magnum Stupentes hinc iter ad polos,
Emenſe qualis, quantus & aſpici,
Incedis? & Gaviſa calcas,
Siderei ſpatia ampla cæli:
Unde illa Mundi pars quota ſit, vides,
Subjecta tellus, terrigenum metus,
Creboſq; in auguſto recurſus,
Et ſteriles miſeratus artes:
Sic poſt laborum difficiles vices,
Et poſt ſubactum totius Impetum.
Junonis, Alcidi paternæ,
Emerito patuere ſedes.

T. Brown, ex Æde Chriſti Oxon.

Upon

The ſame in Engliſh.

Upon the Recovery of the Duke of Ormond.

SUch cruel Accents ſad *Ierne* ſpare,
Ceaſe theſe untimely ſighs and needleſs care,
Ormond's Recover'd, who for Greatneſs Born,
The Labouring State protects and does Adorn,
Ye Sacred *Domes*, where *Jove*'s bright Daughters dwell,
The Happy Change in laſting numbers tell.
Dublin rejoyce then, whom *Apollo* more,
Cytheron loves not, nor the *Delian* ſhore.
The Conſcious Rocks, loud Acclamations reach,
And Joys Luxurious rend the *Oazie Beech*,
The Clifts and Hills my Ecchoed Thoughts rehearſe,
Applaud my Subject and approve my Verſe.
Rebellious Croud ſincere Religions Foe,
Averſe to Kings and God that made them ſo,
Who Pious Frauds, and moſt Religious Lies,
With better Art than Cloyſtered Prieſts deviſe.
What Luſt of Power, or what nefarious Charms,
Ferments your Blood and boyl you into Arms,

The God of War far from your thoughts re-
(move,
Nor break his Slumbers with the Queen of Love,
By Heaven's command he is to Health reſtor'd,
Whoſe Prudent Councils or deciſive Sword,
With gentle Calms this happy Iſle ſhall bleſs,
Shall Foreign Storms and Civil Feuds ſuppreſs.
E're riſing down to ſhade his Cheeks began,
His Worth and Actions fully proved him Man,
His early Youth in Loyal Arms did ſhine,
And drove the vanquiſh'd *Scots* beyond the *Tyne.*
Great *Pompey* thus with Thoughts of Glory fir'd,
From Youth's ſoft Joys and Houſhold Gods re-
(tir'd,
Vanquiſh'd *Numidians* by his Arms undone,
Ne'er greater Battles loſt nor *Romans* won.
Ye Tuneful Siſters, who the Ruin know,
The diſmal Fate of ſad *Ierne* ſhow,
Your Sacred Seats by cruel Rage o're thrown,
And Gods exiled from Temples once their own,
Sacred to Arts *Eblana*, calm Retreat,
Of Vertue, Science and the Muſes Seat,
Oh Shades indulgent to the Poets Dreams!
Oh Groves! oh Lawrels! oh eternal Streams.
In Learnings School, young *Wolves* and *Leopards*
(ran,
And play'd ſecure from the Deſtroyer, Man,
Say what hard fate oppreſt your Reverend Fame,
Then only Ruins and an empty Name,
Whilſt Tears of Blood from pale *Juverna* run.
She ſhows her Wounds to her illuſtrious Son;
Con-

Conjures his aid, and Valour early known,
By his Paternal Vertues and his own.
To assert her Right, Revenge her cruel Harms,
And free his Country by the Force of Arms,
The piercing accents swift as Lightning burn,
Consume his Soul, and thro' his Marrow run,
Once more says he *Bellona* me invites,
To Seas of Blood and execrable fights.
Fain would my Soul the Calms of Peace have try'd,
Snatch'd to the Main by the returning Tide,
My Sword, Great *Charles*, and injur'd Virtue draws,
The best of Masters and the justest Cause.
Fresh Lawrels, Fate does for my Brow prepare,
Tho' all Mankind oppose the Holy War;
Cæsar to aid and end Rebellious strife,
He vows his Fortune, Honour and his Life.
Presaging Fires around his Temples shine,
The Conscious Omens of a Will Divine,
As Lightning swift, or Storms of Hail and Rain,
Dreadful as *Mars* upon the *Thracian* Plain.
To Battel flies, near bright *Simois* Streams,
So look'd the God with such refulgent Beams,
What Toils, what Dangers must the Hero run,
What Heat endure by a too scorching Sun,
Expos'd to Death, which he disdains to shun.
The Rebel Troops, no rest his fire allows,
Scourge of their Crimes, and violated Vows,
What various Armour spread the purple Field,
What Colors torn, what glittering Helms & Shields,
Neglected Horses range along the Plain,
Their Chariots broke, and generous Riders slain.

Not with ſucceſs alone the Hero Fought,
But alſo Peace unto his Country brought;
That gentle Goddeſs did ſerenely ſmile,
And *Olive Branches* Crown'd his finiſh'd Toyl.
His Prudence ſhut, fell *Janus* brazen Doors,
And Law and Juſtice to the State reſtores.
So bleſs'd *Ierne* when *Aſtræa* Reign'd,
When Man and Beaſt one common Shed contain'd.
E're Impious Ploughs to Wound the Earth began,
And floating *Pines* were ſteer'd by daring Man.
Oh! May no Cares diſturb the Heroes Life,
His happy Hours not intermixt with ſtrife;
May all his Days be White, his Joys Serene,
And Sorrow only by his Foes be ſeen.
I fear, (may Heaven avert the dire Preſage)
Juverna's Fortune may embroil his Age;
Too much of War his Honour'd Worth hath known,
Drawing the Sword of Juſtice and his own.
May Fate his Grace late from theſe Iſles remove,
To Realms Divine, and Heaven's high Court above.
His Mind enlarged and boundleſs as the Sky,
Shall unknown Worlds and Heaven's Receſſes ſpy.
The fierce Emotions that diſturb Mankind,
Our Hopes and Fears that ſhake the trembling (Mind,
From thence he'll view and with Contempt look (down,
Both on the Pains and Pleaſure of a Crown.
Thus after all the Toils impos'd by Fate,
By angry Gods and Conſcious *Juno's* Hate,
Divine *Alcides* Breaths Celeſtial Air,
Bleſs'd with a Goddeſs ever Young and Fair:

The

The beginning of the Firſt Satyr of *Perſius* imitated.

The *Prologue*, Adreſt to Dr. *Midgdly*.

'TIS true, nor is it worth denial,
My Verſe has never yet ſtood Tryal
Of *Poetick Smiths*, that meet ſtill,
At *Urwin Tom*'s, or *Urwin Will*'s;
(For thus, Sir, Modern Revolution
Has ſplit the *Wits*, t' avoid Confuſion,
And ſet up Brother againſt Brother,
That they mayn't clapper-claw each other.)
That I ſhould think my ſelf a Poet,
And vainly dare in Print to ſhew it;
I, who never paſs'd as yet
The Teſt of the miſ-judging Pit,
Nor ith' Galleries tickl'd *Crowd*,
'Till they have clap'd and laugh'd aloud:
Nor from the tender Boxes e'er
Yet have drawn one pitying Tear:
Nor with *Sir Courtly*, *Roundelays*
Have made to garniſh out new Plays;
Nor *Virgil*'s great Majeſtick Lines
Melted into enervate Rhimes:

Nor

Nor witty *Horace*, e'er did venture
To burleſque into modern *Banter*:
Nor gentle *Ovid* e'er did force
To *zounds a River for a Horſe*:
Nor ſharp *Juvenals* ſtronger Verſe,
Perverted into Dogrel Farce:
Nor ever durſt as yet preſume
To venture on a meer Lampoon;
Nor, in ſhort, few Words being beſt,
E'er could make a bawdy Jeſt.
I'll tell you then, ſince you'l needs know it,
Why I ſet up now for a Poet:
'Tis not for what moſt of *Us* write,
To fill my Purſe, or ſhew my Wit;
But purely out of Affection,
To fill up my Friend's Collection.
Therefore, ſweet Sir, in haſte, adieu t'ye,
For I'll adjourn now to my Duty.

The beginning of the Firſt Satyr of Perſius *imitated.*

Poet. OH the prepoſtrous Cares of Human (kind!
Which in each Action and each Wiſh we find!
Friend. Prithee that *Cant* give o'er, or who will (read?
You preach as ſolemnly, as 'twere your Trade.

P. Speak

P. Speak you to me? *F.* To thee ſay'ſt? yes (egad——
Why ſurely, *Jack*, thou'rt abſolutely mad,
For none will on ſuch formal Verſes look,
But damn the Author, and deſpiſe the Book.
P. None, ſay you Sir? *F.* Or one or two at (moſt;
And is't not hard to've *All* your Labour loſt?
To have your Works on Bulks all duſty lie,
And *all* your Thoughts for want of Readers die?
Your precious Lines ſerv'd up to Nocks, or Pye?
P. Miſtake not, Friend, I chaſe not empty (*Fame*,
Nor write to pleaſe the Town, or get a Name.
Let the *Vain Herd* of noiſy Wits and Beaux,
To whom they pleaſe their worthleſs *Praiſe* diſ- (poſe,
It ne'er one Moment ſhall break my Repoſe.
Or what care I, if th' undiſcerning Town
Prefer dull *A---* to me, or *perter Br---n*;
Let *his* tagg'd Nonſenſe, *t'others Wilds* of Wit,
With Cits and Boys ſtill fond Applauſes get:
But you my Friend, ſteer a ſecurer Courſe,
And by the common Judgment ne'er form yours,
Moſt Men, by publick Vogue, *condemn* or *praiſe*,
And never weigh the Merits of the Cauſe:
Let not that balance you to either ſide,
By Wiſdom's *Nobler Rule*, your Sentence guide.
Oh! that I could, ſpight of my beardleſs Youth,
With a prevailing *Force*, now urge the Truth!

Fr. Stay

F. Stay but a while, till Reverend Age comes (on,
(Thy fleeting Years of Youth will ſoon be gone)
Then will grey Hairs on all thou ſay'ſt print (Aw,
Authority with all thy Precepts go.
A dictatorial Youth does Envy draw,
Tho' from his Pen the nobleſt Truth do flow.

P. Oh! that's too long, I muſt before that (Time!
Laſh the vile Town with my Satyric Rhime.

F. That muſt not be----pray take a Friend's (Advice.

P. Prithee no more, indeed thou'rt over nice;
I can no longer hold, nor ſilent ſee
Such numerous Pamphlets on each quarter fly,
Some in Proſe, and ſome in mightier Verſe,
Which each will daily to his Friends rehearſe.
Here a *Pert Set*, with ſix Months Pains brings (forth,
A ſtrange, miſhapen, and ridiculous Birth:
A glimps of Human Stamp it has, the reſt
Is Serpent, Fiſh, and Bird, but larger Beaſt:
In that odd Monſter *Horace* once deſign'd,
We may ſome *Method* and ſome *meaning* find,
Tho' *differing* Parts, yet *diſtinct* Parts it had,
Tail of Fiſh, Horſes Neck, a Human Head.
Nor *Head*, nor *Tail*, nor *any Part* is here,
Through the whole Lump no certain *Forms appear*:
'Tis *Chaos* all---Mark how the jarring Seed
Of ill agreeing things, perpetual Diſcord breed

To-

Together huddled, now this, now that prevails
HOT Simile now, now *COLD* Winters *Tales!*
More *pondrous GUESS*, with *lighter BANTER*
(meets,
With claſhing Fury each the other greets;
MOIST ſpreading *Scandal*, with *DRY Dulneſs*
(fights.
But oh! 't requires, this Mortal Strife to end,
A ſtronger Judgment, a diviner Mind,
Than his; for whatſoe'r the World may think,
Pudding's his Food, and drowſy Mum his drink:
For read his Trifles, and ſcarce in one Line,
You'll find him guilty of the leaſt Deſign.
By the thick Fogs, which from his Diet riſe,
His Senſe is ſmother'd, and his Judgment dies.
Well has he then the Seven Sleepers grac'd,
By Yearly Sacrifice, and Annual Feaſt,
For ſure his Studies are but Sleet at beſt:
And All the Town muſt needs be in a Dream,
When ſuch wild Ramblings got him ſome poor
(Fame.
But quitting now this poor Proſe Pamphleteer,
To mightier Verſe, I muſt my Veſſel ſteer.
But here the Chiming Fops ſo numerous grow,
And in ſuch various Follies dreſs'd they go,
'Twould be an endleſs Task to laſh 'em all,
And now I find my Muſe grows ſomething dull.
F. Enough for one time, ſure is one ſuch Fool.

A SATYR against WOMAN.

To a Lady *who let a fine* Gentleman *Die for* Love *of her.*

FOOLISH *Lucinda*, think what is thy due,
Since witty *Strephon's* dead, and dead by you.
Think what your Folly, and your Crime demand,
Which all your treach'rous Arts cannot withstand.
In vain, your Eyes with Coquetry you Arm,
The falſe Advances are to me no Charm.
I ſhun the Rock where *Strephon* has been ſplit,
And like *Ulyſſes* will ſerenely ſit,
Regardleſs of your Beauty, or your Wit.
Thy Syren ſounds, 'tis true, aſſault my Ear,
But the frail Joy's forbid by juſter Fear;
For while I *Strephon's* Memory maintain,
Your warbling ſounds attack my Soul in vain.
When

When Wit and Honour you in him despise,
Your Pertness has no Charm, no force your Eyes;
To Fools and Knaves you are the destin'd Prey,
Fate is your Judge, and your Tormentors They.

May'st thou a Maid be still, in Thing, or (Name,
Without the Pleasure, may'st thou lose thy (Fame;
Let Lustful Wishes rack thy guilty Mind,
Yet no Relief in the Possession find.
Let every Man thou seest give new Desires,
And not one quench the rank salatious Fires;
'Till the devouring Heat with Envy joyn'd,
Rivel thy Body and distort thy Mind;
While the Green-sickness, Stone, and loathsome (Itch,
Consume thy Youth, and burn thee for a Witch.

But if it be thy Fate at last to win,
Some Wood-cock, Coxcomb, to thy Nuptial (Ginn;
May thy curs'd days and nights be never free,
From disappointing Impotence and Jealousie;
May that thy Nuptial Pleasures still destroy,
And this thy strong Attempts at lawless Joy.

Ill Humours, Anger, Drubs, be all thy Lot,
And, more to raise thy Pain, be *Strephon* ne'r for- (got;

His Honour, Love and Merit, haunt thee ſtill,
And by loſt Joys enhance thy preſent ill.

But why on thee weak Curſes do I ſpend,
For thoughtleſs Crimes, which come out of thy (kind;
Thy Sex are all *Pandora's*; Miſchiefs all,
Which only on your fooliſh Vaſſals fall.
The happy Man, that ſcorns your idle Charms,
Lives moſt ſecure from all their racking harms;
While he that yields to your inſulting Eyes,
Jilted, deceiv'd, betray'd, in Sorrow dies.

What laſting Pleaſures can from Woman (ſpring,
Woman that various and that changeful thing?
Fleeting and anxious are the Joys we gain,
But ſtrong and laſting, as the Cauſe, the Pain.
Who can ſuppoſe, that Senſe ſhou'd e'er prevail,
Where Ignorance and Folly never fail?
That Truth and Love ſucceſs ſhould ever find,
In the fantaſtick Heart of Woman-kind:
All *Show* themſelves, only by *Show* they're won,
And to their Ruin, *Truth* they're ſure to ſhun,
And hug Deceit by which they are undone.

The Boiſterous Bullies, or the fraudful Knave,
The cunning Hypocrite, and cringing Slave,
Are ſure to gain upon the thoughtleſs Kind,
With eaſe they vanquiſh their unguided Mind.

Oh

Oh! Gaudy Source of all Mens Hopes and (Fears,
Foil of their Youth and Scandal of their Years;
To what vile Crimes doſt thou ſtill draw us in?
At once the Cauſe and Puniſhment of Sin.
All their Allurements they with Art diſplay,
To cauſe frail Man to deviate from his way.
Alternate Smiles and Frowns both inſincere,
Gay Laughter now, then ſighs, with an enſnar- (ing Tear,
Inſulting Pride ſucceeds, and then diſſembled (Fear.
Now ſprightly Motion arms their wanton Eye,
Then in ſoft Languiſhments ſhe'll ſeem to die,
Thus all the unguarded paſſes of his Mind ſhe'll (try:
'Till vanquiſh'd by her ſtrong bewitching (Charms,
He falls a willing Priſ'ner to her Arms,
There meets a Veng'ance of ne'er ending Harms.

To ſhun this Miſchief know its Vices well,
And liſten while I all the Sex reveal.

Of wild and various Luſts, of Ignorance,
Of Avarice ſtrange, and yet profuſe Expence;
Of ſuperſtitious Craft, Profaneneſs bold,
Of windy Nonſenſe, Follies manifold;
Of Cruelty, Inconſtancy and Lies,
Envy and Malice, deep Hypocriſies;
Of Hate and Anger, and impetuous Rage,
That Reaſon cannot Cure, nor Time aſſwage;

Revenge implacable, and lawleſs Fires,
Of Impotent-ſtill-varying Deſires;
And of ten thouſand nameleſs Vices more,
Is this vile Idol made, which Men adore.

We need not rake the Brothel and the Stews,
To ſee what various Scenes of Luſt they uſe,
There the lew'd Punks of want may plead Excuſe.
But let us to proud Palaces repair,
And out of Choice ſee what is acted there;
Where unconſtrain'd, by want of Choice they lie,
Wallowing in all the filth of boundleſs Luxury:
They ſet no limits to their wild deſires,
But each poſſeſſes what ſhe now admires.
Footman and Groom ſucceſſively they know,
The ſooty Negro, and the pulvill'd Beau,
The Brawny Coach-man, and the Porter too.
Fools of all ſorts with Pleaſure they admit,
While they palm Virtue on the ſueing Wit.

'Till cloy'd with Inceſt and Adultery,
To Luſts more ſtrange with eagerneſs thoy fly;
The Crimes in Nature's Bounds they think too few,
And therefore out of Nature ſeek for new,
Lais in *Phrynes* Arms will now expire,
And with ſtrange Art would quench the growing Fire,
Still raging with unſatisfy'd deſire.

I ſtrive in vain, the varying Crimes to trace,
Of this ſalacious and deſtructive Race;
Let it ſuffice that I at once declare,
No Law can bind them, and no Love endear.
Nor ſhall I here their drunken Nights unfold,
The Tale's too black and ſhocking to be told;
Or how in Gaming they their hours employ,
While thus their Husband's Fortune they de-
(ſtroy;
Or pay their Looſings with forbidden Joy.
Nor ſhall I touch their ſecret Murthers done,
To hide their Lewdneſs by Abortion;
Or when by Rage and blind Revenge poſſeſt,
They point Fools Swords againſt each others
(Breaſt.
Let it ſuffice, that all the Tales of old,
That have of their ſtrange Vices long been told;
Paſiphae, *Byblis*, *Phaedra*, are out-done,
By Nymphs more lewd and wicked of our own;
For every Houſe in Modern Times can ſhow,
Medea and a *Meſſalina* too:
Quite tired of the Nauſeous Theme I end,
And quit the Sex for Bottle and for Friend.

Celia alone's exempt from all theſe Ctimes,
At once the Charm and Honour of theſe Times.
To make this *Phenix* of the Age Divine,
Obliging Humour, Wit and Beauty join:
No Affectation checks the Joy ſhe gives,
For ſhe no Pride from all her worth derives.

If you ask more, to unknown Worlds repair,
And try to make the ſtrange diſcovery there,
For our known World can only boaſt of her.
More than *Columbus* wou'd thy ſearch obtain,
But ceaſe, the fruitleſs Toil will be in vain.

A SATYR ON MARRIAGE.

THE Husband's the Pilot, the Wife is the Ocean,
He always in danger, ſhe always in motion;
And he that in Wedlock twice hazards his Carcaſs,
Twice ventures a drowning, and faith that's a hard caſe;
Even at our own Weapons the Feamales defeat us,
And Death, only Death, can ſign our *Quietus*.
Not to tell ye ſad Stories of Liberty loſt,
How our Mirth is all pall'd, and our Pleaſure all croſt;
This Pagan confinement, this damnable ſtation,
Suits no Order, nor Age, nor Degree in the Nation.

The

The Levite it keeps from Parochial duty,
For who can at once mind Religion and Beauty?
The rich it alarms with Expences and Trouble,
And a poor Beaſt you know can ſcarce carry (double.

'Twas invented, they tell you, to keep us (from falling,
Oh the virtue and grace of a ſhrill caterwauling.
But it palls in your Game. Ah but how do you (know, Sir,
How often your Neighbour breaks up your In- (cloſure.

For this is the principal comfort of Marriage,
You muſt eat, though a hundred have ſpit in (your Porrage.
If at Night you're unactive, and fail of perform- (ing,
Enter Thunder and Lightning, and Bloodſhed (next Morning.
Cries the Bone of your ſide, thanks dear Mr (*Horner*,
This comes of your ſinning with Crape in a (Corner.
Then to make up the breach, all your ſtrength (you muſt rally,
And labour and ſweat like a Slave at the Gally.
Yet ſtill you muſt charge, oh bleſſed condition,
Tho' you know, to your coſt, you've no Ammu- (nition.

'Till at last my dear Mortify'd Tool of a Man,
You're not able to make a poor flash in the pan.

Fire, Female and Flood begin with a Letter,
And the World's for them all not a farthing the better.
Your Flood soon is gone, and your Fire you may humble,
If into the Flame store of Water you tumble;
But to cool the damn'd heat of your Wives Titillation,
You may use half the Engines, and Pumps in the Nation,
But may pisse out as well the last Conflagration.
Thus, Sir, I have sent you my thoughts of the matter,
Judge you as you please, but I scorn to flatter.

A SATYR UPON THE *French* KING,

Written by a *Non-Swearing-Parſon*, and drop'd out of his Pocket at *Sam*'s Coffee-Houſe.

Facit indignatio Verſum.

AND haſt thou left Old *Jemmy* in the Lurch?
A plague confound the Doctors of thy (Church.
Then to abandon poor *Italian Molly*,
That I had the firking of thy Bum with Holly.
Next to diſcard the Prince of *Wales*,
How ſuits this with the Honour of *Verſailes*?
Fourthly, and Laſtly, to renounce the *Turks*,
Why this is the Devil, the Devil, and all his (Works.
Were I thy Confeſſor, who am thy Martyr,
Doſt think that I'de allow thee any Quarter,
No-- thou ſhoud'ſt find what 'tis to be a Starter.
Lord!

Lord! with what monſtrous Lies, and ſenſeleſs
(Shamms,
Have we been cullied all a-long at *Sam's.*
Who could e're believ'd, unleſs in Spite,
Lewis le Grand wou'd turn rank *Williamite*?
Thou, that haſt look'd ſo fierce, and talk'd ſo big.
In thy Old Age to dwindle to a *Whigg*,
By Heaven, I ſee thou'rt in thy Heart a Prigg.
I'de not be for a Million in thy Jerkin,
'Fore *George* thy Soul's no bigger than a Gerkin.
Haſt thou for this ſpent ſo much *Ready Rhino*?
Now, what the Plague will become of *Jure Divino*?
A Change ſo monſtrous I cou'd ne'er ha' thought,
Though *Patridge* all his Stars to vouch it, brought,
S'life, I'le not take thy Honour for a Groat.
Ev'n Oaths with thee, are only things of Courſe,
Thou, 'Zoons, thou'rt a Monarch for a Horſe.
Of Kings diſtreſs'd thou art a fine Securer,
Thou mak'ſt me Swear, that am a known *Non-*
(*Jurer.*

But tho I ſwear thus, as I ſaid before,
Know, King, I'le place it all upon thy Score.
Were *Job* alive, and banter'd by ſuch Shufflers,
He'd out-rail *Oats*, and Curſe both thee and
(*Bnfflers.*
For thee I've loſt, if I can rightly ſcan 'em,
Two Livings worth full Eightſcore Pounds *per*
(*Annum*,
Bonâ, & legalis Angliæ Monetâ,
But now I am clearly routed by the Treaty.

Then

Then Geese and Pigs my Table ne're did fail,
And Tyth-Eggs merrily flew in like Hail,
My Barns with Corn, my Cellars cramm'd with (Ale.
The Dice are chang'd, for now, as I'm a Sinner,
The Devil, for me, knows where to buy a Din- (ner.
I might as soon, tho' I were ne're so willing,
Raise a whole Troop of Horse, as one poor Shil- (ling.
My *Spouse*, alas; must flaunt in Silks no more,
Pray Heaven, for Sustenance, she turn not Whore;
And Daughter *Peggy* too, in time, I fear,
Will learn to take a Stone up in her Ear.
My Friends have basely left me with my place,
What's worse, my very Pimples bilk my face.
And frankly my Condition to disclose,
I most resent th' ungratitude of my Nose,
On which tho' I have spent of Wine such store,
It now looks paler than my Tavern score.
My double Chin's dismantled, and my Coat is,
Past it's best days, *in Verbo Sacerdotis.*
My Breeches too this Morning, to my wonder,
I found grown Schismaticks, and fallen asunder.
When first I came to Town with Houshold Clog,
Rings, Watch, and so forth, fairly went for Prog.
The Ancient *Fathers* next, in whom I boasted,
Were soon exchang'd for primitive Boil'd and (Roasted.
Since 'tis no Sin of Books to be a Glutton,
I truck'd St. *Austin* for a Leg of Mutton.

Old

Old *Jerom's* Volumnes next I made a Rape on,
And melted down that Father for a Capon.
When theſe were gone, my Bowels not to balk,
I treſpaſs'd moſt *enormouſly* in Chalk.
But long I had not Quarter'd upon Tick,
E're Chriſtian Faith, I found, grew monſtrous ſick:
And now, Alas! when my ſtarv'd Entrails croke,
At *Partner How's* I Dine and Sup on Smoke.
In fine, the Government may do its Will,
But I'm afraid my Guts will *Grumble* ſtill.

Dennis, of *Sicily*, as Books relate, Sir,
When he was tumbled from the Regal State Sir,
(Which, by the by, I hope will be your Fate Sir.)
And his good Subjects left him in the lurch,
Turn'd Pedagogue, and *Tyrannix'd* in Birch:
Tho' thus the *Spark* was taken a peg lower,
Some feeble ſigns of his old State he bore,
And Reign'd o'er Boys, that Govern'd Men before.
For thee I wiſh ſome Puniſhment that worſe is,
Since thou haſt ſpoil'd my Prayers, now hear my Curſes.

May thy Affairs, (for ſo I wiſh by Heavens)
All the World o'er at Sixes lie and Sevens.
May *Conti* be impos'd on by the *Primate*,
And forc'd, in haſte, to leave the Northern Climate:
May he rely upon their Faith, and try it,
And have his Bellyfull of the *Poliſh Dyet*.
May *Maintenon*, tho' thou ſo long haſt kept her,
With *Brand-Venereal* ſinge thy Royal Scepter.

May

May all the Poets, that thy Fame have ſcat-
(ter'd,
Un-god thee now, and Damn what once they
(flatter'd.
May Pope, and Thou, be never Cater Couſins.
And *Fiſtula's* thy Arſe-hole ſeize by Dozens.
Thus far in Jeſt; but now to pin the basket,
May'ſt thou to *England* come, of *Jove* I ask it,
Thy wretched Fortune, *Lewis*, there to prop,
I hope thou'lt in the *Fryars* take a Shop,
Turn Puny-Barber there, bleed louſy Carmen,
Cut Corns for Chimney-Sweepers and ſuch Ver-
(min,
Be forc'd to Trim (for ſuch I'm ſure thy Fate is)
Thy own *Hugonots*, and Us *Non Jurors* gratis.
May *Savoy* with thee hither pack,
And carry a *Raree-Show* upon his Back.
May all this happen, as I've put my Pen to't,
And may all *Chriſtian* People ſay *Amen* to't.

To

To the LORDS *in Council Aſſembled.*

The Petition of *Thomas Brown*, by which he receiv'd his Enlargement from *Priſon*.

PINDARICK.

Humbly Sheweth,

SHou'd you order *Tom Brown*,
To be whip'd through the Town,
For ſcurvy Lampoon.
Grave *Southern* and *Crown*,
Their Pens wou'd lay down.
Even *Durfey* himſelf, and ſuch Merry Fellows,
That put their whole Truſt in Tunes and Trang-
(dilloes,
May hang up their Harps and themſelves on the
(Willows,
For if Poets are puniſh'd for Libelling Traſh,
John Dryden, tho' Sixty, may yet fear the Laſh,
No Penſion, no Praiſe,
Much *Birch* without Bays,
Theſe are not right ways,
Our Fancy to raiſe,
To the writing of Plays. And

And Prologues ſo witty,
That Jirk at the City,
And now and then hit,
Some Spark in the Pit,
So hard and ſo pat,
'Till he hides with his Hat,
His monſtrous Cravat.
The Pulpit alone,
Can never Preach down,
The Fops of the Town.
Then Pardon *Tom Brown*,
And let him write on;
But if you had rather, Convert the poor Sinner,
His foul Writing Mouth may be ſtop'd with a (Dinner:
Give him Cloaths to his Back, ſome Meat and (much Drink,
Then clap him cloſe Priſoner without Pen and (Ink.

To a Young Lady who appeared frequently leaning out of her Chamber Window.

WHen *Venus* naked from the Sea aroſe,
She did not half ſo many Charms expoſe,
Nor when for the deciſive Fruit ſhe ſtrove,
Shew'd *Paris* half ſo rich a View of Love:

Nay,

Nay, when she clasp'd *Adonis* in her Arms,
The melting Goddess had not half your Charms:
Less firm her snowy Breasts, her Skin less white,
Her lovely Limbs less tempting to delight.
How shall we then express those Charms below,
Which you and Nature both forbear to show?
So fair an Hostess, and so fair a Sign,
Would force a Trade, and recommend bad Wine.
Water from such a Spring is sweeter far,
Than all the Clusters of the Vintage are.
Let Bacchanalians and the empty Beaux,
Hunt out *Champain*, *Burgundy*, and *Bourdeaux*.
To fetch some drops from that dear shady Well,
Wou'd all the Nectar of the God's excel.
Your Eyes assure us that you can dispence,
Peculiar Joys for each peculiar Sence:
Then having let us see, pray let us taste
Those dear conceal'd Delights below the Waste.
'Twere Madness to expect to keep ones Heart,
When *Cupid* lies intrench'd in every part.
How shall we guard our freedom from surprize,
When your least Charms are in your conquering Eyes?

Upon

Upon a Ladies being disappointed by a Young Scotch Lord.

I.

YOung *Caledon* has all the Charms,
That can engage the Fair,
A Tongue that every Heart disarms,
A soft bewitching Air.
But see what Fate attends a Drone!
He loses what he takes,
And when the Fortress is his own
His Victory forsakes.

II.

At her expence this fatal Truth,
Melissa late did prove,
Neither her Beauty nor her Youth
Could long secure his Love:
The lavish Hero fir'd too fast,
So vain was his Ambition,
That when three poor Attacks were past,
He wanted Ammunition.

III.

Were it Inconstancy alone,
Art might the Youth reclaim;
But when Love's vital Oyl is gone,
What can revive the Flame?
Ye Gods, by whom my Hopes are curst,
Once grant me what I pray,
Give *Caledon* less Heat at first,
Or better Funds to pay.

The Temperate

EPICURE.

Written by that Celebrated WIT of *France*, Monſieur *La Fontaine*, when troubled with a *Rheumatiſm.*

Imitated in Engliſh By Mr. T. Brown.

SInce my Day's ſpent ſo near the Night,
Why ſhould I beat my Brains to write?
'Tis better far with prying Look,
To read the Word's amazing Book?
And Nature's myſtic Springs to know
And the vaſt mind that does beſtow
Motion and Life on all below.
When this is done, what ſhould deny
To take our fill of harmleſs Joy?
Joy we may taſte a Thouſand ways,
And ſtill find ſomething new to pleaſe.

Whe-

Whether by ſome cool River's ſide,
We ſee the ſilver Waters glide,
The Fiſhes ſport, and Sun-beams gay
On the ſmooth liquid Surface play;
Or ſeek ſome lonely Sylvan Shade,
Or glimmering Bower, or ruſſet Glade,
Where the dark Horrors of the Wood,
Solemn Thoughts inſpire and good.
Sometimes at Table, when we dine,
We may diſſolve our Cares in Wine,
And o'er the generous Nectar ſport,
And laugh at City and at Court:
And ſometimes too a new Amour,
May ſerve to paſs an idle Hour.
Long with the Fair we muſt not ſtay,
But from the Charmers part away.
Love does unſeen the Flame impart,
And finds a Paſſage to the Heart.
But is it not alas high Time,
To chaſe the *Cœlia's* from my Rhime,
When the grave City is preparing,
To give our Damſels * *Indian* Airing.
Oh! that my perſecuting Pain,
Would with theſe Ladies croſs the Main,
And never viſit me again.
Cruel Diſeaſe! old *Saturn's* Son,
Quit this Abode and get thee gone.
Some lazy Prelate's Limbs invade,
Or Lawyers batt'ning on his Trade;

* *He means the Magiſtrates of* Paris, *who had ordered that all convicted Whores ſhould be tranſported to the* Weſt-Indies.

Or with thy dire Attendants wait,
On ſome dull Miniſter of State;
But why thy Viſits never timing,
Shoul'ſt thou intrude to ſpoil my Rhiming?
The Devil a Verſe can from me creep,
But ſhows what company I keep.
If this be thy fellonious Aim,
To chill my Muſe, and damp her Flame,
Prithee to ſome new Hoſt repair,
And all this needleſs Trouble ſpare:
In few Months more without thy Aid,
Old Age will ſpoil me for that Trade.

An Epigram *upon Sir* R. B.

SUch ſwarms of Wits on *Blackmore* moſt abſurd
Two Thouſand Flies attack a new fall'n T--
In which great Fray each unſucceſsful Flie,
Loſes his ſeeing, beſhits his little Thigh:
From whence this uſeful Moral's clearly ſhown,
Better the Flie had let the T—— alone.

An

An Epigram.

A *Saph* takes the wiſeſt Courſe,
To prop three ſinking Nations:
For *Partridge* only Bribes the Stars,
But he the *Revelations.*

An Epigram *upon Stantia non poterant tecta probare Deos.*

PErpetua infidos reddit tibi crapula greſſus,
Et titubas plenus numine *Bacche* tuo:
Scilicet hinc madidæ pendet tibi Gloria vitis,
Non meruit vini qui ſtetit eſſe Deus.

An Epigram *upon a* Blind-Man *in Love.*

IF watchful *Argus* kept not One,
Hop'ſt thou to keep thine, who haſt none?

On the ſame.

IF *Argus* with a hundred Eyes, not One,
Could guard, hop'ſt thou to keep thine, who
haſt none?

Obſervationes quædam in Virgilium, Ovidium, Homer, *&c.*

SEries remigum à ſummo latere ad imam cariam oblique numeratæ *ordines* dicebantur, et pro multiplici *ordine* navis erat *biremis triremis* &c. ac eædem ſeries a prora ad puppim numeratæ, dicebantur *Verſus*.

QUod ſit in veterum navibus *ordo* remorum duplex, triplex, quadruplex, *&c.* unde *biremes*, *triremes*, *quadriremes*, &c. Appellantur, ambiguum eſt. Sed quia dicit *Virgilius*, l. 5. *Triplici pubes quam Dardana verſu impellunt, terno conſurgunt ordine remi.* Conſtat, in utroq; navis latere remigum ordines ſurrexiſſe, alios alijs ſuper poſitos, non ita tamen ut ſuperiorum remigum pedes inferiorum capitibus impenderent perpendiculari ut ajunt, rectaq; linea; (ſic enim latera navium extruenda altius fuſſent) ſed ita, ut tranſtris oblique a ſummo ad imum inſtar graduum diſpoſitis inſiſterent remiges, quorum ſuperior ordo ibi figebat pedes, ubi ordo inferior inſidebat.

O *Terq; quaterq; beati.* Virg. Æn. l. 1. Ita Heroem ſuum lamentantem Maro introducit, nec temere. In mari ſiquidem interire acerbe fulerunt fortes, ubi virtuti ſuæ non erat locus, ut pulchrè exirent vita. Adde, quod animam cenſebant veterum pleriq; igneam eſſe, quam in aquis extingui naturæ contrarium videbatur;

batur ; ſuper omnia exequiarum honore deſtitui horrebant, ſine quibus *Styga* transvehi per centum annos deſperabant.

Archeſia. Eo nomine appellantur pocula procera, et circa Mediam partem compreſſa, quorum anſæ a ſummo ad imum pertinent.

Vixi annos bis centum, nunc tertia vivitur ætas. Ovid. *Met.* l. 12. Hinc falſos liquet qui tres Neſtoris ætates per 30 Annorum ſæcula minora metiuntur, ſiquidem Ovidio fides.

TUmulis mortuorum lac, mel, vinum, lachrymas, ſanguinem, flores, thura, alia inſuper honoris cauſa, vel etiam ad lætiorem defuncti apud inferos ſtatum, ingerere ſolebant. Atq; hæc demortuis ſacrificia *inferiæ* dicebantur.

Eſtus Chirothecæ ſpecies quædam eſt e loris bubulis, plumbo etiam ac ferro interdum inſuto. His pugiles muniebant manus, eoſq; cubito ac humero, ne excuterentur, alligabant.

QUinquennale fuiſſe ſilentium a Pythagora Diſcipulis ſuis præſcriptum voluerunt ; quamquam aliud alijs æſtimata cujuſq; ſolertia, non minus tamen biennio, fuiſſe ſcripſit *Gellius.*

Narimen, Prochytenq; legit. Ovid. *Met.* l. 14. *Inſula* eſt contra Campaniam, quæ et *Inaria* et *Iſchia* dicta. Vox hæc *Inarime* a *Virgilio* videtur eſſe conficta : nam *Homerus* locutus de hac inſula dicit, Ἐν Ἀρίμοις. Sane apud nullos ante *Virgilium* Authores legitur ; poſt eum uſurpata eſt ſtatim ab *Ovidio, Lucano,* &c. quod ad conjecturam multam facit.

HIſtoria fidem non obſervant Poetæ, ubi Æneæ et Didonis amores canunt. Siquidem *Æneas* annos 286. vixit ante Didonem.

QVid *Pandioniæ reſtant niſi nomen Athenæ*? Ita *Ovid.* l. 15. *Metam.* Introducit *Pythagoram* loquentem. Falçiſſimum vero eſt *Pythagoræ* tempore nihil niſi nomen fuiſſe Athenas, quæ tunc ut cum Maxime floruerunt. Grave hunc et quatuor precedentes verſiculos adulterinos eſſe non immerito cenſuit. Cl. *Heinſius.* Interrumpunt etiam ſilum narrationis, qua Poeta probaturus eſt Romam ex Trojæ ruinis renaſci.

PYthagoræ audiendi cauſa Numam Crotonem comes conceſiſſe finxit *Ovidius Met.* l. 15. Ut Fabulas ſuas conſueret, cum tamen Pythagoram, ſervio Tullio regnante, centum amplios poſt annos vixiſſe ſatis conſtat.

VIrgilius, Naſo, Florus, *&c.* Pharſalum Theſſaliæ urbem, ubi Cæſarem inter & Pompeium de pugnatum eſt, cum Philippis Thraciæ, ubi victi Brutus et Caſſius ab Octavio & Antonio, miro ſane errore, confuderunt, niſi ut poearum mos eſt vicina vel ejuſdem ditionis loca pro ijsdem uſurpare, Pharſalum atq; Philippos, quæ urbes eidem Macedonum regi olim parebant, pro una atq; eadem belli arena promiſcue ſumpſerint.

VAticinia quædam *ſorte*, et conjectis in menſam talis agebantur. Unde *ſortes* pro *reſponſo*, ſeu *oraculo* ſæpe apud Poetas.

NIveiſq; *frequens ſinnueſſa colubris. Ovid. Met.* l. 15. Veriſſime hic loci Cl. *Heinſius Columbis* pro *colubris* reponi debere cenſuit. *Sinueſſa* urbs Campaniæ, quis vero neſcit *Plinium*, l. 16. c. 37.

c. 37. Laudare Campanas *Columbas*. Nivei autem hice *Colubri* in Authoribus antiquis nusquam memorantur.

MEdiamq; *tenentes Orbis hamum, Delphos. Ovid. Met.* l. 15. Parnassum montem, sub quo *Delphi Apollinis* Oraculo insigne oppidum, Orbis umbilicum statuunt *Strabo Lucanus* et alij. De *Hierosolymis* idem nonulli somniarunt.

HOmer not only makes *Achilles* invulnerable every where but his *Heel*, but likewise bestows a Suit of impenetrable Armour upon this invulnerable Body, Bully *Dawson* would have Fought the Devil with those advantages.

THE Ninth Eclogue of *Virgil*, as well as the First, seems to have been written A. V. C. 713. or a little after; so that *Ecce Dionæi processit Cæsaris astrum*, cannot possibly be thought to allude (as Mr *Edwards* would have it) to the famous Star which usher'd in our Saviours Nativity, which happen'd Anno V. C. 75.

The

The MEN *and the* WOMEN SAINTS *in an Uproar; Or, the Superſtition of the* Romiſh Church *Expos'd:*

In a Dialogue after *Lucian's* manner. Written by Mr. *Tho. Brown*, in the Year 1687.

Scene the *Elyſian Fields.*

Enter a Meſſenger *to* Pluto.

Meſſ. 'TIS well your Majeſty's at hand to ſuppreſs the Riot newly begun in the *Quarter* of the *Saints* yonder. There is ſuch calling of Names, and giving the Lie, ſuch Roaring and Screaming, ſuch Swaggering and Bouncing, both among the *Men-Saints* and the *Women-Saints*, that for my part, I expected every Minute when it wou'd come to down-right Kick and Cuff between 'em. If you don't give immediate Orders to have a ſtop put to this Hubbub, the Lord knows when it will end.—— That's all Sir.

Pluto,

Pluto. Come Friend, leave that Affair to my management. —— But who are the principal Bell-weathers of the Mutiny?

Meſſ. Why firſt of all, an't pleaſe you, there's St. *George* of *Cappadocia*, a notable Fellow of his Inches, and Metal to the Back, I warrant him. A World of angry words have paſt between him and a huge two-handed Lubber, St *Chriſtopher* I think they call him, but unleſs I am mightily miſtaken in my Man, I dare ſwear the dapper *Cappadocian* will bang half a dozen ſuch hulky Rogues as t'other and hardly ſweat for't. Then here's a *Termagant* Fury, St *Urſula* by name, at the Head of a eleven Thouſand Red-hair'd Bona *Roba's*, and every one of them Virgins, forſooth, ready to fall upon the *Thæbean* Legion. The Soldiers call 'em Vagrants, threaten to pluck up their Petticoats, and ſend them to the Houſe of Correction. The *Women* on the other hand exclaim againſt *Lobſters* and *Tatterdemallions*, and defie 'em to prove 'twas ever known in any Age or Country in the World, that a Red-Coat died for his Religion.

Pluto. This is merry enough, but go on.

Meſſ. In another Corner of the Room there's nothing but Fire and Deſolation denounc'd on both ſides between the *Seven Sleepers* and the three Kings of *Colen*. The latter call the former a pack of drowſie ſleepy Sots, who getting Drunk with Poppy-water and Brandy, fancied they ſlept ſeveral ſcores of Years at one go-down, when 'twas all Whimſey and Imagination. Ay, ay, Gentlemen, cry the *Sleepers*, you have great reaſon indeed to pick holes in your Neighbours Coats, when if you were ſtrip'd of your fine Names and Titles, which never honeſtly belong'd to you, you'd be found to be no better, nor no worſe

than

than three ſtrowling Fortune-tellers. But the oddeſt and moſt Comical Scene is ſtill behind.

Pluto. Come, out with it then.

Meſſ. A venerable Old Gentleman, who they ſay had been high Pontiff of *Rome* in the days of *Tore*, pointing to a ruſty Spear, and a Cloak of Antiquity and Faſhion, *I command you, good People, ſays he, to pay your reſpect to theſe two moſt incomparable Saints and Martyrs, St.* Longinus *and St.* Amphibalus. *Upon my Infallibility they have not their Fellows in the Almanack.* Why ſurely, reply'd I to him, you have a mind to banter Folks out of their Senſes. What is not this a Spear? *No*, Sir, *his Name is* Longinus, *and he was one of the earlieſt ſufferers for the Chriſtian Faith*; Very well, but won't you own this to be a Cloak? *A Cloak Sir! Have a care what you ſay. A Cloak! Why, he was the undaunted Companion of St.* Alban, *his Name* Amphibalus, *ſuffer'd with him near* Verulam, *and for this I preferr'd him to the* Calendar. But why do I trouble your Majeſty with theſe particulars; If you don't ſend a Battallion or two of your Guards to reduce them out of hand, theſe Revolters, for ought I know, may prove a damn'd Thorn in your Royal Foot: Don't you hear, what a curſed Hurricane they make.

Pluto. Thou art more afraid than hurt. Theſe Saints, thou talkeſt of, may do a damn'd deal of miſchief at the Head of a parcel of *Fools*, that would be lead by the Noſe by them; but by themſelves they can do no more harm than a Phyſician without his Powder and Pills, or a Lawyer without his Parchments.——However, ſince, as it happens, I have a ſpare Afternoon, no Buſineſs upon my Hands, and ſome of my Subjects may improve this Mole hill into a Mountain to the prejudice of my Affairs, I am reſolved to try them my ſelf; therefore order them

them to repair to me immediately; for all their Hectoring and making this boiſterous Noiſe, I know they dare not diſobey me. (*Exit.*

Enter St George *and St* Chriſtopher.

(*St* George *plucking St* Chriſtopher *by the Noſe.*) Well, Inſolence, I ſhall be even with you before I have done. Dark Nights will come, and then I'll ſubſtantially thraſh your Jacket for you. What! ſuch a Booby as thou art pretend to diſpute the precedence with a Perſon of my Quality?

Pluto. Why, how now, Bully *Royſter*! What's the meaning of this Outrage in the Face of Juſtice?

St *George.* This over-grown Beaſt here, an't pleaſe your Highneſs, has not only reflected upon my Parentage, but call my Valour in Queſtion. 'Tis known to all the World, that I am the doughty Hero that deliver'd the King of *Ægypt*'s Daughter, kill'd the Dragon upon the ſpot, and carried off the Royal Virgin for my Reward. To juſtifie this Truth, I need urge no other Teſtimonies than the common Signs in moſt Towns of *Europe*, where I am to be ſeen moſt magnificently beſtriding my Steed with the Dragon under my Feet.

St *Chriſtopher.* For all his bouncing and bragging, I believe your Majeſty will put him ſtrangely to his Trumps, if you'll but ask him where he was Born, what Profeſſion he was off, and what ſort of an Animal it was he Killed?

Pluto. Come hither, Friend, and reſolve me a Queſtion or two; Where were you Born?

St. *George.* Some ſay in *Cappadocia*, others in *Coventry.*

Pluto. Why truly *Coventry* lies very near *Cappadocia.* But what a plague, can't you tell where you were Born?

St. *George.*

S. *George.*—— And others have affirm'd, that *Alexandria* in *Ægypt* was the place of my Nativity: For my part I cannot preciſely tell where I was Born, but that I was Born ſome where or other, I hope your Majeſty has the Charity to believe.

Pluto. Moſt certainly: But what was thy Profeſſion?

St. *George.* Some make me a great Officer in the Emperor's Army, and others an *Arrian* Bp. and a Perſecutor.

Pluto. Thou art enough to diſtract the greateſt Patience: I'll allow thee indeed not to know the place of thy Birth, becauſe Children don't uſe to come into the World with their Ink-horns and Pocket-Books about them; but the Devil's in thee if thou can'ſt not remember whether thou wer't a Biſhop or a Soldier: Thoſe two Profeſſions are not ſo like one another, that there ſhou'd be any great danger of miſtaking them.

St. *George.* 'Tis my misfortune that I cannot.--

Pluto. Come then, under what Emperor didſt thou live?

St. *George.* Some ſay under the Emperor *Dioclesian*; ſome——

Pluto. How! at your *Some's* again. Thou art a true Original I ſwear. Well, I have but one Queſtion more to ask thee, What ſort of an Animal was the Dragon which thou valueſt thy ſelf ſo much for ſlaying; had it Wings, as 'tis commonly painted in the Signs, or was it a Reptile?

St. *George.* Not exactly reſembling it in every particular, nor yet altogether different. As for Wings I can ſay nothing to the matter; for I confeſs I was under ſo great an agitation——

Pluto. I underſtand your meaning, you were ſo terribly ſcar'd in the time of Engagement, that

that you had not leiſure to conſider the ſhape of your Monſter.—Come, come, honeſt Friend, theſe ſhams are too groſs to paſs upon the World any longer, your Dragons and flying Monſters won't go down at this time of day, therefore take my word for't, I'll take care to ſee thee turn'd out of the Almanack.

St. *George*. Well then if it's my fate to be ejected out of my ancient Free-hold, I hope your Majeſty will be ſo juſt, as to make that huge two-handed Fellow keep me Company. I dare engage, that if you ask him the ſame Queſtions you put to me, you'l find him as deficient.

Pluto. Nay, I won't favour one more than another, that I aſſure you. (*To his Officers*. Bring up that tall well-ſhaped Gentleman yonder to the Bar——Well, Sir, under whoſe Reign did you live? What Occupation did you follow? Who was your Father? Come reſolve me immediately, for my Times precious.

St. *Chriſtopher*. I liv'd near an Arm of the Sea.

Pluto. Very particularly anſwer'd. And in what part of the World; for I ſuppoſe, you know there are more Arms of the Sea than one?

St. *Chr*. I can't tell, an't pleaſe you.

Pluto. That's honeſt however. But proceed.

St. *Chr*. I was a Ferry-Man by my Calling, if I may call that a Calling, which never got me a Farthing; for I was ſo good Natur'd a Hackney, that I uſed to carry the Folks over for nothing.

Pluto. Why, how did you maintain your Boat and Tackle all this while?

St. *Chr*. I kept none, but carried the good People upon my Shoulders.

Pluto. A very pretty ſtory; and ſo you waded through this imaginary Arm of the Sea, and whipt over your Cuſtomers dryſhod. Well, I ſhall ask you no more Queſtions, for this has given

given me enough. Turn out both thoſe Fellows there, and Mr. Recorder, pray remember to expunge their Names out of the *Calendar*.

(*Exit St.* George, *and St.* Chriſtopher.

Enter St. Urſula, *at the Head of the eleven Thouſand Virgins, and St.* Mauritius *in the Front of the* Thæbean Legion.

Pluto. Bleſs me! what a Fantaſtick ſight is here! What a mottly Chequer'd Aſſembly of Red-Coats and Waſtcoateers! Sure it muſt be ſome Quarrel of importance, that has put ſuch numbers of both Sexes into ſo great a Ferment. Come Miſtreſs (for I know you'll have the firſt and laſt word whether I grant it you or no) what is the occaſion of this Diſorder and Mutiny, that you have lately made in my Dominions?

St. *Urſula.* Why that furious fierce Hero, Col. *Kickum*, had the impudence to tell me that thoſe ill-look'd ſhirtleſs Raſcals, loſt their Lives for the Chriſtian Religion. A very probable Story indeed! that a pack of Vermin bred up to plundering of Hedges, nimming of Cloaks, rubbing out of Milk-ſcores, and bilking of their Landladies, ſhould on the ſudden be ſo ſtrangely troubled with qualms of Conſcience as to lay down their Lives: For what——Why for their Religion, forſooth? Whereas I always thought that a Soldier had no other Religion but his Pay.

St. *Mauritius.* Very pert Miſs *Termagant*, and is it not altogether as probable that Eleven Thouſand Virgins ſhould come out of a little pimping Corner of *Britain*, when ſome honeſt Gentlemen of that Nation, but t'other day aſſured me, that the whole Kingdom hardly affords ſo many at preſent, tho' 'tis ten times as populous,

pulous, as when the Legend ſuppoſes you and your Siſter Trollops to have lived there.

St. *Urſula.* 'Tis ſome Comfort to me however, *Bully-ſpit-Fire*, that thou canſt not abuſe me, without falling foul upon my Country.

St. *Mauritius.* Now, if it would not be too great a trouble to your Ladyſhip, I would deſire you to inform the Court, how you and your ſandy-pated Companions made a ſhift for to croſs over into *France?* Swimming Girdles and Cork Shoes, as I take it, were not then in Faſhion; and the *Britiſh* Princes, put 'em all together, had not Shipping enough to tranſport ſuch an Army of Viragoes.

St. *Urſula.* Come, come, you're impertinent, and I won't reſolve you.

St. *Mauritius.* In the next place, Madam, you would ſingularly oblige your humble Servant, to explain to him after what manner you ſubſiſted your *Cloven* Regiment, when you had got them over. What! Had you ready Caſh enough among you to pay off your Scores as you march'd along, or did you manage it *a la militaire*, and lay the Country under Contribution.

St. *Urſula.* Thou everlaſting Coxcomb! why we beat the Hoofs as Pilgrims, and the People Charitably reliev'd us as we paſs'd.

St. *Mauritius.* Nay, the *French*, I know, are extreamly Charitable to the Fair Sex, and forward to relieve their Neceſſities; but under Favour, ſuch numbers as you had with you were enough to eat up the Country. For my part, I wonder that the Wives and Grandmothers did not lock up their Doors, as you paſs'd, for fear their Husbands and Relations might be tempted to treſpaſs upon Pilgrim's Fleſh.

St. *Urſula.* Spoke like a Soldier. You are of the Opinion, I find, that I and my vertuous Attendants are like thoſe lewd Proſtitutes, that uſe to follow your Armies; but I'de have you to know we had no ſuch Folks among us.

St. *Mauritius.* Well, Madam, your Soldier, as unmannerly a Fellow as he appears to be in theſe wicked Habiliments, knows ſomewhat of his Trade, for which reaſon he's impatient to know what ſort of Diſcipline you obſerved in your Troops; for having ſo jolly plump Laſſes under your Care methinks 'twas highly neceſſary for you to order ſufficient Out-Guards, and ſtrongly intrench your ſelves every Night, to hinder the wicked from attacking you by ſurprize.

St. *Urſula.* One muſt have nothing to do, that has leiſure enough to anſwer ſuch inſignificant Queſtions.

St. *Mauritius.* Beſides, 'tis worth any Man's while to enquire, whether you were ſingle or double Officer'd; whether you march'd in one main Body or in ſeveral Columns; how you behav'd your ſelves towards the Magiſtrates of the reſpective Cities, thro' which you paſs'd; what ſort of watch-words you gave, and laſtly, who waſh'd your Smocks upon the Road; for, Madam, I can hardly believe, that ſuch nice, well-bred Ladies, as thoſe are, would ſtoop to ſo vile a Drudgery, if they could help it.

St. *Urſula.* Well, Sir, go on with your ſenſeleſs Raillery.

St. *Mauritius.*—— And when you had travers'd the whole length of *France* (which by the by was none of the eaſieſt Journey for ſo many ſilly Women to undertake) it rejoices me to conſider, with what wonderful Alacrity you ſcamper'd over the *Alps*, and without a farthing of Money in your Pockets, Guides to conduct you, and ſafe-

guards to protect you, made your way peaceably over those Hills, were none but *Annibal* and a few Generalissimo's after him with all their Power and Wealth, were able to march any considetable numbers.

St. *Ursula.* Have you done?

St. *Mauritius.* No, no, the most whimsical Scene of the Farce is still behind, and therefore, Madam, I most humbly desire you to consider, what a most noble sight it was when you and your Tribes were at *Rome*, to see the Pope and Cardinals visiting your Squadrons, running into your Tents, feeling your Purses, and rummaging———,

St. *Ursula.* Well, and where was the harm on't.

St. *Mauritius.* Nay, there was no harm in't, that's certain; the Pope's a civil worthy Gentleman, and his Cardinals a parcel of as complaisant Persons as any in the World. They do you any Harm! Heavens forbid; for tho' they subsist chiefly by the Spirit, yet no People in the Universe know better how to reconcile the Flesh to the Spirit, than they.

St. *Ursula.* I see there's no stopping your licentious Tongue, otherwise you would not make so familiar with the Head of the Church.

St. *Mauritius.* But not to dwell any longer upon this Subject, having received the Papal Benediction, and been often refreshed by the Cardinals, 'twas now high time for you and the rest of your She-Myrmidons, to think of settling in one part of the World or other; so turning your Faces towards the North, and clambering over the same Mountains again, you directed your course by the Banks of the *Rhine* towards *Lower Germany*, where not far from the noble City of *Colen*, a pack of Heathenish Rogues, call'd

Goths and *Vandals*, finding you were not for their purpoſe, fell upon you with Sword in hand, and made a total Deſtruction of you and your Virtuous Heroines. Is not this, Madam, the Truth, and the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth?

St. *Urſula.* Why, ſo they did, and I'll ſtand by't.

St. *Mauritius.* No matter what you'll ſtand or fall by; But I will appeal to this Honourable Bench, whether ever in this World Eleven Thouſand Virgins, grown to Women's Eſtate were ſeen in a Body together, travell'd ſo many thouſand Leagues, and at laſt made ſo fooliſh an end.——No, Madam, talk no more of the matter, but own your ſelf and the reſt of your Siſterhood to be Cheats, and the Court perhaps may be ſo metciful as to forgive you the Ducking-Stool.

St. *Urſula.* Cheats! know thou huffing, puffing, Sconce-building Ruffian, know I am a Princeſs, and of a Royal Extraction.

St. *Mauritius.* A Princeſs! Ha! ha! ha! a very pretty Princeſs indeed: You'd break a Man's Sides with Laughing, I vow and Swear. A Princeſs? Good Lord! Nay really you look as like a Princeſs upon ſecond thoughts I ſay it, as a Hedg-hog looks like a Rhinoceros.

St. *Urſula.* And the meaneſt of my Companions are Gentlewomen born and bred. But why do I waſte my Lungs to no purpoſe in talking to an Impertinent?—— Come, my dear Siſters, fall on, *Victoria* is the word, and let us drubb theſe Lobſters into better Manners.

Pluto. How! What offer a Riot in the face of Juſtice. (*To his Guards.* Carry off thoſe Waſtcoateers, and make them atone for this Mutiny with a Fortnights beating of Hemp.—— As for the

the Soldiers, ſend 'em to their reſpective Homes, if they have any (*Exeunt.*

Enter the Seven Sleepers, and three Kings of Colen.

Pluto. High day! who have we got here! Such a ſet of drowſy ill-look'd Sots I have not ſeen this long while. Come, Gentlemen, what's your buſineſs? where have you been? How many Gallons have you guzzled for your Morning-draught, that you reel and ſtagger ſo?

1ſt Sleeper. We are the Se---*Yawning*,---ven Slee——pers, an't ple---aſe your High---ighneſs, ſo----ho fa--a--mous in Hiſ--tory, Sir.

1ſt King of Colen. They are ſeven as errant Impoſtors, as ever deluded the Credulous World.

2d Sleeper. No, Sir, we Sle---ep too much, *Yawns*, to be Impoſtors: But that Tri—um—virate of Fortune-Tellers are———

Pluto. Why theſe drowſie yawning Puppies are ten times more troubleſome than either the Dragon-killer and his huge two-handed Adverſary, or the *Urſulines* and *Thebeans*. Come, Gentlemen, (*To the Sleepers*) don't think we'll allow you to ſleep here in a Court of Judicature. If you have any thing to ſay for your ſelves, do it quickly——

2d King. To let your Majeſty ſee, what abominable Cheats theſe ſeven Dreamers are, they pretend to have ſlept two or three hundred Years in a Cave; and as they want no Impudence, have told the Lie ſo often, that now they begin to believe it.

3d Sleeper. For the truth of this matter of Fact, we appeal to *Metaſthenes*, and the Golden Legend; Authors of that undoubted Credit that no body, we preſume, will call their Veracity in Queſtion,

Pluto. Tell me not of your fabulous muſty Authors, they are of no credit here. But come—How long did you Sleep? 2*dly.* Why did you ſleep? 3*aly*, How came you, after ſo long a ſleep, to awake?

All three Sleepers. In a time of Perſecution (the Lord knows, when and where) we retir'd into a Wood, and in this Wood found out a moſt ſolitary Cave where we ſlept till we waked, and thought it had been but a common Nap; but returning to our reſpective Homes, we found all our Wives and Acquaintance buried; and inſtead of ſleeping half a ſcore Hours, or ſo, we found by computation we had ſlept ſome hundreds of Years.

Pluto. Very well. You muſt put theſe Shams upon Blockheads, and not upon me.—— But as for thoſe odd-faſhion'd Sparks, yonder, that pretend to be King's, (for you ſhall ſee I'm for diſtributing Juſtice impartially to all.) Come, what are your Names?

1*ſt King of Colen.* *Melchior*, *Caliban*, and *Mamamouchi*.

2*d King of Colen.* No, Brother, you are miſtaken, our true Names are *Rego*, *Trego*, and *Don Diego*.

Pluto. Merry enough. So, I find you go by different Names. A ſhrewd ſuſpicion of your being Cheats, let me tell you, Gentlemen. But your Country, what was that?

All. *Arabia.*

Pluto. How the Plague came you to *Cologn* then?

All. We were tranſlated, an't pleaſe your Majeſty——Firſt from *Jeruſalem* to *Conſtantinople*——Then from *Conſtantinople* to *Milan*; and thirdly and laſtly, from *Milan* to *Colen*.

Pluto.

Pluto. A very pretty Story! Come *Meſſieurs les Reys de Cologne*, ſince you are ſo given to Tranſlation, you ſhall find I'll be ſo good natur'd as to tranſlate you once more; and ſo (*To his Guards*) ſee theſe tranſlating Gentlemen tranſlated to the Quarter of Lunaticks. (*Exeunt.*

Enter St. Longinus, *St.* Amphibalus, *and the* Pope.

Pope. Lord! How weary I am with lugging theſe two Saints. Let me repoſe my ſelf a little—So, now I have recover'd my Breath pretty well.—Moſt noble Monarch, having been abuſed by Cenſorious Hereticks, I am forced to appeal to your Impartial Tribunal, and queſtion not but you'll do me and theſe two Martyrs Juſtice.

Pluto. Two Martyrs ſay'ſt thou? Where the Devil are they?

Pope. On my Right-hand, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, Don't you ſee 'em there?

Pluto. Not I, and yet I can dive as far into a Mill-ſtone as any of my Neighbour Princes. 'Tis true, I ſee a Spear, and an Old greaſy Cloak yonder, but where are your Martyrs with a Murrain to you?

Pope. This it is to want the Eye of Faith: I can aſſure your Majeſty, (and I hope you don't queſtion my Infallibility, which all the upper World conſents to own) that neither is one a Spear, nor t'other a Cloak, but two as worthy Perſons as ever ſaid the *Confiteor*; and their Names are St. *Longinus* and St. *Amphibalus*.

Pluto. Old Gentleman you may give 'em what Names you pleaſe, but I am not to be banter'd out of my Senſes. I tell you then, in the face of the Court, that thou art an Elephant or a Dromedary. (*To his Officers*) Carry that muſty

Cloak and Halbard there to my Lumber Office; and (*To the Pope*) I muſt adviſe you Friend, for the future, not to be free of your Almanack. Abundance of Worthleſs and FabulousScoundrils have crept into it through your Connivance; but I am reſolv'd to undeceive Mankind, and reform theſe Diſorders. The World ſhall no longer be impos'd upon with ſuch Idle Impoſtures. 'Tis pity it has been led by the Noſe and Cheated by them for ſo many Ages.

Falſhood diſguis'd under Religion's Veil,
May for a time with Senſeleſs Sots prevail,
But Truth at laſt will gain imperial ſway,
As Miſts are ſcatter'd by Apollo's *Ray.*

A

Declamation in Praiſe of Hereditary Quality *and* Wealth.

Spoken by the *Conde de la Titulada.*

The ARGUMENT.

Juſtice *by the help of* Æſculapius, *having reſtor'd the Eyes of* Fortune, *ſhe Publiſh'd a Proclamation, That ſhe deſign'd her Smiles ſhould no more fall on the* Unworthy; *and that* Merit *ſhould only hereafter Thrive and be Great: On which the* Conde de la Titulado, *a* Spaniſh Grandee, *put in his Petition, and deſired to be heard before this Proclamation paſt into an irrevocable Act. The Day being appointed, he makes the following* Declamation.

MOST Catholick Goddeſs! Whoſe Dominion extends over all the Affairs of Mankind, it is no ſmall Comfort to me, that being to ſpeak in ſo great an Aſſembly, and to ſo awful a Judge; I do remember, that your Love to my Order is of Ancient Date, and very long Preſcription, your change of Conduct new, and not yet I hope ſo fixt, as not to be ſhaken by what I have to offer.

I muſt firſt declare, That it is not any Fear of falling under any diſadvantages my ſelf, by this new

new Council you have taken, that I ſtep forth among ſo vaſt and immenſe a Company, whoſe Concern in this unexpected Turn of Affairs, is not leſs, perhaps more, than mine; but out of a true and perfect Zeal for your Goddeſs-ſhips Honour, Reputation and Glory. There is nothing more prejudicial to great Power, than to own it ſelf in the Wrong, by departing from Meaſures, by which it has for many Ages, preſerved it ſelf. It diſcovers a Weakneſs which will leſſen our Veneration. Do but conſider, by the Method, by which you have hitherto Reign'd, you have the Devotion of all the Great, the Rich and the Brave. Under your Auſpices the Hero enters the Field, and from your partial Hand receives the Wreaths, that are not due to his Conduct or Bravery, but to your Favour. Under your Auſpices the cunning Deſigner gets into the Princes Favour, and rules the Monarch, who cannot rule himſelf or his own Family; and this not by the Dint of his own Merit, but your Favour. Under your Auſpices, this Lord, in ſpight of all his unpopular Actions, carries away the Hearts of the People, not by the fineneſs of his Addreſs, or any peculiar Deſert, but by your Favour. Under your Auſpices the Ideot abounds in Wealth he knows not how to uſe, and that not by his own skill, but your Favour. This is hitherto the State of the World, and this it has been from the moſt Antient Accounts of Time that we can produce. And this it is, that draws the Vows and Offerings of all Mankind, and *Fortune*, that regards not the Merits of the Petitioner, but the Importunity he uſes, the Victims he offers. 'Tis this made your Altars ſmoak at *Antium*, this furniſhes them with Offerings at this Day, over the largeſt part of the Globe.

I beg

I beg you, bright Goddeſs, to conſider what you do, when you quit that abſolute Dominion, you have ſo many Thouſand Years preſerv'd over Humane Affairs, to be the Creature, or Servant of *Juſtice* and *Nature*. If you once fix it as a Law, that *none but the* Meritorious ſhall *be* Fortunate, all your Gifts will be challeng'd, as Dues; and you muſt be oblig'd to do whatever *Juſtice* ſhall dictate to you, or Nature demand, as your Duty. You at once diveſt your ſelf of all the God-like Power of raiſing whom you pleaſe, to be confin'd only to raiſe the Deſerving. You will turn away all the Wealthy, the Great and the Noble, who have ſo long enjoy'd your Smiles; to careſs Scoundrels and Beggars. You will be oblig'd to invite into your Sanctuary, your *Sanctum Sanctorum* ſuch Wretches, whom we admit not into our Halls. Inſtead of the numerous Retinue, that now attend you, you wou'd become as neglected as a Favourite on his firſt Days of Diſgrace. For thoſe, who claim this by Merit diſtinct from *Quality* and *Wealth*, are few in Number, and deſpicable in Circumſtance.

Conſider again, what a vaſt confuſion it will raiſe to make the Affairs of Mankind ſhift Hands, in ſo ſwift and prepoſterous a manner. Preſcription has given the Adminiſtration to us, and we only by a perpetual uſe are fit for the mighty Burthen. How ſhou'd they know how to diſpoſe of and manage Publick Affairs, who ſtart from their Retirements, their Books, or extream Poverty into Power and Wealth, when the Task is ſo difficult to us, who have from Generation to Generation been bred to it? The State would be like a Ship in a Storm in unskilful Hands, unable to ſteer into the Port of Happineſs and Security. Poverty cramps the Mind, deſtroys all generous Notions, and damps the Spirit from all

Noble

Noble attempts; without which, Glory and Power are not to be maintain'd; while an Hereditary *Quality*, as it ſets us above the common Rank of Mankind, as if of a Superior Nature, ſo it inſpires Principles more Great and Glorious. And that there is in Nature this real Excellence in *Quality* above the Vulgar, and by conſequence, that it is a juſt Plea for the continuance of your Favour, I ſhall ſhew by an Example or two. *Scipio* being call'd, by the People, to Account for Monies expended in the Wars againſt *Antiochus*, tore the Accounts to pieces which he held in his Hands, and which proved the Diſburſements and Receipts to be juſt, diſdaining to ſatisfie the Accuſations of his Enemies. Had any but a Man of his *Quality* done this, the People had thrown him down the *Tarpeian* Rock. But his *Quality* had ſtamp'd a ſort of Divinity in his Actions, and made the Vulgar not preſume to enquire into what he did, but ſubmit to his Will and Determinations. This ſame *Scipio* being by the Tribunes of the People, ſummoned into the *Forum* to anſwer their Accuſation before the People, mounted the *Roſtra*, and putting his Triumphant Wreath on his Head, cry'd out to an infinite number of People, got together on this occaſion, *It was on this Day that I forc'd* Carthage *in the midſt of her Ambitious Hopes to ſubmit to your Power, and wear your Chains; it is but juſt therefore that you all go with me to the* Capitol, *to return Thanks to the God's for ſo eminent a Favour.* Which like the Voice of ſome God confounded the Deſigns of the Tribunes, and caus'd the Senate and People to attend him to the *Capitol*, and left the baffled *Demogogues* with their People, and a Jeſt to 'em, 'till they were fain of Accuſers to become the Adorers of *Scipio*. Thus *Scipio Naſica* compos'd the Rage of the People for their want of Corn

for

for the City, ſaying to them in the midſt of their Out-cries, *Not ſo loud Gentlemen, I know what is good and neceſſary for the Common-wealth better than you.* Who but a Man of *Quality* cou'd have done this, and have ſtopt the Sedition breaking out into ſuch Fury.

Theſe Examples giving a Teſtimony to the Excellence of *Quality* from its very oppoſite, the Vulgar, ſeems a proof drawn from *Nature* it ſelf, and therefore I hope, if your Goddeſs-ſhip think fit to purſue theſe new fangled Meaſures now laid before you, you will yet think, that *Hereditary Quality* is a juſt Merit to claim your Favour.

Similitude of Manners ought, and generally does Cement the Minds, that are ſo alike; they ſeem the Voice of Nature for *UNION*, and they are ſcarce free in their Choice. If this be granted, as it appears Supream Reaſon to me, I beg you, great Goddeſs, to ſurvey us all throughly, caſt an Eye over the Face of the ſpacious Globe, and ſee if we are not in Complaiſance to your Diety, blind in the Diſpenſation of all our Favours? Has not Fancy the Direction of all our Gifts, and do we beſtow any thing, but as blind Inclination leads us. If we do thus it is an Argument of our Zeal, when the *Votary* is wholly conformed to the Nature of his *Divinity*, and what Juſtice can puniſh us for a Sin of Zeal? It is this Zeal that has opened my Mouth for your Honour not my own Intereſt; ſince change of Councils is an Argument of Weakneſs, and a change of Power to Subſervience, is a proof of Folly. I only therefore for your own Honour beg you to be what you always have been, and ſo to continue, as long, as Mankind ſubſiſts; for when once you quit theſe Meaſures, and let *Juſtice* and *Nature* direct all your Favours, you *annihilate your* ſelf, and *Fortune is no more.* Glory, Wealth and

and Power, have always been by you as the inferior Claſſes of Men made for our Uſe and Pleaſure, and when once we fall from that Grandeur, let it not be by your Decree, for in that Sentence you pronounce your own Doom, and are your ſelf involved in our Ruin.

'Thss Speech of the Noble Lord the *Conde de le Titulado*, had almoſt perverted Dame *Fortune*, 'and made her regret the Benefit of Eyes, which 'ſhe then made uſe of to ſcowl on *Juſtice* and '*Nature*, who had given her ſuch Advice againſt 'her Power and Grandeur, but *Juſtice* and '*Nature* deſir'd her to have Patience to hear a 'Friend of their's who had ſomething to ſay to 'the Cauſe before her, and wou'd ſet things in 'a truer Light, than they at preſent appeared 'in.

'As ſoon, therefore, as the Applauſes the *Mob* '*of Quality*, gave to the *Dons* Oration were over, 'there drew up to the Bar a *Poor Poet* of *little* '*eſteem* among them, nay *unknown* to moſt of the 'Company, who ſeldom are acquainted with 'Merit, and who if they deviate into the care 'of any of that Fraternity ſeldom reach farther than a *Plauſible Poetaſter*. This unknown 'Advocate gave not a little Heart to his Enemies, who could not fear ſuch Marks of Poverty, as too viſibly appear'd in his Dreſs. But 'Silence being now made in the Court, he made 'the following Speech.

A Declamation againſt Wealth *and* Quality, *in Praiſe of* Poverty.

By a Poor *Poet* without a Name.

HAD not your Proclamation ſurpriz'd me into a ſort of Hope, that you would no longer be the Patronneſs of *Fools* and *Knaves*; and was I not ſomething confirm'd in this Hope by finding Heavenly *Juſtice*, and *Nature* ſitting by you, I ſhould not trouble my ſelf to anſwer this *Triflers* Speech, which is of no more Weight to *Impartial Reaſon*, than his Merits are to impartial *Juſtice*; but *any thing* from a *LORD* muſt go down, unleſs you perſue the Courſe you have declar'd for. Tho' I muſt needs ſay, *Timeo Danaos & Dona ferentes*, I am ſuſpicious of the *Gifts* of an Enemy, whoſe fickle Temper is known to all Mankind. *Great Power*, valuable to me no farther, than you are directed by *Juſtice* and *Nature*., Pardon me if I ſpeak *Truth*, I am Poor, never receiv'd any of your Favours, nor any from your Repreſentatives the *Great* and *Rich*; for in this only I ſhall allow the Noble and Illuſtrious *Conde* to be in the Right, they are indeed Pictures of your *Goddeſs-ſhip*, not in little but e'en larger, than the Life, you have ſome times ſmil'd on the *Worthy*, they never; you have ſometimes aſſiſted Oppreſſed Vertue to ſtruggle through amazing oppoſitions, while they

they ever oppreſs it more. They are Deaf as well as Blind, when Merit pleads, and ſo the Copy exceeds the Original, and in that, if you are mov'd by the *Conde*'s fine Speeth to return to your Old Way, and diſcard the *Faithful*, but not flattering Counſellors *Juſtice* and *Nature*, you cannot do better, than to be grateful to them that imitate you ſo cloſely, and e'en excel you in your own *Blindneſs* and *Inconſtancy*.

But not to throw up the Cauſe, tho' before (I fear) an unequal Judge, I ſhall Curſorily run over all, that has any ſhadow of Force (for that is as much, as we can expect from a Lord) and then leave it to you to determine.

He has, it muſt be confeſs'd, acted with all the Prudence and Cunning he was Maſter of when he plac'd the ſtrongeſt of his Arguments in the Front of the Battle; ſince *Preſcription*, I think, is the beſt Plea the *Great* and the *Rich* have to your *Goddeſs-ſhip's* Favours and Smiles; but how weak that is in reality, *Juſtice* and *Nature* will inform you. For is there any thing ſo fooliſhly abſurd, any thing ſo Barbarous and Inhumane, that ſuch an Argument wou'd not defend? This wou'd have been a good Refuge to the *Egyptians* for adoring *Oinions* and *Cabbages*, *Cows* and *Crocodiles*; to the *Canibals* for devouring one another; to the *Iriſh* for drawing with the the Tail of their *Horſes*; for *Ignorance* againſt *Learning*, and all thoſe Arts, which Poliſh and render Life agreeable, and almoſt Divine. Nay it would deſtroy e'en that *Pride* and *ſelf-Opinion* he builds his own Worth upon; ſince in the firſt Ages of the World there were no Men of *Quality*, eſpecially of *Hereditary Quality*; in which the *Tenth Generation* Challenge the *Merit of the* FOUNDER, as their own, tho' they are no more allied to his Vertues, or Merits, than they wou'd

wou'd be to his Perſon were he yet Alive. But it ſeems to me to produce a quite contrary effect to what he deſigns; for if your Goddeſs-ſhip has for ſo many Ages been in the *wrong*, it is high time now to begin to be in the *Right*; if *they* have had ſo long a Harveſt of your Favours, it is time for the *Gleaners* to enter the Field. He is a pleaſant Phyſician, who to Cure the Diſeaſe preſcribes the continuance of it; aſſerting, that ſince you have been ſo long in the *wrong*, to change to the *Right* wou'd be to diſcover your *Error*, which wou'd be to *own* your *Weakneſs*; but the quite contrary is true. For to remove an *Error* is to remove a *Weakneſs*, for all Error is ſo, and how the continuation of a *Weakneſs* ſhould take it away, is a Paradox, that none but ſuch, as are skill'd in the *half-Politicians* Maxims call'd *Myſteries of State*, can ſolve. To perſevere in an Error, which we know is *Obſtinacy*, to remain in one we do not know is *Ignorance*; now to Cure one Hole like a true *Tinker*, he here makes two; to ſave you from the *Weakneſs* of Change (tho' Change has ever been your natural Principle) tho from the *Wrong* to the *Right*, he wou'd tumble you on *Obſtinacy* or *Ignorance*, both Follies ſo participating of Impotence; that they ſhou'd never be thought capable of falling on a *Goddeſs*, that can ſee but an Inch before her Noſe.

From hence it will appear, with what are true Man of *Qualities*, *Sincerity*, he would perſwade you, that it is not for his own ſake but yours, that he offers any thing againſt your *New* Reſolution: I will indeed allow, that there is ſuch a ſelf-ſufficiency, ſuch an *over-weening Conceit* of themſelves in moſt of his Rank, that they never can endure to think ſo little of themſelves, as to ſuppoſe any Man of more Merit, however Qualify'd. Yet when they hear of ſo nice a Scrutiny

as *Juſtice* and *Nature*, that is *REASON*, is going to make into the true Merits of Men, like Cowards in the Face of danger, their Hearts betray them, and conſcious Ignorance delivers them up to deſpair of Succeſs, againſt Vertue, Senſe, Arts, and all manner of Learning. Before ſuch Judges they are ſo far from thinking themſelves ſomething more Noble, that with a dejectedneſs worthy their Underſtanding; they juſtly ſuppoſe themſelves below the greateſt Part; ſince in Juſtice and Reaſon an *honeſt Cobler* is a more excellent, and more uſeful Creature, than a *Lord without Honour, Underſtanding, or Honeſty*. Hence it is plain that notwithſtanding the *Conde's* ſmooth appearance, and earneſt Profeſſions he is a *true Lord*, he pretends *your* Service when he means his *own*; and had not his *own* Tenure ſunk, in ſo ſevere a Reſolution, his care of *your* Honour and Glory wou'd never have open'd his Mouth, for let the *Great* and the *Rich* (I ſpeak of moſt of them) carry never ſo ſpecious and plauſible a pretence to the Gods themſelves, they are above their own Gods; to thoſe Idols, thoſe Calves of *Bethel* they offer up all other Conſiderations both Divine and Humane. Let not your *Goddeſs-ſhip* therefore be deceived by the *ſmooth Profeſſor*, he is no farther *your* Votary, than the Teeth outward; and if you ſhou'd perſue this *Noble Courſe*, which you propoſe, he is the firſt that wou'd fly in your Face, and Blaſpheme your Divinity. Yes, the ſame Motive that makes them *Atheiſts* to all other Deities, wou'd make them ſo to you, *viz. Juſtice* and *Reaſon*; for thoſe are Attributes they'll ne'er allow in the God's they Worſhip, becauſe they know how hard it muſt be with them if they were to be Judg'd by them.

The

The next Motive, he urges for your perseverance in Error is the Sweets of that Arbitrary Government, which you have so many Thousand Years exercised over Mankind. This is a Bait, they often throw out to such Gudgeon Princes, as will nibble at it; this has tumbled many from their Thrones, and never succeeded, where there were any remains of *Vertue* or *Knowledge* in the People. He pays your Goddess-ship indeed a mighty Compliment, when he supposes, you have no Benefit by those Eyes, you now enjoy of *Justice*, *Reason* or *Nature*. He wou'd have you more stupid, than himself, or his Fraternity; he would have you have Eyes and see not, and Ears and hear not. He wou'd, like the Giants of Old, make War against Heaven, and Rob you of your *Justice* and *Understanding*, he wou'd level you with the Ravenous Beasts of Prey; so far from letting you enjoy the Dignity of a Deity, supream *Reason* and *Justice*, that he wou'd not have you possess the advantages of Man; but cast you down to the condition of meer Brutes. Man in the midst of his Freedom is govern'd by the Laws and Rules of *Justice* and *Reason*; and all that we know of *Superior Powers*, raises this to a more supream degree of Excellence; all Beings that take Counsel of *Reason* and *Justice* can't forsake their Dictates without ceasing to be; without putting off their Nature, and so becoming of an inferior Kind; for there is no State of Perfection above *perfect Reason*. So that the *Blind Power* he wou'd perswade you yet to exercise, is a Diabolical not Heavenly Power, the Power of Wild Beast, where the *Stronger* Preys on the *Weaker*, not of Man or Gods, whose Nature is *Rational* and *Just*.

But he ſays it is a God-like Pleaſure to raiſe whom you pleaſe; but it is more God-like to raiſe thoſe, that deſerve it, which as the Pleaſure is rational, ſo it deſtroys not, but directs the Power to work on Objects worthy of the Effect. But you will turn away all your Old Acquaintance the *Wealthy*, the *Great* and the *Noble*, to Carreſs *Beggars* and *Scoundrels*! Alas! Does he, that has ſo long enjoy'd your Favours, ſo little know their Author? Does he not know, that where *you* ſmile, *Beggery* flies away, and Contempt gives Place to Adoration. This is an Abſurdity worthy the Noble *Conde*, as if you cou'd ſmile on any *Beggar* or *Scoundrel*, as he calls them, whereas it is you that ſtamp Majeſty on all Men, and you that give Reſpect and Eſteem; by you *Sons* of *unknown* Fathers have mounted to Thrones, Foot-Men to Lords Tables and Ladies Beds. No, no, there is nothing but the *Perſon*'s ſifted not the *thing*. *Beggery* can never come into your view; into your Sanctuary; 'tis thoſe, that depart out of it, that are *Beggars* and *Scoundrels*, and they will be truly ſo, whom you baniſh on this Decree, they will be *Wretches* in *every* part; no *Virtue* or *Knowledge* to qualifie the Diſgrace, and arm them againſt Contempt.

His next care of your *Goddeſs-ſhip*, is leaſt you ſhou'd want Company, ſhou'd be deſtitute of a large Equipage: that your *Levies* ſhou'd paſs without a Throng, a numerous Reſort. As if a few *Wiſe Men* were not better Company, and more deſirable, than a multitude of *Fools*? Are not a few Honeſt, Able and Uucorrupt Attendants better, than a long Train of *Knaves* and *Sharpers*? Are not a few Knowing and Learned Men, that ſhall ask little of you, a handſomer Ornament to your Anti-chamber, than ſhoals of Hungry Petitioners, that are never ſatisfied, nor

nor will ever be deny'd? If these be not admitted into the very Halls of the *Great* and the *Rich*; they are the more worthy of being receiv'd into the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of a Goddess, who has *Justice* and *Reason* of her Council. That they have so little regard to *Merit*, proves how little they deserve the Power, they possess, and is a very bad Argument for its continuance. But this Objection, if of any Force, wou'd vanish on this Establishment, for when Men found, that Truth, Honour, Honesty, Knowledge, Wisdom, Vertue, Sense and Reason, were the Roads to your Favour, Men wou'd turn their Endeavours to obtain some share in them, and being oblig'd to discard *imaginary Merit*, wou'd seek the *Real*; wou'd swell no more on the borrow'd Greatness of Ancestors, and preposterously value themselves the more, by how much the farther they are remov'd from *One Man of Value of their Family*; but they wou'd then cultivate those Talents, Nature has given them, since by that they wou'd arrive at good Fortune and Glory.

He is next afraid, that Confusion shou'd be the effect of so swift a change of Hands. I can't but smile to see every where so great a Zeal for *others* in the *Speech* of a Man, who only values *himself*; who seems to apprehend, that Confusion which he makes; and fears from the *only Cure* of the Evil, it's *Rise*. Can a Ship in view of a Rock be too speedily taken from unskilful Hands, to be given to a Judicious *Pilot*? Whence are all the Confusions in the World? but from that Injustice in the *Rich* and *Powerful*, which corrupts all those, who have any desires, or hopes of succeeding with them. To be Honest is to renounce all hopes of Prosperity; to speak the *Truth* is to incur Punishment; to apply to Knowledge is the ready way to starve, while Impudence and Igno-

rance, are the Masters of the Ceremonies, and introduce any Man into your Goddess-ships Presence and Favour.

He supposes, that long use has made them Masters of *Politicks*, whereas he, that sets out in a wrong way can never arrive at his Journey's end. It is the little Pretence of Smatterers in publick Affairs, to complain of the Burthen, and the *Abstruseness of Management*, and the like; whereas, if this Set were thrown aside, and *Men of Poverty*, and *Honesty* put in their stead, all things wou'd be easie. The *Just* Rules of Government are easie and obvious to a good Understanding, but when all the Laws of *Right* and *Wrong* are to be confounded; *Publick Good* made Truckle to *Private Gain*, then the management must be nice, the *Leger de Main* must be clean, and the *conveyance* impenetrable to the Eye of the People.

When *Cincinatus* was sent for from the Plough to direct the Empire, there was none of this Mystery of State; when the Messengers, that were sent from *Rome* to *Atilius*, found him Plowing and Sowing his own Ground, and invited him to Command their Forces and Govern their Empire, the Burthen was not so great, nor the Task so difficult. When *Arsaces* came from a private state of unknown Parents, to be the Founder of the *Parthian* Empire, the *Trade* of Government was not so difficult; *Tamerlain* the vanquisher of *Asia* had a Shepherd to his Father; and even *Oliver Cromwel*, without being a Courtier proved himself a Man of Adress in managing this *abstruse* Affair. *Poverty*, he says, *Cramps the Mind, destroys all Generous Notions, and damps the Spirits from all Noble Attempts; while an* Hereditary Quality, *as it puts them above the common Rank of Mankind, as if of a Superior Nature, so it inspires Principles*

ciples more Great *and* Glorious. This he wou'd seem to confirm by some Actions of the *Scipio's*; *Great* Men indeed, but greater and of more Authority by the great Actionst, hey had done, and Vertues and Wisdom they had shown, than by their Families, tho' the *Cornelian* was of as great, if not Antiquity, at least Authority, as any. The first Fact is not fully related, for when he tore his Codicils, or Paper of Accounts, he spake thus to the *Senate* (for before them was the Cause) *I give no Account, O Conscript Fathers, of the Four Hundred* Sestertii, *Officiating only the Place of my Brother* Lucius, *because by my Conduct, and under my* Auspices, *the Treasury has receiv'd above two Thousand; nor do I suppose the Age so deprav'd, as to make a Scrutiny into my Innocence; who have got nothing by my Conquest of all* Affrica *to your Dominion but the* Sir-name. *The Treasures of* Affrica, *nor those of* Asia, *have made either me or my Brother, Conscious of Gold, but both of us are Richer, and more abound in the Envy of others, than in Money.*—— The whole Senate approv'd a Defence, that shew'd so much Constancy and Innocence, and so well justify'd by his Actions. The same will hold of the other quoted Hero's of *Rome*; they ow'd their Success to their own Deeds, not their Titles of Antiquity. Had *Cataline, Curio, Cethegus*, or any of the most Ancient Families of *Rome* done so without Deeds of their own to defend them, they had march'd down the *Tarpeian* Rock, as well as the *lowest Plebeian*. This destroys his Argument of *innate Merit of Quality*, till he can produce any one Action purely proceeding from that, which cou'd distinguish them from the Mob, except a *groundless* Pride. All therefore proceeds from *Personal Merit*, or *Wealth*, or *Post*. For a *Lord* of the most Ancient Family with no Estate, and

out of Poſt, makes, as contemptible a Figure, as any of the *Vulgar*.

Having thus run over all his Arguments, with a greater regard, than they really deſerv'd; I ſhall now come to offer to your Goddeſs-ſhip the State of Affairs, as they now *ſtand* under the direction of ſuch Worthy Perſons, as the *Conde de la Titulado*. That is, I ſhall venture to give you the Characters of thoſe Perſons, on whom you have thus long vouchſafed to Smile; and then leave it to your Wiſdom, whether by the advice of Juſtice and Reaſon, you can continue ſuch Wretches in your Favour. Then I ſhall give you a view of thoſe, who have been in the State of Poverty, which that Noble Lord has expreſſed ſo wondrous a Contempt for; that having ſeen both, you may chooſe which part you pleaſe.

Horace, ſays very juſtly, *raro ſenſus Communis in illa Fortuna, There is ſeldom to be found common Senſe in that Fortune.* (I put it into Engliſh for the Benefit of the Titular part of this Audience) that is among the *Great*, for they are indeed *Drunk* with Proſperity, as with a ſtrong Wine, which their Heads are not able to bear. This makes them ſee double, and every thing looks to them with an Aſpect *not its own*.

Thus a forward prating Coxcomb appears to them a Man of Wit and good Addreſs. A formal Sycophant, a Flatterer, a Man of good Humour, and complaiſant Temper, as well as a Man of Judgment. Importunity they think Diligence, Impudence Boldneſs, Flatery, Friendſhip, Friendſhip Malice, Hypocriſie Religion, and Religion Hypocriſie; Honeſty Deſign, and Deſign Honeſty. *Pun, & Conundrum* paſs with them for Wit, and an *Epigramatic piont* is more charming than *Horace* or *Virgil*. They move in-

deed

deed by meer *Impulſe* and *Whim*, without any motive, or directions of Reaſon. Truth they never hear, nor ever deſire it; to introduce it into their Company you incur a Quarrel, and the leaſt Effect to make 'em your Enemies. To correct their Folly is to affront them, and to hear it to affront your ſelf, *Reaſon*, *Juſtice* and *Senſe*.

As they are Enemies to Truth, ſo they are ſure to want Sincerity in all; that they value as well as in themſelves, but their own want of it makes 'em not miſs it in another. Their Paſſions are their Counſellors, and their Intereſt their *Privado*. Theſe rule them, with an abſolute ſway; theſe ſurround them beyond a poſſibility of admitting any wholſome Advice. As they'll hear no Truth, ſo they'll neither ſpeak, nor practice any, and their Life is indeed a ſordid Scene of Formality without meaning, and irreſiſtible Pride without any Merit, Ignorance without Excuſe; Self-Conceit without Knowledge, Avarice without Bounds, in the midſt of Abundance, without Limits. In ſhort, Hypocriſie, Injuſtice, Malice, Impotence, Envy, Revenge, Obſtinacy, Ignorance, Cruelty, Luſt and the like, are their Perfections and avow'd Principles.

They pervert all the Principles and Notions of *Reaſon*, *Right* and Gallantry, the Accompliſhment of a Wit, and a fine Gentleman; thus they term *Atheiſm* and *Profaneneſs*, Wit and good Reaſon. Thus by a ſtrange Abuſe of Words, they call a Debt loſt to a Sharper at Cards, or Dice, a *Debt of* Honour, which muſt be paid; but a Debt of *Honeſty*, due for Commodities receiv'd from the *Credulous* Tradeſman, and confided to their *Honour*, they ſcorn to pay, for fear of loſing that diſtinction betwixt *them* and the *Vulgar*; for to be bound by the Common Ties of *Honeſty* and *Religion* is too Mechanick a Scandal with them; as

if

if *Honour* and *Honesty* were too different things; and a *Gentleman* and *Religion* incompatible. For they deny all Principles, that interfere with *private Gain*; *Publick Good* being only a *popular Bait*, to *bubble* the People and *gain* their *Ends*.

The whole Oeconomy of their Brain is corrupted, and they judge of nothing right, even their *Pleasures*, are as ill chosen, as their *Friends*, and as powerful over them, as their Favourites. They prefer Sound before Sence, and *Farce* and *Opera* to *Tragedy* and *Comedy*; and e'en in that always prefer the *worst* composer, or performer to the *best*. Incapable of Correction, 'tis no wonder they continue *Whimsical*, as long as *Drunk*. When the short and transitory *Sober* fit comes on; or a fresh *Drunken Bout* starts a new Game, that they persue till weary of the Chace, or some other Fancy diverts them. For all things but *Reason* and *Right* have their turns with them.

The Ladies Lives, Principles, and Actions are much of a Piece; out of the view and Road of *Morality* and *Reason*; *Custom* and *Fashion* are the Guides, and *Fancy* and *Whim* their Directors. Their *Passions* are their Prime Counsellors, and Intereſt the God, they chiefly Sacrifice to, even in their Amours. The Morning they spend in Bed, and Dressing; the Noon in Visiting and Intrigue, the Evening in Gaming, or Scandal, and the remains of Night in Sleep. Idleness, Thoughtlessness, Universal Ignorance, Hypocrisie, Non-sense, Deceit, Lying, Painting, Patching, Detraction, and Letchery compose them. There are no *Penelopes* now to keep importunate Suiters at Arms end in their Husbands absence for Twenty Years together; no if they are not ask'd, they will ask; if they are not corrupted they will corrupt; and pay Boggy *Irish Stalions* for their Labour; and that e'en

e'en in the Houſe with their Husbands, almoſt in their Arms; and rather then fail, or baulk their Inclinations, their Foot-men, Porters or Coach-men, muſt ſupply their occaſions. This brings a Story to my Mind, which may ſet this matter in a true Light. A certain Lord being in the City, ſeem'd pleas'd with the Citizens Children; 'tis no wonder, ſays he, you Citizens have ſuch fine, ſprightly, witty Children; ſince we Gentlemen of the other end of the Town get 'em and improve the Breed. True, reply'd the Citizen, but then you leave your Coach-men and Foot-men at Home to croſs your Strain, which makes your Children all ſuch Block-heads.

After what has been ſaid of them, it will be no wonder, that they ſhou'd be no Encouragers of Art or Merit; yet the blind Authors and Poets that have made a Figure in theſe laſt abandon'd Ages, Brib'd by a very fooliſh, as well as very Fallacious Hope of Protection and Advantage from *Empty Titles* and *Full Baggs*, have profanely proſtituted, their Works and their Praiſe (which like your Favours ought to be Sacred to *Merit* only) to ſuch vile Creatures, as ſcarce deſerve the Name, even of the *Shadows* of Men. So little worthy the Dignity of Humane Nature is in them; who ſwelling with a *vain Pride of Birth and Titular Dignity* (deriv'd to them from the *Money*, perhaps, not Merit of their Fore-fathers) or the largeneſs of their Eſtate, and the fulneſs of their Bags (tho' the Fruit perhaps of Injuſtice and Oppreſſion) that they think all the Tribute, which the moſt flattering Pen can pay them, leſs than their due; or elſe they have *no* Taſte of Wit, and Senſe of Arts and Sciences; and being *Ignorant* themſelves, they are inſenſible of the Merit of *Knowledge*: As being Conſcious, that they are not Maſters of any one Vertue to excuſe

the

Poets Flattery, they chooſe rather to enjoy their *Infamy* privately, than aim at Nobler Things, or appear in publick not like themſelves. They are the Companions of *Ulyſſes* in the Abode of *Circe*, content with their *Beſtial* Form and Appetite; and leave *Sublimer Things* to *Sublimer Minds*, who have not Drank of her Fatal Cup. The charming *Otway* has deſcrib'd them all in his admirable *Orphan*.

But all are to their Fathers Vices born,
And in their Mother's Ignorance are Bred.

From this *Ignorance* of themſelves, or Humane Nature, they grow Proud and Opinionated, deſpiſing all (as deſpiſed of all) Pert and Forward, tho' Dull and Inſipid. Or,

If Wit they have 'tis of an evil kind,
An Impious Good, and a Debauch *of Mind,*
For Ruin are the Harlot *Charms deſign'd.*
Bold, cunning, various, voluble of Tongue,
Not Wiſe, tho' skill'd in all *the Arts of Wrong.*
Bare words, for Friends, they think a waſte of Breath,
But Deeds and Gifts are Infamy and Death.
Their Smiles are but the preludes to their Hate,
And certain Promiſe of deſtructive Fate.
Their Souls are Caſt in a Fantaſtic Mould,
Profuſe *at once, and* Covetous *of Gold.*
If Chance to Juſtice *leads them e'er aſtray,*
They ſoon eſcape the Error of that way,
To their own duskie Paths, and ſhun the Hoſtile Day.

Or

Or elſe they are infected, or poſſeſs'd (for *Avarice* is the *Devil*) with *Covetouſneſs*, and that in the midſt of Plenty; for who are they, that turn round the Compaſs to add *two* or *three* Thouſand a Year to *Ten Thouſand*? Not the Poor *Partizans* of any Cauſe; they ſtand to their Principle e'en in the *Pillory*. This is indeed the moſt pernicious and moſt unaccountable Folly of our Kind. All other Frailties have ſome *apparent* Good at leaſt in view; are directed to ſome certain end of Pleaſure, or ſatisfaction in the Enjoyment; but the *Miſer* is always in perſuit of what he never obtains; and notwithſtanding his vain Boaſt of Delight, can find it no more, than the Man that's tortur'd with a *perpetual Thirſt*, or is every Minute importun'd with the Craving Pains of a Hunger not to be ſatisfy'd. It can at beſt be but a kind of *Fox-chaſe-Pleaſure*, where the *Quarry* is thrown away, after all the Fatigue of the Perſuit, to the hazard of Neck or Limbs, and we may juſtly ſay of that, as one ſaid of this *Set un Diable de Plaiſir*.

Or elſe he is a Thoughtleſs, Raking, Roaring, Drinking Scoundrel; who knows no Pleaſure beyond ſcouring the Watch, breaking Windows, unrigging Whores, bilking Bawds and Coaches, Lamblacking Signs, rubbing out of Milk-ſcores, ticking Tavern Recknings, Brawling, Quarrelling, throwing a Merry Main, and all the reſt of the Noiſie Varieties, which aſſures us of *little Senſe* and *leſs Thought*.

Or elſe he's a Jolly tho' peaceable *Sot*, the *Slave* not *free Subject* of *Bacchus*; who is too happy to meaſure his Hours, by any thing but the Glaſs, or know any Converſation like a *Bumper*. He'll laugh immoderately at his *own, no-Jeſt*; but that you may not take it amiſs, he'll do the ſame at your's. This gets him the Name of a

good

good Natur'd Perſon, whereas he cares not if all Mankind were Ruin'd cou'd he ſecure his Bottle. Nay e'en his beſt Companions, that have a Thouſandtimes drank up the Sun with him, and felt his Embraces with a Thouſand Maudlin Oaths of Friendſhip and Service, may periſh for a Crown, tho' he wou'd ſpend Ten Shillings to make them Drunk. For that he pays to his own ſatisfaction, not to his Friends Misfortune, for *Compaſſion* and *Vertue* he has no more a Notion of, than of *Goblins* and *Faries*, and you might as well talk to him in the Praiſe of *Temperance* and *Water-Gruel*, as of *Arts* and *Sciences*; and no Poetry beyond a Drunken-Catch, can enter into his Imagination. He has Pleaſantry ſometimes, but ſeldom Wit, and that he derives from the Bottle.

Or elſe he Games,— in which he's either the *Sharper* or the *Bubble*. The *Sharpers* Qualities ſecure him from the Miſchiefs of Generoſity; and thoſe of the *Bubble* from the Ability of exerciſing it. The firſt will never promote an Act againſt his Profit, nor the latter againſt his Pleaſure. One Motive ſets them both to work; that to *win* and this to *loſe*, that is *Avarice*; and where Avarice is who can expect any thing *Generous* or *Noble*? But this Evil is ſpread ſo far, that (as I have hinted) the Ladies have caught the Infection; and *Pride*, *Hypocriſie* and *Luſt* have ſcarce ſo large a Dominion over them. Gaming is their *Buſineſs* and *Diverſion*; the *Park* indeed ſometimes borrows them for an *Hour*, and the Widow'd Boxes for *three*; that is when a *Farce* or *Opera* is Acted, or Sung; for *Senſe* and *Poetry* have too little Power to dragg them from *Piquet*, *Ombre*, or the *Baſſet Table*.

Of

Or else he's a true *Limberham*, a Prodigal Cully to the Jilt, he keeps for the use of the Publick; but she is too expensive to leave her Keeper any Power, or Will to take care of *needy Merit*.

Or else he's an over-grown *Minor*, in the Guardian-ship of his own *Servants*, who are sure to keep off Men of Sense and Vertue, least they shou'd improve his Taste, and let the Antiquated *Jerry* know, that he is of Age, and ought to manage for himself.

But it wou'd be too tedious, as well as too Nauseous a work to run over the filthy Cataloge of those Follies and Vices, which distinguish the *Great* and the *Rich*, and have therefore found Pens Mercinary enough to exalt them into *Vertues* and *Sense*. But how cou'd they ever think that such wretched *Things* as these, cou'd have *Elation* of Soul enough to be Patrons of *Arts* and *Sciences*, and of *Vertues* and *Honesty*? or *Rewarders* of Merit, of which they had no Notion; Men of *Title* by *Pride*, *Ignorance* or *Folly*, Men of *Post* by Interest are the last of Men, that true *Merit*, and *true Sense* shou'd hope any thing; from the *first*, either understand it not, or hate it; the *second* either fear it, or have a nearer concern for the raising their own Fortunes to an *unwieldy Bulk*, not for the Service, Reputation and Glory of their *Prince* and *Country*: forthat wou'd be an *Abuse* of their *Favour* and *Power*, that *Self-Interest* wou'd never forgive. And how much soever they are the better for all their several Nations, they have too humble an Opinion of themselves, or too mean an Aim to *aspire* to make their Nations e'er the better for them; but having with all their Address secured their own Game, they leave the Publick to the next *Poacher* that is pleas'd to fall to Work.

From

From what has been said, it will be plain what sort of Creatures are now your Goddess-ships Favourites, and how unworthy they are to continue so.

Let us now look on those, who are *Poor* either by Choice, or Necessity, and see what they have learn'd in that admirable School of Vertue, where there are no Sycophants to sooth their Folly, and heighten their Passions, and lessen their Understandings. *Soror bona Mintes Paupertas*; *Horace* calls *Poverty the Sister of a good Mind, or Understanding.* The Fumes, or Vapors of Prosperity, Affluence and Luxury, are remov'd by the sharp and clear Air of *Necessity.* The Body is Sound, and free from Diseases, while the Rich are Corpulent, drown'd in Foggy Quagmires of Fat and Dropsie; Rack'd with the Pox, Gout, Stone, Feavers and the like. *Poverty* keeps the Body in an equal Temper, and clears the Mind, and makes its Operations free; the Body and Soul keep in their Pace like good Friends, nor intercept one another in their Mutual Journey; it makes the Body *agile*, the Mind *Active*, it shews the several Changes of Humane Life, and so teaches *Compassion, Pity, Forgiveness*; it inspires *Prudence, Justice* and *Temperance, Magnanimity, Courage*, and the like Qualities beneficial to *Humane Society.* And seeing your Goddess-ship lavishing your Favours on *Knaves* and *Fools, Attorneys, Counsellors, Informers, Petty-Foggers, Stock-Jobbers, Hypocrites, Turn-Coats, Sycophants, Usurers, Extortioners, Senseless Lords, Knights* and *Squires*; It furnishes a supply of *Vertue* and *Good-Sense* to contem those Advantages, that can't be obtain'd with *Innocence* and *Honesty.*

They make Vertue its own *Reward*, and prefer the Pain and Contempt it lies under, to the foolish Pomp and Power of such Wretches, as possess them.

Let

Let us conſider who have been the Benefactors to Human kind, the *Rich* or the *Poor*. *All Arts and Sciences*, *all Religion* came from the *Poor*, for ſuch were the *Prophets*, *Apoſtles* and *Saints*, the *Philoſophers* and *beſt of the Poets*.

Homer begg'd his Bread, and Taught School for his Living; yet he wrote the Nobleſt Poem that ever *Europe* ſaw, both in its *Aim* and *Deſign*. It was to cure, by ſhewing the ill effects of Diviſion in a Confederate Power, and to ſtir his Country-men up againſt the Exorbitant Power of the *Aſiatick Grand Monarch*. *Virgil* was born and bred up in *Poverty*, yet again the Court perverted thoſe Noble Qualities he had Learn'd in the School of *Poverty*, to the Flattery of the Oppreſſor of his Countries Liberty, when he directed his Knee to Compliment *Auguſtus*. The *Performance* of both differ as much as their *Actors*. Forty Days concludes the *Iliade*, tho' *Æneids* is extended to above a Year. *Homer*'s Incidents produce one another, and all the *Cataſtrophe*; *Virgil*'s only follow one another in a natural Order. *Milton* Taught School for his Lively-hood, *Saſſo* run Mad for Want. *Spencer* and *Butler* ſtarv'd; *Oldham* liv'd e'en on the *Bookſellers Pay*; *Otway* by his Pen. While *Davenant* got an Eſtate, and others of as little *Fame* and *Merit*, every Day get Places and Preferments.

The great *Epaminondas*, whoſe frail Vertue rais'd *Thebes* to the Maſtery of all *Greece*, was left extreamly Poor by his Anceſtors, yet was more Learned than any of the *Thebians*, not only in all the Arts and good Qualities of a Man of Figure, but in Philoſophy it ſelf he was Modeſt, Prudent, Grave, skilful in War and Peace, ſtrong of Hand and great of Mind, and ſo wonderful a Lover of *Truth*, that he never told a *Lye* e'en in Jeſt. He lov'd and approv'd Poverty ſo well,

that all he got by the *Adminiſtration* of the *Publick*, was only *Glory*. His incorruptible *Abſtinence and Honeſty* were try'd by *Diomedian* of *Cyzianus*, who, at the Requeſt of *Artaxerxes* had undertaken to corrupt him. He came to *Thebes* furniſhed with Gold enough to have Brib'd an Hundred Modern *Miniſters of State*; and had already won to his Party *Micythus*, a particular Favourite of *Epaminondas*, by his Kindneſs for that Youth to gain the eaſier and unſuſpected In-let into his Mind and Affections. *Micythus* goes to *Epiminondas*, acquaints him with the Arrival of *Deornedon*, informs him of the Preſents he had brought from the *Great King*, and ſo introduces him into his Preſence without any Witneſs but himſelf.— But what was the Reception he found with this *Great Poor Man*, this *Old Acquaintance* and *ſincere Friend of* Poverty? *There is no need at all of Money (ſays he to* Deornedon *and* Micythus) *in any Negotiation with me; for if the King of* Perſia *have any thing to propoſe for the Good and Advantage of* Thebes, *I am ready to comply without a Bribe, but if he deſire any thing contrary to that* Artaxerxes *is not* Rich *enough to pay my Price; For all the Wealth in the World is of no Price in the Ballance, with the Love of my Country. I am not ſurpriz'd, that, ſince you knew me not, you took me for a Man of your own Manners, Notions and Principles, and therefore I forgive the Attempt. But haſte, be gone, out of this City if you wou'd be ſafe, leaſt you ſhou'd find ſome whom you may corrupt, tho' you cannot me. And you* Micythus *return him his guilty* Livre *immediately, or I will deliver you up to the Law and the Magiſtrates.*

Diomedon ſtruck with the Awe of ſuch unexpected Vertue, begg'd a ſafe departure for himſelf and his Treaſure. — *Yes*, reply'd *Epaminondas*, *that I ſhall grant, but for my own ſake not yours, leaſt it ſhould be ſaid, that Treaſure which I refus'd on your*

voluntary

voluntary Offer, I poſſeſs'd my ſelf of by Force and Violence. So he put him from *Thebes*, and gave him his Conduct to *Athens*, and Ship'd there in Security for *Aſia*.

Phocion the *Good*, tho' he might have enrich'd himſelf much by the frequent Places of *Truſt* and *Dignity* given him by the People, always retain'd his *Native Poverty* in the midſt of the Mines of *Riches*. When the Ambaſſadors of King *Philip*, on his refuſal of very great Bribes from his Maſter, urg'd, *That tho' he cou'd with ſo much eaſe bear Want, yet he ought to have regard to his Children, who wou'd find it a very difficult matter, to maintain in the greateſt* Poverty, *the ſignal Glory their Father had obtained.*—Gave them this Anſwer,—*If they will be like me, the ſame* little piece of Ground *will ſubſiſt them which has me, and brought me to ſo great Dignities; but if they prove unlike me, I will not let them* grow Luxurious *at* my Expence.

Ariſtides the *Juſt*, ſav'd ſcarce enough out of all his Triumphs, and great Truſts, as ſuffic'd to pay his Funeral Charges, ſo that his Daughters were fain to be Bred up and Marry'd at the publick Expence. All that *Thraſybulus* gain'd for delivering *Athens* from the Tyranny of the Thirty Creatures of *Lyſander*, was a little Wreath made of two Branches of *Olive*.

In ſhort *Socrates* was the Son of a *Midwife*, and *Stone-Cutter*, the Parents of *Demoſthenes* and *Euripides* are ſcarce known; the Father of the former is ſaid to have been a *Cutler*, and the Mother of the latter an *Herb-Woman*.

Tullius Hoſtilius King of *Rome*, was Born in a little Country Cottage, and his Youth was ſpent in feeding of Cattle, but his Riper Years Govern'd the *Roman State* and doubled its Dominions. His Old Age being adorn'd with the moſt excellent Ornaments ſhin'd in the higeſt degree of Majeſty.

Tarquinius Priſcus the Son of a *Corinthian* Merchant, and his Exile ſtarting into the *Roman* Throne enlarged the Empire; and *Servius Tullius* was the Son of a She-Slave, he Reign'd long and happily, and Triumph'd thrice, *Marcus Porcius Cato* the Founder of the *Perſian* Family from an ignoble condition in the little Town of *Tiſculum*, was by the Senate invited into the Government and Dignity.

The *Lacedemonians* quitting the Laws of *Lycurgus*, and baniſhing that *Poverty* which he had Eſtabliſh'd, ſoon loſt their *Power* and *Empire*, and while the *Romans* preſerv'd their Primitive Poverty and Frugality, they preſerv'd their Vertue, but in the Wealth and Luxury of *Aſia*, they firſt loſt their *Vertue* and then their *Empire*.

Cornelia, the Mother of the *Grachi*, anſwer'd a Lady, a *Bella* of *Campania*, who was at her Houſe, and made Oſtentation of her *Jewels* and *Finery*; that theſe (pointing to her Children) were her Riches. *Poplicola*, Conſul with *Lucius Junius Brutus*, on the expulſion of the *Tarquins*, tho' he had been three times Conſul with the univerſal Applauſe of the People; yet Died ſo Poor, that he was fain to be Bury'd at the Publick Charge. *Menenius Agrippa* of ſo great Authority in *Rome*, and Maſter of ſuch admirable Addreſs, as only to be able to reconcile the Nobility and People at mortal odds; had the ſame Fate, and left not enough behind him to pay his Funeral Coſts, and was therefore Bury'd by the Publick. What ſhall we ſay of *C. Babricius*, *Q. Emilius Papus*, and Heads of the Common-wealth, who had not ſo much as any Silver in either of their Houſes, except a little Silver *Patin* peculiarly Dedicated to the God's, and receiv'd from his Anceſtors, and ſo tranſmitted to his Children. *Tho. Fabricius* boaſted that his was ſet on a known foot.

What

What ſhall I ſay of thoſe Hero's, who in the moſt dangerous Times, in the moſt difficult conjunctures were ſent for to *Rome* from their daily Labours in an unfruitful Soil, tilling their own few Acres of Ground for the ſubſiſtence of their Families. The Meſſengers found *Atillius* Sowing his Plough'd Ground, and thoſe Hands hardned with working for his own Living, Eſtabliſh'd the Government, and deſtroy'd Multitudes of its Enemies. Nor was he aſhamed when the War was over, and his Command at an End to return to the Plough. I cannot omit the great *Atilius Regulus* ſo great a ſhare of the firſt *Punic* War; who finding his Command continued a Year longer, wrote to the Senate to ſend him a Succeſſor, becauſe that Husbandman of his Ground being Dead, one of his Mercenary Servants had ſtole away his Ruſtic Implements, and therefore unleſs he came to look after his little Farm, his Wife and Children might want Bread. But the Senate and Conſuls took care of the Farm, and continued his Command.

What a vaſt Stock of Wealth was that of *Q. Quinctius Bucinnatus?* He had Originally *Seven Acres*, three of which he loſt for the Fine of a Friend of his who was annex'd to the Exchequer. He alſo paid another Fine for his own *Caſe*, for his Non-appearance at the Product of this little Field. And yet with theſe Four Acres, he not only maintained his Family, but had the *Dictatorſhip* conferr'd on him.

What ſhall I ſay of the *Ælian* Family, of whom being Sixteen at one time, their little Field had far a greater number of Maſters than it needed Husbandmen. I might ſay more of this Family, but I have neither Time, nor Will to be any farther particular in a Nation where every one

of the great Men ſeem'd more willing to live in a *Rich Empire*, *Poor*; than *Rich* in a *Poor Empire*, while every one ſtrove to encreaſe the *publick* Revenues, while they were ſatisfy'd with their own. I ſhall therefore ſay ſomething of *C. Scipio*, in the Second Punic War; or of the States paying his Daughters Portion, becauſe the Father was not able tho' at the Head of Armies, and Conquering Countries, where he reap'd *nothing* but *Glory* in the Service of his Country.

From all theſe Examples it is plain, that thoſe, who are Bred in *Poverty*, and have a through *Acquaintance* with it, are the fitteſt to come into *Power*, they having eſtabliſh'd great Kingdoms; which the Rich who ſucceeded them by their *Wealth*, *Avarice* and *Luxury*, have deſtroy'd. And ſo I leave that Goddeſs-ſhip to your Choice, take the *Poor* with *Juſtice* and *Reaſon*, or continue the Patroneſs of *Fools* and *Knaves*.

D I X I.

On the TAX *upon* SALT.

THE Emblem o'th' Nation ſo Grave and (Preciſe,
On the Emblem of *Wiſdom* have laid an Exciſe:
Pray tell me, Grave Sparks, and your anſwer (don't ſmother,
Why one Repreſentative Taxes another.
The *Commons* on *Salt* a new Impoſt have laid,
To Tax *Wiſdom* too they moſt humbly are pray'd,
For tell me ye Patrons of Woollen and Crape,
Why the *Type* ſhou'd be Fin'd, and the *Subſtance* eſcape?

The

The Pleaſures of LOVE.

A SONG.

I.

HOW quickly are Loves Pleaſures gone!
How ſoon are all its Mighty Triumphs (done!
In vain, alas, do we the Banquet taſte,
Whoſe Sweets as ſwift as Thought are paſt!
In vain do we renew the Fight,
Who at the firſt Alarms are baſely put to (Flight!

2.

Happy Great *Jove*, who in *Alcmena*'s Arms,
For three full Nights Enjoy'd Loves Charms!
Nature turn'd Baw'd, her Monarch to Obey,
And Pimping Darkneſs ſhut out Day,
Whilſt in vaſt Joys the half-ſpent God did (Swear,
Joys, as his Lightning fierce, and as his God-(Head Great!

3.

Bravely begun the Feat! Oh had it mounted (higher,
Fed ſtill with vigorous Heat and freſh Deſire!
Were I but he, my boundleſs Reign ſhou'd (prove
But one continu'd Scene of Love.
In Extaſies I wou'd diſſolving lie,
As long as all the mighty Round of vaſt Eternity.

Cupid

Cupid *turn'd* Tinker.

1.

FAir *Venus* they ſay
On a Rainy Bleak Day,
Thus ſent her Child *Cupid* a packing:
'Get thee gone from my Door,
'Like a Son of a Whore,
'And elſewhere ſtand Bouncing and Cracking.

2.

To tell the plain Truth,
Our little Blind Youth
Beat the Hoof a long while up and down Sir:
Till all dangers paſt,
By good Fortune, at laſt
He ſtumbled into a great Town, Sir.

3.

Then ſtraight to himſelf
Crys this tiny ſly Elf,
Since Begging brings little relief, Sir:
A Trade I'll Commence
That ſhall bring in the Pence,
And ſtraight he ſet up for a Thief, Sir.

4.

At Play-Houſe and Kirk,
Where he ſlily did lurk,
He ſtole Hearts both from Young and Old People,

'Till

'Till at laſt, ſays my Song,
He had like to have ſwung
On a Gallows as high as a Steeple.

5.

Then with Arrows and Bow,
He a Soldier muſt go,
And ſtraight he ſhot Folks without Warning.
He thought it no Sin
When his hand once was in,
To kill you a hundred his Morning.

6.

When he found that he made
Little Gains by this Trade;
What does our fly graceleſs Blinker,
But ſtraight chang'd his Note
As well as his Coat,
And needs he muſt paſs for a *Tinker*.

7.

Have yo' any Hearts to mend,
Come I'll be your Friend,
Or elſe I expect not a Farthing:
Tho' they're burnt to a Coal,
I'll ſoon make 'em whole;
And Maids, is not this a fair Bargain?

8.

But Maids, have a care,
Of this *Tinker* beware,
Shun the Rogue, tho' he ſets ſuch a face on't:
Where he ſtops up one Hole,
'Tis true by my Soul,
He'll at leaſt leave a ſcore in the place on't.

The General LOVER.

IN all Love's Dominions I challenge the Boy,
To ſhow ſuch a forward frank Lover as I,
So faithful and true where my Promiſe is paſt,
At the firſt ſo ſincere. and ſo warm at the laſt.
Imprimis, I've Sworn true Allegiance to *Phillis*
And the ſame I have done to Divine *Amarillis*:
Then to *Celia* the fair I my Heart did reſign,
Next I laid down the trifle at *Iris*'s ſhrine.
Caliſta then gently put in for the *Prize*,
Nor did the Coy *Sylvia* my Offering deſpiſe.
But now you'll enquire can they all quarter there,
Why Madam my Hearts large enough never fear.
There's room for my *Phillis*,
And ſoft *Amarillis*:
And *Celia* the fair,
Who need not deſpair
Of a good Lodging there:
With *Iris*, *Caliſta* and *Sylvia* beſide.
Yes, Madam, this oft by Experience I've try'd.
So large is the place, and ſo plenteous my Store,
I with eaſe can provide for ſix Miſtriſſes more,
Nay if you diſtruſt me, e'en ſend me a ſcore.

The

A Tale from Bocas, *or a Cure for* Cuckoldom.

TOO weak are *Laws*, and *Edicts* vain,
The Hearts of *Women* to *Reſtrain*;
For when with happy Search they find,
The Man they like, They ſtill are kind.
So ſtrong, ſo daring is their Love,
It does ev'n fear of *Death* remove.
For proof of This, if others fail,
I now deſign to tell a Tale.

At *Prato*, once upon a Time,
Adultery was thought a *Crime*:
And every kind Conſenting *Wife*,
Was doom'd by *Law* to loſe her Life;
So partial was this horrid *Act*,
It Equally Condemn'd the *Fact*,
Whether the Cauſe was *pure deſire*,
Or ſordid Gain and *ſinful Hire*,
No ſooner did this *Edict* paſs,
But one *Rinaldo* found (alaſs)
His Wife *Phillippia*, Fam'd for Charms,
In Luſty *Lazarino's Arms*.

And

And with *Revenge* and *Fury* fill'd,
'Twas ten to one he both had kill'd;
But eager Paſſion he reſtrain'd,
The bold *Adultereſs* arraign'd,
And to the *Podeſtate* Complain'd.
The *Judge* for *Tryal* Nam'd the Day,
And gave her time to ſlip away:
But ſhe reſolv'd to ſtand it out,
In vain her Kindred went about,
By dire Deſcriptions of the *Law*,
To fright and force her to withdraw,
She minded not a Word ſhe heard,
One would have ſworn, by what appear'd,
She thought her Fate would glorious prove,
To ſuffer *Martyrdom* for *Love*.

When ſolemn Day of *Tryal* came,
In *Court* appear'd the *Guilty Dame*,
But look'd as Chearful, *Brisk* and *Gay*,
As thoſe that *Ogle* at a *Play*:
The *Judge* was in a horrid Fright,
(Toucht to the quick by Charms ſo bright)
Leſt ſhe the Matter ſhou'd Confeſs,
Her Caſe would then be paſt Redreſs.
You muſt be *Burnt*, *Madam*, he ſaid,
Your Spouſe has Information made,
That you were lately caught by him,
Committing the *forbidden Crime*,
Adultery, and doubtleſs you
Have heard for this what *Death* is *Due*:

Con-

Conſider what you have to ſay,
And prudently your Anſwer weigh.

She ſaid, I freely own the Fact,
He caught me in the very Act;
With Joy the pleaſing Word I name,
For know, I *Glory* in my *Flame*:
And ſince my Paſſion did begin,
Have often try'd the *tempting Sin*.
For this you ſay I ought to Die,
But you know better, *Sir*, than I.
That Laws for Publick Juſtice meant,
Should paſs by *General Conſent*;
And pray what *Women* did appear
To *Vote* for this? I ne'er could hear
Of one that lik'd it; and 'tis hard
They ſhould unjuſtly be debar'd
Their *Native Right*, by a *Decree*,
To which *They* never did agree:
On *us* alone, *Reſtraint* is laid,
Who are by bounteous Nature made,
To give Content to more than One,
Which never yet by *Man* was done.
If Prejudice did not prevail,
Your ſolid Wiſdom cou'd not fail,
For me this matter to decide,
And to declare the *Edict* void.
But, Sir, if *Death* muſt be my doom,
Soon let the *Welcome Minute* come;
Secure, I wait the fatal *Blow*,
Yet firſt an eaſie Favour ſhow:

Pray

Pray ask my *Husband*, there he ſtands,
If all his *Conjugal Demands*
Have not been anſwer'd ſtill by me,
With an Exact *Conformity*.

Rivaldo ſaid, I muſt Confeſs,
My *Wife* did ſtill *Comply* in This;
Inclin'd my Wiſh't deſires to *Grant*,
And Fond to ſatisfy my *Want*.

Obſerve, Sir, That, *Phillipia* ſaid,
Whate're he wanted ſtill he had;
Then wherefore, pray, this mighty Pother,
If I, ro Gratify another,
Imploy'd the *uſeleſs Reſidue!*
Pray, *Husband*, *What was that to You?*
I, like a *Charitable Fair*
Beſtowing what I had to ſpare;
Believ'd it better to improve
My Growing *Overplus of Love*,
Than ſuffer Envious *Marriage Bands*
To keep it *Dead* upon my Hands.

Her Speech ſo pleas'd the Liſtning Crowd,
They clap'd their Hands, and laught aloud.
Rinaldo durſt no longer ſtay;
But hid his Face, and ſneakt away:
And fair *Phillipia*, by her Art,
So brib'd the *Court* to take her part,
So to her ſide the *Judge* did draw,
She ſav'd her ſelf, and *Damn'd the Law*.

THE *HIGHLANDER.*

FRom Barren High-Lands in the Freezing North,
The Bonny Lad with Naked Feet ſteps forth,
With Louſie Plad his Scabby Loins he hides,
And meaſures out his Miles by *Spaniſh* Strides,
He cocks his *Bonnet* as he proudly ſtalks,
And Scrubbs his Mangy Knuckles as he walks;
Athwart his Buttocks hangs a mighty Blade,
Of Sturdy Steel for Blood and Slaughter made;
Broad as the Sword the *Engliſh* Champion drew,
When he to ſave the *Maid*, the *Dragon* ſlew.
Mundungus wiſps within his Jaws he puts,
As Monkeys their *Alforges* ſtuff with Nuts:
Thus on *Tobacco* does he hourly feed,
And plumps his Freckly Cheeks with ſtinking Weed.
Then with the Poyſonous drivil that diſtils
From the Rank Leaf his Leprous Joints he Heals;
Does with great Care the Fluxing Ointment catch,
To eaſe the Curſe of an inceſſant ſcratch;
For what poor Mortal would the Mange endure,
Whoſe unctious Lungs afford a Nauſeous Cure?
No matter, Beaſtly Remedies are beſt,
For thoſe that are with Beaſtly Plagues oppreſt;
The skilful Country *Farrier* will allow,
A T----d's a Healing Balſam for a *Sow*.
From whoſe vile Sloth and Filthineſs accrue,
More odious Plagues than *Egypt* ever knew.
When the ſtew'd Sotweed in his Mouth has lain,
So long till ſpitting does its vertues drain;
Then out he turns the Pledges lays it by,
Till in the Sun the wreaking Wiſp grows dry.
Then filling his ſhort Pipe, he blows a Blaſt,
And does the burning Weed to Aſhes waſt,
Which when its cool he ſnuffles up his *Noſe*,
That he no part of his Delight may loſe;

Thus

Thus chews it firſt, next ſmoaks the ſame, and then,
Snuffe up the ſtinking Aſhes that remain.
Thus waſteful Spend-thrifts to their Shame may ſee,
The *Caledonian Loon*'s Frugality;
And learn from him againſt a time of need,
To Husband Wealth as *Sawny* does his Weed.
Inur'd to Hardſhips, proudly he diſdains,
The Froſty Winds, deep Snows and ſhowry Rains;
And with a Bag of *Oatmeal* for his Food,
To give the *Loon* Refreſhment on the Road,
And a hard *Onion*, thus he ſteers his Courſe,
Values no Mire, but Travels like a Horſe:
And when his craving Thirſt or Hunger calls,
For due Subſiſtance, on his Knees he falls,
And in the Impreſſion of a *Hobby's Hoof*,
Where Rain lies mix'd with other naſty ſtuff,
He drops his *Oatmeal* ſtirs it well about,
And leaning on his Hands ſucks up the *Grout*,
Then Jogs away with a Contented Mind,
Leaving his dirty Porridge-Diſh behind;
And when thus ſtrengthen'd by this poor relief,
Will tire an *Engliſh Boor* well fed with Beef.
Thus with unweary'd Pains he Runs or Trots,
Like Mettl'd *Nag* by vertue of his *Oats*:
Therefore ſince *Sawny* does like *Dobbin* feed,
Why ſhould we wonder at their equal ſpeed.
Proud of his Anceſtors he boaſts his Name,
And tells you of what *Clan* the Vaſſal came;
Draws his broad Sword which has ſuch Victories won,
And Reads long Lectures of the Feats 't'as done,
Then ſheaths the Maſſy Weapon, Snuffs and ſtruts,
With Mangy Paws, full Mouth, but empty Guts.
Where e're he Ligs his Scabby Fumes and Sweats,
Pollute the Chamber and infect the Sheets;
That whoſoe'er ſucceeds him in his Room,
Brimſtone and *Lard* muſt ſurely be his Doom.
His very Breath infects the wholſome Air,
And as he Travels does the *Itch* Tranſfer.
So that nice Beaus and Merchants upon Change,
Shun the *Scotch-Walk*, thro' danger of the Mange;
A Curſe that Heaven has alone decreed,
To Plague this Barbarous *Caledonian* Breed;
Whoſe Pride and Poverty has made each Slave,
Grow bold and deſp'rate, which himſelf calls Brave.
So Rogues miſtaking Scandal to be Fame,
Deem that their Honour, others think their Shame.

EPIGRAMS

EPIGRAMS, POEMS, & SATYRS,

On Sir R—— Bl——re's

King *Arthur* & Prince *Arthur*,

THE

SATYR against WIT,

AND

Job & Habakkuk.

By Mr. *THO. BROWN.*

EPIGRAMS,
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A Pleasant

EPISTLE,

Suppos'd to be Written by

A Citizen, to his Brethren,

SHEWING

The Necessity of their Care of the POETS,

To all the Honourable Citizens within the Bills of Mortality, below the Dignity of Common Council-men.

Fellow-Citizens,

I Am no Orator, I own it, nor ever made a Speech in my Life, but once in the Vestry, about chusing a Lecturer, and new-lettering the Church-Buckets; but this I'll be bold to say, That no Man is a heartier Well-wisher to the Prosperity of this City than my self. Now I must tell you, Gentlemen, that you don't take so much Notice of a certain Author, who does you the Honour to reside among you, as his great Qualities deserve. You only consult him as a Physician;

and indeed I must needs say, he is a pretty Physician; he has eas'd many of you of those heavy Burdens call'd *Wives* and *Children*; and, out of his Zeal to the Publick, has helpt to thin the overstock of Traders: But still you must give me leave to tell you, that you overlook his principal Talent, for Physick is what he values himself least upon. He is a *Poet*; pray be not scandaliz'd at the Word: he is a *Poet*, I say, but of sober solid Principles, and as hearty an Enemy to Wit as the best of you all: He has writ Twenty thousand Verses, and upwards, without one grain of Wit in 'em; nay, he has declar'd open War against it, and, despising it in himself, is resolv'd not to endure it in any one else. When he is in his Coach, instead of pretending to read where he can't see, as some Doctors do, or thinking of his Patient's Case, which none of 'em do, he is still listning to the Chymes, to put his Ear in tune, and stumbles upon a Distich every Kennel he is jolted over. Nay, even in the Coffee-houses, when other People are cleansing *Chester*-harbour, banishing Popish Priests, disposing the Crown of *Spain*, repairing *Dover* Peer, pitying the *Scots* at *Darien*, or settling the Affairs of *Poland*, he is enditing Heroics on the back of a News-paper with his Pencil, and won'd give more for a Rhime to *Radzionski* than a Specific for the *Gout*. Those flashy Fellows, your *Covent-garden* Poets, are good for nothing but to run into our Debts, lie with our Wives, and break unmannerly Jests upon us Citizens; then, like a parcel of Sots, they write for Fame and Immortality; but this Gentleman is above such Trifles, and, as he prescribes, so he writes for the good of Trade. He's a particular Benefactor to the Manufacture of the Nation; and, at this present minute, to my certain knowledg,

keeps

keeps ten Paper-mills going with his *Job* and *Habakkuk*, and his other *Hebrew* Heroes. There is ſcarce a Cook, Grocer, or Tobacconiſt within the City-walls, but is the better for his Works; nay, one that is well acquainted with his *Secret Hiſtory* has aſſur'd me, that his main Deſign in writing the two *Arthurs*, whatever he pretended in his Preface, was only to help the poor Trunk-makers at a pinch, when *Quarles* and *Ogilby* were all ſpent, and they wanted other materials. Above all, you can't imagin what a ſingular Deference he pays to a golden Chain; 'tis impoſſible for a rich Man with him either to be a Knave or a Blockhead: he never ſees the Cap of Maintenance, but is ready to worſhip it; and, in compliment to the Sword-bearer, would, I dare engage for him, ſooner write a Panegyric upon Cuſtard, than any of the Cardinal Vertues he pretends to be in their Champion.

This may ſerve, Fellow-Citizens, to give you ſome Idea of the Man; but what we moſt want his Aſſiſtance in, is to reform ſeveral enormous Abuſes that have crept in among us: The Poetry of our *Bell-men*, which in its firſt inſtitution contain'd *many excellent Leſſons of Piety*, is grown very *looſe and immoral*, and gives our Wives and Daughters wicked Ideas when it awakes them at midnight. The *Tobacco-boxes* too ſeem engag'd in a general Confederacy to bring Vice into eſteem; their *lewd Inſcriptions* charge Religion with deſperate reſolution, and have given it many deep and ghaſtly Wounds. Our *Poeſies* for Rings are either immodeſt or irreligious; and we ſee few Verſes on our *Ale-houſe Signs*, but have ſome ſpiteful and envious ſtrokes at Sobriety and Good-manners, whence the Apprentices of this populous City have apparently receiv'd very bad Impreſſions. 'Tis great pity that our

Magistrates, in whose power it is, have not yet restrain'd the licentiousness of these *Rhimes*, and oblig'd the Writers of 'em to observe more *Decorum*: But since they are so remiss in their Duty, retain this *Gentleman* on the side of *Religion*, and you'll soon see these Enormities vanish. Besides, being of a goodly Person, if you desired him now and then, upon a solemn occasion, to walk before a Pageant, or march at the head of the Blue-coat Infantry, at the Burial of one of his own Patients, with how much more Decency and Gravity would those public Ceremonies be perform'd? And then who so proper to inflame the Courages of our City Militia, as, our Parson tells me, one *Tyrtæus* did of old, by the repetition of his own Lines? Well, could I but be so happy as to see him once appear in the Front of our *Finsbury* Squadrons, or animate with his noble Compositions the Wrestlers in *Moor-fields*, I should not doubt to see our ancient military Genius come in play, and every *London* Prentice able to worst his brace of Lions. Therefore, *Fellow-Citizens*, for mine, for your own, and for your Families sakes, hug and cherish this worthy Gentleman, make him free of all your Companies, for he's as well qualified for any of them as his own; carry him to all your Entertainments, nay, even to your private Deliberations over Brawn and Quest-Ale, and when any foreign Ambassador is treated by the City, get him to pay the Compliment in Verse, and the *R-c-rd-r* may second him in Prose; put the entire Management of *Smithfield* into his hands, and make him absolute Monarch of all the Booths and Puppet-shows. Above all, let him endeavour by the Melody of his Rhimes (and what can withstand 'em?) to call back our fugitive Mercers from *Covent-garden* to *Ludgate-hill*

hill and *Pater-noſter-row*. Since we are for new painting our City-gates, why ſhould we not furbiſh up our old Heroes in new Metre? Why ſhould poor King *Lud* and his two truſty Sons *Temanctus* and *Adrogens* be forgotten? Or, what harm have the Giants at *Guild-hall*, and *Whittington*'s Cat done, to be buried in oblivion? There are a thouſand other Subjects to imploy his Muſe, wherein he may diſcreetly interſperſe ſome notable Precepts againſt Truſting, ſome pretty Touches in defence of Uſury, and ſome handſom Conſolations for Cuckoldom, all which might be of admirable uſe, to ſeaſon and confirm our City-Youth in the true Principles of their Anceſtors. And what if you could perſwade him to write a few pacifying Strains to calm the diſtemper'd Spirits of our Carr-men and the Oyſter-women at *Billingſgate*? In ſhort, theſe are ſome of the Topics you may recommend to him. Let him make *Verſes* for us Citizens, and preſcribe *Phyſic* to the Fools without *Temple-bar*. I am,

Your Loving Friend,

O. S.

EPIGRAM,

Occaſion'd by the News, That Sir R— Bl—*'s Paraphraſe upon* Job *was in the Preſs.*

WHen *Job*, contending with the Devil, I ſaw,
It did my Wonder, but not Pity, draw:
For I concluded that, without ſome Trick,
A Saint at any time could match Old *Nick*.

Next came a fiercer Fiend upon his Back,
I mean his Spouſe, ſtunning him with her Clack:
But ſtill I could not pity him, as knowing
A Crabtree-cudgel ſoon would ſend her going.
But when the *Quack* engag'd with *Job* I 'ſpy'd,
The Lord have Mercy on poor *Job*, I cry'd.
What *Spouſe* and *Satan* did attempt in vain
The *Quack* will compaſs with his murdring Pen
And on a Dunghil leave poor *Job* again.
With impious Doggrel he'll pollute his Theme,
And make the Saint againſt his Will blaſpheme.

Upon the Knighting Sir R——Bl——re, *for his incomparable Poem call'd* King Arthur.

BE not puff'd up with Knighthood, Friend of mine,
A merry Prince once Knighted a Sir-Loin.
And, if to make Compariſons 'twere ſafe,
An *Ox* deſerves it better than a *Calf*.
Thy Pride and State I value not a Ruſh,
Thou that art now King *Phyz*, waſt once King *Uſh*

Upon King Arthur, *partly writ in the Doctor's Coach, and partly in a Coffee-houſe.*

LEt the malicious Critieks ſnarl and rail,
Arthur immortal is, and muſt prevail.

In

In vain they ſtrive to *wound* him with their *tongue*
The Lifeleſs *Fœtus* can receive no wrong.
As rattling Coach once thunder'd thro' the Mire,
Out dropt Abortive *Arthur* from his Sire.
Well may he then both Time and Death deſie,
For what was never born, can never die.

Upon ſeeing a Man light a Pipe of Tobacco in a Coffee-houſe with a Leaf of King Arthur.

IN Coffee-houſe begot, the ſhort-liv'd Brat
By Inſtinct thither haſts to meet his Fate.
The *Phœnix* to *Arabia* thus returns,
And in the Grove, that gave her birth, ſhe burns.
Thus wandring *Scot*, when through the World he'as paſt,
Reviſits ancient *Tweed* with pious haſte,
And on Paternal Mountain dies at laſt.

EPIGRAM,

Occaſion'd by the Paſſage in the Satyr againſt Wit, *that reflects upon Mr.* Tate, *and ends thus:* He's honeſt, and, as Wit comes in, will Pay.

RAil on, diſcourteous Knight: If modeſt *Tate*
Is ſlow in making Payments, what of that!
So is th' Exchequer, ſo are half the Lords,
On whom thou haſt beſtow'd ſuch ſugar'd words.

Envy it ſelf muſt own this Truth of * *Nahum*,
That when the Muſes call, he ſtrives to pay 'em.
But can we this of thy damn'd Hackney ſay,
Who as ſhe nothing has, can nothing pay?
Then be adviſ'd; rail not at *Tate* ſo faſt,
A Pſalm of his may chance to be thy laſt.

* *Mr.* Tate's *Chriſtian Name.*

A Story of a Greek *Chevalier, Predeceſſor in a direct Line to the* Britiſh *Knight.*

WHen, fir'd by Glory, *Philip*'s Godlike Son
The *Perſian* Empire like a Storm o'er-run,
A worthleſs Scribbler, *Cherilus* by Name,
In pompous Doggrel ſoil'd the Hero's Fame;
The *Grecian* Prince, to Merit ever juſt,
(For Monarchs did not then Reward on Truſt)
Read o'er his Rhimes, and to chaſtiſe ſuch Traſh
Gave him for each offending Line a Laſh.
Thus Bard went off, with many Drubs requited,
That's in plain Engliſh, *Cherilus* was Knighted.

To Elkanah Settle, *the City Poet.*

WIlt thou then paſſive ſee the Sacred Bays
Torn from thy Brows in thy declining days
And tamely let a Quack uſurp thy Place,
So near *Guild-hall*, and in my Lord Mayor's face?
Rouze up for Shame, aſſert thy ancient Right,
And from his *City-Quarters* drive the Knight.

Let

Let Father * *Jordan* Martial Heat inſpire,
And Unkle * *Tubman* fill thy Breaſt with Fire.
If *Bl——re* cries, Both *Arthurs* are my own,
Quote thou the fam'd *Cambyſes* and Pope *Joan*.
Cheapſide at once two Bards can ne'er allow,
But either He muſt abdicate, or Thou.
Then if the Knight ſtill keeps up his Pretence,
E'en turn Phyſician in thy own defence.
'Tis own'd by all the Criticks of our Time,
Thou canſt as well Preſcribe, as *Bl——re* Rhime.

* *Two famous City-Poets.*

To the Author of the Satyr againſt Wit, *upon concealing his Name.*

HE that in *Arthur*'s Traſh has Penance done,
Need not be told who writ this vile *Lampoon*.
In both the ſame eternal Dulneſs ſhines,
Inſpires the Thoughts, and animates the Lines.
In both the ſame lewd Flattery we find,
The Praiſe defaming, and the Satyr kind.
Alike the Numbers, Faſhion, and Deſign,
No Chequer-Tallies could more nicely joyn.
Thy fooliſh Muſe puts on her Maſk too late,
We know the Strumpet by her Voice and Gate.

On

On Job *newly Travestied by Sir* R——Bl——

NEar *Lethe*'s Banks, where the forgetful stream
With lazy motion creeps, seeming to dream,
Job with his thoughtful Friends discoursing sate,
Of all the dark mysterious Turns of Fate:
And much they argu'd why Heavens partial care
The Good should punish, and the Bad did spare;
When lo! a Shade, new landed, forward prest,
And thus himself to listning *Job* addrest:

Illustrious Ghost! I come not to upbraid)
Oh summon all thy Patience to thy Aid:
A *Cheapside* Quack, whose vile unhallow'd Pen
With equal Licence murders Rhimes and Men,
In rumbling Fustian has burlesqu'd thy Page,
And fam'd *Jack D-m-n* brings it on the Stage.
Was ever Man, the patient *Job* did cry,
So plagu'd with cursed Messengers as I?
All other Losses unconcern'd I bore,
But never heard such stabbing News before.
Who can behold the Issue of his Brain
Mangled by barbarous hands, and not complain?
This scribbling *Quack* (his Fame I know too well
By thousand Ghosts whom he has sent to Hell)
Dull *Satan*'s feebler Malice will refine,
And stab me thro' and thro' in every Line.
The Devil more brave, did open War declare,
The fawning Poet kills, and speaks me fair.

Curs'd

Curs'd be the Wretch that taught him first to write,
And with lewd Pen and Ink indulg'd his Spite:
That flyblow'd the young Bard with buzzing Rhimes,
And fill'd his tender Ears with *Grubstreet* Chimes:
Curs'd be the Paper-mill his Muse imploys;
Curs'd be the Sot who on his Skill relys.

Thus *Job* complain'd, but to forget his Grief,
In *Lethe*'s Sov'raign Streams he sought Relief.

To Sir R—— Bl——, *upon his unhappy Talent of Praising and Railing.*

THine is the only Muse in *British* Ground
Whose *Satyr* tickles, and whose *Praises* wound
Sure *Hebrew* first was taught her by her Nurse,
Where the same Word is us'd to bless and curse.

On Sir R—— Bl——'s *Project to erect a Bank of Wit.*

THe *Thought* was great, and worthy of a Cit,
In present Dearth to erect a *Bank of Wit.*
Thus breaking Tradesmen, ready for a Jayl,
Raise Millions for our Senate o'er their Ale.
But thou'rt declar'd a Bankrupt, and thy Note
E'en in old *Grubstreet* scarce would fetch a *Groat.*
Apollo scorns thy Project, and the *Nine*
With Indignation laugh at thy Design.

There's

There's not a Trader to the facred *Hill*
But knows thy wants, and would proteſt thy Bill.
Thy Credit can't a Farthing there command,
Tho *Fr--ke* and *R---r* ſhould thy Sureties ſtand.

To Sir R—— Bl——, *on the two Wooden Horſes before* Sadlers-hall.

AS truſty Broomſtaff Midnight Witch beſtrides
When on ſome grand Diſpatch of Hell ſhe rides;
O'er gilded Pinacles, and lofty Towers,
And talleſt Pines with furious haſt ſhe ſcowrs.
Out flies her Career, the lab'ring Wind,
And leſs ſpeed Exhalations lag behind.
Arriving at the black *Divan* at laſt
In ſome dire Wood, or ſolitary Waſt;
The Fiend her cheated Senſes does delude,
With airy Viſions of imagin'd Food.
Ev'n ſo, on Wooden Prancer mounted high,
Your Muſe takes nimble Journeys in the Sky.
When in her boldeſt Strains and higheſt flights,
She ſings of *ſtrange Adventures* and *Knights*,
Battels, Enchantments, Furies, Devils, and *Knights*,
When ſhe at *Arthur*'s Fairy Table dines,
And high-pil'd Diſhes ſees, and generous Wines.
'Twas kindly done of the good-natur'd Cits
To place before thy Door a brace of Tits,
For

For *Pegasus* would ne'er endure the weight
Of such a quibbling, scribbling, dribbling Knight.
That generous Steed, rather than gaul his Back
With a Pedantic Bard, and nauseous Quack,
Wou'd kneel to take a Pedlar and his Pack.

Epigram upon King Arthur.

THe *British Arthur*, as Historians tell,
Deriv'd his Birth from *Merlin*'s Magic Spell.
When *Uter*, taking the wrong'd Husbands shape,
On fair *Igerne* did commit a Rape.
But modern *Arthur*, of the *Cheapside* Line,
May justly boast his Parentage Divine.
Wearing thy Phyz, and in thy Habit dreſt,
The God of Dulneſs his lewd Dam compreſt.

An Epitome of a Poem, truly call'd, A Satyr against Wit; *done for the undeceiving of some Readers, who have mistaken the Panegyrick in that immortal Work for the Satyr, and the Satyr for the Panegyrick.*

WHo can forbear and tamely ſilent ſit *l.1. p.3*
And ſee his *native Land as void of Wit* *l. 2*
As every Piece the City-Knight has writ?
How happy were the old unpolish'd Times, *l.13*
As free from Wit as other modern Crimes, *l.14*
And what is more, from Bl---re's *nauſeous Rhimes.*

As

As our Forefathers vig'rous were and brave, *l.* 15
So they were virtuous, wise, discrete & grave, *l.* 16
And would have call'd our Quack a fawning Slave.
Clodpate, by *Banks* and *Stocks* and *Projects* bit, *l.* 5. *p.* 5
Turns up his Whites, and in his *pious* Fit, *l.* 6
He *Cheats* and *Prays*, a certain sign of *Cit.* *l.* 7
Craper runs madly 'midst the thickest Croud, *l.* 8
Sometimes says nothing, sometimes talks aloud.
Under the *Means* he lies, frequents the *Stage*, *l.* 10
Is very lewd, and does at Learning rage; *l.* 11
And this wile Stuff we find in every Page.
A bant'ring Spirit has our Men possest, *l.* 20
And Wisdom is become a standing Jest, *l.* 21
Which is a burning Shame, I do protest.
Wit does of Virtue sure Destruction make, *l.* 22
Who can produce a Wit, and not a Rake? *l.* 23
A Challenge started ne'er but by a Quack.
The *Mob of Wits* is up to storm the Town, *l.* 1. *p.* 6
To pull all Virtue and right Reason down, *l.* 2
Then to surprize the Tower, and steal the Crown.
And the leud Crew affirm, by all that's good, *l.* 15
They'l not disperse till they have *Bl—'s Blood*, *l.* 16
But they'll ne'er have his Brains, by good King Lud.
For that *industrious Bard of late* has done *l.* 16. *p.* 6
The rarest Piece of Wit that e'er was shown, *l.* 17
And publish'd Doggrel he's asham'd to own.
The skilful *T-s-n*'s name they dare invade, *l.* 31. *p.* 6
And yet they are undone without his aid; *l.* 2
Did they read thee, I should conclude 'em mad.

T—s—n.

T--s--n with base Reproaches they pursue, *l.*1.*p.*7
Just as his *Moor-fields* Patients us'd to do, *l.* 4
Who give to T--s--n *what is* T--s--n's *due.*
Wit does enfeeble and debauch the Mind, *l.* 7
Before to Business or to Arts inclin'd: *l.* 8
Then thou wilt never be debauch'd, I find.
Had *S--s, H--f,* or *T--y,* who withawe *l.*15, to 18
We name, been Wits, they ne'r had learnt the Law:
But sure the Compliment's not worth a Straw.
The *Law* will ne'r support the bantring Breed, *l.*22
Tho' *Blockheads* may, yet *Wits* can ne'r succeed, *l.*23
For which Friend Sl--ne, *I hope, will break thy Head.*
R----ff has Wit, and lavishes away *l.*24
So much in nauseous Northern Brogue each day
As would suffice to Damn a Smithfield *Play.*
Wit does our Schools and Colleges invade, *l.*20.*p.*8
And has of Letters vast destruction made, *l.*21
But that it spoils thy Learning, can't be said.
That such a Failure no Man may incense, *l.*17.*p.*10
Let us erect a Bank for Wit and Sense, *l.* 18
And so set up at other Mens expence.
Let *S--r, D----t, S--ld, M----gue* *l.* 21
Lend but their Names, the Project then will do, *l.*22
What! lend 'em such a Bankrupt Wretch as you!
Duncombs and *Claytons* of *Parnassus* all, *l.* 27
Who cannot sink, unless the Hill should fall, *l.*28
Why then they need but go to Sadlers-hall.
St. *E--m--nt,* to make the thing compleat, *l.*21.*p.*9
No English *knows, and therefore* is most fit
To oversee the coining of our Wit. *l.*22

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The *Law* will ne'r ſupport the bantring Breed, *l.*22
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St. *E—m—nt*, to make the thing compleat, *l.*21.*p.*9
No Engliſh *knows, and therefore* is moſt fit
To overſee the coining of our Wit. *l.*22

Nor ſhall *M——rs, W——tt, Ch-rl-tt* be forgot,
With ſolid *Fr—ke* and *R—r, and who not?*
Then all our *Friends* the actions ſhall cry up, *l.6.p.12*
And all the railing Mouths of Envy ſtop. *l.7*
Wou'd we could Padlock thine, Eternal Fop.
The Project then will *T—tts* Teſt abide, *l.11.p.16*
And with his Mark pleaſe all the world beſide. *l.12*
But dare thy Arthurs *by this Teſt be try'd?*
Then what will *D—n, G—h,* or *C-ng-ve* ſay *l.27.p.9*
When all their wicked Mixture's purg'd away? *l.28*
Thy Metal's baſer than their worſt Allay.
What will become of *S-th-n, W—ch—y* *l.29*
Who by this means will grievous Sufferers be? *l.30*
No matter, they'll ne'er ſend a Brief to thee.
All theſe debauch'd by *D—n* and his Crew, *l.22.p.12*
Turn Bawds to Vice, and wicked Ends purſue, *l.23*
To hear thee Cant, would make even B——ſs *ſpue.*
For now an honeſt Man can't peep abroad, *l.9.p.13*
Nor a chaſt Muſe, *but whip they bring a Rod.* *l.16*
E'n *Atticus* himſelf theſe Men would curſe, *l.5.p.14*
Should *Atticus* appear without his Purſe, *l.6*
If this be Praiſe, what Libel can be worſe?
Nay, *Darfell* too, ſhould he forbear to treat, *l.7.p.14*
Theſe Men that *cry him up*, their words would eat,
And ſay in Scorn, He had no Brains to beat.

EPI-

EPIGRAM,

Upon the Fortunate and Auſpicious Reigns of Queen Elizabeth, *of happy Memory, and our Moſt Gracious Queen* ANN.

SUre Heav'ns unerring Voice decreed of old
The faireſt Sex ſhould *Europe*'s Balance hold;
As Great *Eliza*'s Forces humbled *Spain*,
So *France* now ſtoops to *Ann*'s ſuperiour Reign.
Thus tho' proud *Jove* with Thunder fills the Sky,
Yet in *Aſtrea*'s Hands the fatal Scale does lie.

To Mr. Dryden, *on his Converſion.*

TRaytor to God, and Rebel to thy Pen,
Prieſt-ridden Poet, perjur'd Son of *Ben*,
If ever thou prove honeſt, then the Nation
May modeſtly believe Tranſubſtantiation.

On a Lady who fancied her ſelf a Beauty.

D*Orinda*'s ſparkling Wit and Eyes
United, dart too fierce a Light,
It quickly flaſhes, quickly dies,
Charms not the Heart, but hurts the Sight.
Love is all Gentleneſs and Joy,
Approaches with a modeſt Grace;
Her *Cupid* is a Black-guard Boy,
That holds his Link juſt in your Face.

Upon the Penſioners in the Parliament.

AS when a Wolf or Fox too long does fleece
The Non-reſiſting Lambs, or Paſſive Geeſe,
The Peaſants take th' alarm, and ſeize the Foe,
And ſhouting Boys in long Ovation go:
The careful Houſe-wife, to revenge her Wrongs,
Takes down the *ſharpeſt Spit*, and heats her *Tongs*:
All their Reſentments by their Curſes ſhow,
And happy's he that gives the greateſt Blow.
Thro' every Street the ſtinking Vermin's led,
To the Town-hall, and there they fix his Head.
First ſeize their Money, for 'tis all your due,
Theſe Slaves did get it all by ſelling you.

A Comical Panegyrick on that familiar Animal, by the Vulgar call'd a Louſe: *By Mr.* Willis, *of St.* Mary-hall, Oxon; *with ſome Additions by Mr.* Tho. Brown.

TRemendous Louſe, who can withſtand thy (Power,
Since Fear at firſt taught Mortals to adore?
What mighty Diſproportion do we ſee
In *Adam*'s Glory, when compar'd with thee?
With greater latitude thy *Parent* ran,
Freely you rove o'er all the World of Man;
And almoſt like Almighty *Jove* alone,
Enjoy a *Being* you receive from none.

Well

Well might the ſage Philoſophers of old
Their juſtling *Atoms* for authentick hold:
For what thou art, alas, we know too well,
But whence thy Being is, we cannot tell.
Nor is thy Empire meaner than thy Birth,
Thou'rt made of *Mold refin'd*, not *common Earth*,
Whether thou rul'ſt by a Monarchick ſway,
Or by three States we paſſively obey.
The boldeſt *Hero*, whom Ambition arms,
Faces grim Death, but ſhrugs at thy alarms,
Thou to their *Hearts* haſt often nearer been
Than either their *Religion* or their *Queen*;
And haſt a much-more conſtant Harbour there
Than any thing but *Villany* and *Fear*.
The ſparkiſh *General* often dreads thy ſight
More than the numerous Foes he ſtands to fight,
And tho' his happy Standards do prevail,
E'er Night, to thee he ſurely turns his Tail.
Thou the *Grand Seignior* doſt ſurpaſs in Pride,
Since thou on *Chriſtians* Backs in ſtate doſt ride,
And have ſuch *Catholic* and reſiſtleſs Charms,
That *Prince* and *Prelate* under thee bear Arms.
The very *Noncons* and the *Church*, we ſee,
Tho', when they pray to God, they diſagree,
Yet fight with Uniformity for thee:
And for thy ſake, with wretchedneſs each day
Laviſh their Blood more freely than their Pay.
Nature refines, what is by Nature crude,
For thee ſhe cooks and dreſſes human Blood,
To make it to thy Palate dainty Food.

No wonder then that thou with thoſe that fight
So much art ſeen, ſince both in Blood delight.
Or that thou ſhouldſt exert ſuch ſturdy Valour
Againſt thy Enemy the Prick-Louſe Taylor,
To take him every moment by the Collar.
How many Heroes haſt thou forc'd to yield,
And ſtript to own thee *Maſter* of the Field?
But tho' ſo many Virtues in thee ſhine,
That we can hardly think thee not *Divine*,
It wou'd be great Injuſtice to paſs o'er,
How kind thou art, and mindful of the Poor;
What e'er befals 'em of Calamity,
They're certain of a *Boſom Friend* in thee:
How often to oblige 'em you endeavour,
Thoſe Marks denote thou left 'em of thy favour.
Nor are they quite ungrateful in return,
If any, yet *Clean* Linnen's never worn:
The *Cripple* too finds *Leggs* to ſtrole the Streets,
To beg for thee of every one he meets;
Content with thee, and Straw inſtead of Sheets.
As briskly too thou haſt aſſiſted thoſe
That *Ethnick Superſtition* did oppoſe,
But ſtuck moſt *Orthodoxly* to their ſide
That for the true Religion wou'd have dy'd.
That when the *Huguenots* of *France* came o'er,
Millions of you came ſwarming to the Shore.
So *Jacob*'s Children, by the help of *Lice*,
Obtain'd the *Canaanitiſh* Paradice.
And you, we find, as formidable prove
As ratling Thunder in the Hand of *Jove*.

Who

Who can thy Power deſcribe, thy Glories ſcan,
Thou *Lord* of *Nature*, ſince thou'rt *Lord* of *Man?*
In theſe we may thy wond'rous value ſee,
The World was made for *Man*, and *Man* for thee.

Upon the Anonymous Author of Legion's humble Addreſs to the Lords.

THou Tool of Faction, mercenary Scribe,
Who preacheſt *Treaſon* to the *Calveſhead Tribe*,
Whoſe fruitful Head, in Garret mounted high,
Sees Legions, and ſtrange Monſters, in the Sky;
Who wou'dſt with *War* and *Blood* thy Country fill
Were but thy Power as rampant as thy Will:
Well may'ſt thou boaſt thy ſelf a *Million* ſtrong,
But 'tis in Vermine that about thee throng.

To that moſt ſenſeleſs Scondrel, the Author of Legion's humble Addreſs to the Lords, *who wou'd perſwade the People of* England *to leave the Commons, and depend upon the Lords,*

WHat *Damons* mov'd thee, what malicious Fiends,
To tempt the People from their ſureſt Friends?
Sooner thou might'ſt embracing Floods disjoyn,
And make the Needle from its North decline:
Or teach the grateful *Heliotrope* to run,
A different Motion from th' enlivening Sun.

Our Peers have often for themſelves rebell'd,
When did they for the People take the Field?
Led not by Love, but Intereſt and Pride,
They wou'd not let the Prince their Vaſſals ride.
That pow'r they to themſelves reſerv'd alone,
And ſo thro thick and thin they ſpur'd *old Roan*.

To Fact and long Experience I appeal,
How fairly to themſelves they juſtice deal:
For if my Lord, o'erpower'd by wine and whore,
The next he meets, does through the Entralls ſcow'r,
'Tis pity, his relenting Brethren cry,
That for his firſt Offence the Youth ſhou'd dye;
Come, he'l grow grave, Virtue and he'l be friends
And by his Voting, make the Crown amends.
'Tis true, a moſt magnificent Parade
Of Law, to pleaſe the gaping Mobb, is made.
Scaffolds are rais'd in the Litigious Hall,
The Maces glitter, and the Serjeants Bawl.
So long they wrangle, and ſo oft they ſtop,
The wearied Ladies do their moiſture drop.
This is the Court (ſay they) keeps all in awe,
Gives Life to Juſtice, vigour to the Law.
True, they quote *Law*, and they do prattle on her,
What's the reſult? *Not Guilty upon Honour*.

Should I who have no Coronet to ſhow,
Fluſter'd in Drink, ſerve the next Comer ſo,
My Twelve blunt Godfathers wou'd ſoon agree,
To doom me, ſober, to the fatal Tree.

Be-

Beſides, how punctually their Debts they pay,
There's ſcarce a Cit in *London* but can ſay.
By peep of morn the truſting Wretch does riſe,
And to his Grace's Gate, like Lightning flies:
There in the Hall this poor believing Aſs,
With gaping on bare walls ſeven hours does paſs
And ſo does Forty more in the ſame Claſs.
At laſt my Lord, with Looks erect and hardy,
"*Troth, Friends, my Tenants have been ſomewhat tardy:*
"*But for the future, this ſhall be redreſt,*
"*Delays and Loſſes may befall the beſt.*
This ſaid, he preſſes with regardleſs Pride,
Between the opening Squadrons on each ſide:
Calls for his Page, then ſlips into his Chair,
And ſo, *good Gentlemen, you're as* you were.

Ceaſe Scribler then, our Grandees to defame,
With feign'd *Encomiums* that they *ſcorn* to claim:
What they can challenge by the Laws o'th' Land,
We freely give, while they no more demand:
But let not in their praiſe the *Plot* be brought,
Thou know'ſt the Proverb, *Nothing due for nought.*

A pleaſant Dialogue between the Pillory *and* Daniel de Foe.

Pill. AWake, thou buſy Dreamer, and ariſe,
Shake off th' unwilling ſlumber from thy Eyes.

De Foe. Hail dread Tribunal, reverend Machine,
Of awful Phyz, and formidable mien!

Thou

Thou Prop of Juſtice, Adjutant of Law;
That keep'ſt the Paper-blurring World in awe;
But why this early Viſit made to me?
Muſt I again aſcend thy Fatal Tree?

Pill. No—may'ſt thou never mount my Fabrick more,
With much concern, laſt time, thy weight I bore;
And with regret, I ſee my ſelf of late,
Made a meer Tool and Property of State;
Time was when Knaves, whom now for Gold they ſpare,
And ſuch like Villains trod my Boſom Care.
The Scrivener and the Publik Notaries,
Forgers of Bonds and Wills, were all my Votaries;
Now I'm reverſe (ſo humane Chances vary)
And vent the ſpleen of peeviſh Secretary.

De Foe. Was it for this you broke my eaſie reſt?
You know what publick Failures I deteſt.
How ſome Grandees are in a mortal Rage,
To ſee we know the Scandal of our Age;
And as they are the Grievance of the times,
Are moſt afraid of hearing their own Crimes.

The laſt Obſervator: Or, The Devil in Mourning. A Dialogue between John Tutchin *and his Countryman.*

Obſer. COme honeſt *Countryman*, What News doſt bring?

Countr. Faith, Maſter *John*, they ſay you're like to ſwing.

Obſ. You know I once for *Hanging* did Petition.
Countr. Ay, ſee th'effects of preaching up Sedition,
But the moſt general Report ſuppoſes,
You'll on the Pillory tell Peoples Noſes.
When that Day comes———
Your truſty Farmer here moſt humbly begs
You'll let him give you a ſmall Treat of Eggs.
Obſ. Jeſting apart; haſt with thee brought ſome *Nancy*
Or Proteſtant *March-Beer*, to raiſe my Fancy?
Inſpir'd by that, my Thoughts will quicker flow,
And I'll by far *out-hymn* the fam'd *de Foe*.
Countr. No, not a Drop, I'm to be gul'd no more;
Too much you've treſpaſs'd on the ancient ſcore,
I'll be no longer with *Whig Birdlime* caught,
Ne'er ſtir, *I wou'd not ſave thee for a Groat*.
Miſled by thee, I left my Herds and Flocks,
And muſt turn Politician with a Pox.
Obſ. And where's the harm to know the Springs of State?
Countr. It only haſten'd *Hone*'s and *Rouſe*'s Fate,
Obſ. Happen the worſt, I've Friends will pay my Coſt.
Countr. You reckon *Nobs*, I fear, without your *Hoſt*.
Obſ. Won't merciful *Low-Church* eſpouſe my cauſe?
Countr. They'll leave you to the mercy of the Laws.
Obſ. But then the *Whigs* will back me *tooth & nail*.
Countr. Yes, thoſe are *Saving Cards*, that never fail.
Obſ. Old-Nick thus uſes *Witches*, as they tell us,
And drops the gaping Wretches at the Gallows.

Will

Will none my Perſon then from malice Skreen?
Say, *Countryman*, What think'ſt thou of my *Queen*?
Count. 'Slife, not a word of her, thou *Scandal-Pedlar*
Thy Loyalty's as Rotten as a Medlar.
After ſuch Libelling the *Royal Race*,
How dar'ſt thou ſue to *Majeſty* for *Grace*?
Obſ. What, am I then by all the World forſaken?
Countr. E'en get your Friends the *Jews* to ſave your Bacon:
Or ſhould you to the *Devil's Church* repair,
None will ſuſpect you'd venture *Play-houſe* Air.
Obſ. Howe'er I'm thus abandon'd by the reſt,
Yet while I'm ſtill with *thy dear Friendſhip* bleſt—
Count. No Friendſhip nor Relief expect from me,
Thro' all thy thin Pretences now I ſee:
No more with ſowre *Republicans* I'll herd,
But pluck thoſe prating Raſcals by the Beard.
No more with Mercenary Scribes take part,
But get me Home, and mind my Plough and Cart;
Scowr o'er my Grounds by break of Day, old *Tutchin*,
And freely pay my Taxes without grudging.
No more Notch'd *Levi*'s holy Buckram hear,
But with my Betters to the *Church* I'll ſteer.
Dance with our *Lads* and *Laſſes* on the Green,
Then ſteal a harmleſs Buſs——— And ſo——

GOD ſave the QUEEN.

Advice to the Kentiſh Long-Tails, *By the* Wiſe-Men *of* Gotham. *In anſwer to their late Sawcy Petition to the Parliament*, 1701.

WE, the Long Heads of *Gotham*, o'er our merry Cups meeting,
To the Long-Tails of *Kent*, by theſe Preſents ſend Greeting:
Whereas we're inform'd, that your *Maidſtone*-Grand Jury,
A moſt Monſtrous Petition has pen'd in a fury,
We are Strangely ſurpriz'd at the News, we'll aſſure ye.
Unleſs both our Reading and Memory fails,
Old *Kent* has been fam'd, not for *Heads*, but for *Tails*.
Not to make on your Intellects any Reflection,
The *Senate* needs none of the *Kentiſh* Direction,
To prevent foreign Inſults, and home Inſurrection,
Without your Intruding and ſage Interpoſing,
And thruſting where no Body calls you, your Noſe in,
Our *Commons* will ſteer the Great Boat of themſelves,
And ſave it from daſhing on Rocks or on Shelves:
They'll provide for our *Tarrs*, and ſettle the Nation:
Then let each Private Man be content in his Station.

We

We therefore adviſe you to lead ſober Lives,
To look after your Orchards, and comfort your Wives.
To Gibbets and Gallows your Owlers advance,
That, that's the ſure way to Mortifie *France*:
For *Monſieur* our Nation will always be Gulling,
While you take ſuch care to ſupply him with Woollen.
And if your Allegiance to *Ceſar*'s ſo great,
All ſmugling and ſtealing of Cuſtoms defeat,
Or elſe all your Loyalty's nought but a Cheat.
Above all, let each *Long-Tail* his Talent employ,
On his Spouſe's ſoft Anvil to get ſuch a Boy
As will equal in Vigour the fam'd *William Joy*.
Then in Peace you may eat both your Boil'd and your Roaſt,
And the *French* will be Damn'd e'er they Land on your Coaſt.

Signed by the Mayor, Aldermen, and the Common-council, all the Inhabitants, both Men, Women and Children, that could make their Marks, at the Quarter-Seſſions, holden at Gotham, *in* Comitatu Eſſex, *the 12th of May*, 1701.

To a Lady, whom he refus'd to Marry, becauſe he lov'd her.

MArriage! the greateſt Cheat that Prieſthood e'er contriv'd,
The ſanctify'd Intriegue, by which poor Man's decoy'd,

That

That damn'd Reſtraint to Pleaſure and delight,
Th' unlawful Curber of the Appetite.
Curſt be the Sot who firſt the Chains put on,
That added to the fall, and made us twice undone.
The Sex that liv'd before in a free Common ſtate,
Or Golden Age, ne'r knew this Pious Cheat;
Then Love was unadult'rate and true;
Then we did unconfin'd Amours purſue,
If by his Flame the Shepherd was inſpir'd,
On no coy Trifles, the kind Nymph retir'd;
The officions Trees pimpt for the honeſt Trade,
And form'd a very kind and welcome Shade.
Then like the Bord'ring Fields, was Womankind,
By no Land-marks, or unjuſt Bounds confin'd.
'Tis true, if that, by my ill Stars inclin'd,
So great a Treſpaſs I ſhou'd e'er Commit,
Your Charms alone would change my mind,
And tempt me to the Sin, tho' Mighty 'tis and Great:
For you'd with vigorous Beauty ſtill incite,
The paul'd and weary'd Appetite.
And what's a Mortal Sin with any other She,
To do with you, a Venial Fault won'd be.

Jo. Haines's *Reformation-Prologue, dreſt as a deep Mourner.*

THus *Cloath*'d with *ſhame*, which is one ſtep to *Grace*,
Excuſe the modeſt *Bluſh* now ſpoils my *Face*;

For

For, after Two Years *Excommunication*
For heinous Sins againſt this *Congregation*,
I'm now to plead my thorow *Reformation*.
Know then, that weary grown of the thin Fare
Of living by my *Wits*, that's by the *Air*;
Altho' kind *Patrons*———
" Into your Bumpers I have oft been plunging,
" And *top'd* as if a Patent I 'ad for *Spunging*;
" But to proceed in't ſtill, my *Conſcience* ſtains,
" *Conſcience*, the Darling Miſtreſs of *Jo Hains*.
" Wherefore, tho' late, now finding like a Novice,
" *Players* (like *Wits*) are Fools, when out of Office:
And ſeeing Nocturnal Friends drop off ſo faſt,
Like *Limerick*, I'm compell'd to yield at laſt.
But oh! the Terms of my Capitulation
Would make the hardeſt heart feel ſoft *Compaſſion*:
I muſt not *Drink*, nor taſte *Life*'s common *Joys*,
For fear of ſpoyling my *melodious Voice*;
No more at *Midnight* viſit dear *James Long*,
Who has the beſt *Navarre* e'er tipt o'er Tongue;
It has all good Qualities,———
A Conceal'd Body, Freſh, Mellow, and Fine,
'Tis all Sincerity, a *Silken Wine*;
It Charms the *Taſte*, and Gratifies the *Noſe*,
* Adieu my Dear, Dear *Paradiſe*, the *Roſe*,
Where I the Muſick now muſt hear no more,
Of † *A Bottle of* Sebaſtian *in the Sun, ſcore.*
Nor whilſt God *Bacchus* is our Cheeks Adorning,
‖ *Paſt Three a Clock, and a Dark Cloudy Morning.*

* *Weeping.* † *Spoke like a Drawer.* ‖ *Like a Watchman.*

Nor

Nor make the laſt excuſe for longer ſtay,
‖ *More Wine, ye Dog, it's not yet break o' Day.*
Now, now, your new *Regenerated Player,*
Morning and Evening, will trudge to *Prayer*:
And flye all *Play-Houſe* Plots that are a'brewing,
That National Sin (*Sedition*) was my ruine.
Adieu *Will*'s Coffee-Houſe too, *Beaus, Captains, Wits,*
Who have been ſo very kind to me by *fits.*
Farewell, I now muſt herd with ſober *Cits.*
Where I may ſpeak my Mind, and fear no ſnub,
With Friends will lend, as well as pay a *Club.*
What tho' they ne'r broke *Jeſt* or *Pate* at *Locket's?*
They've *Senſe* enuff, for all that, in their *Pockets.*
I do but think, leading this *Virtuous* Life,
What a *Comfort* I ſhall be to my poor *Wife!*
At Home by Ten a Clock, in Bed by Eleven,
Where I will make my former Scores all even.
"This being decreed, I've nothing more to do,
"But fix my ſelf a Rent-charge now on you,
Humbly beſeeching———
"That I, like *Pariſh Brat,* Forlorn, and Poor,
"That's lay'd for want, at the next *Rich-Man's* Door;
"Swath'd in ill luck, the Charity may get,
"Of you the Great *Church-Wardens* of the *Pit.*
Then tho' my *Voice* ſhould *fail,* as that will hap in,
I'm ſure you'll gueſs my meaning by my *gaping.*

‖ *As one Drunk.*

On his Friend Owen Swan, *at the* Black-Swan-Tavern, *in* Bartholomew-Lane.

MAnkind, unjuſtly *Poets Atheiſts* call,
They're *Atheiſts* who adore no *God* at all.
We Court the *Vine* whoſe all-enlivening *heat*,
Does Noble Flights and lively Thoughts create.
Bacchus, to thee we daily *Altars* raiſe,
When warm'd with *Liquid Joy*, we ſound thy Praiſe:
Nor can he be leſs than a God, whoſe *Juice*
Does every Minute ſomething great produce.
Wit's the Rich Product of the *Teeming Vine*,
Its great *Creator* is *Almighty Wine*.
And powerful Love, Arm'd with reſiſtleſs Fires,
Which Melts the Stubborn Soul to ſoft deſires,
Then, *Owen*, ſince the God of *Wine* has made
Thee *Steward* of the gay *Carouſing Trade*,
Whoſe *Art* decaying Nature ſtill *ſupplies*,
Warms the faint Pulſe, and Sparkles in our Eyes,
Be bountiful like him, bring t'other *Flask*,
Were the Stairs wider, we wou'd have the *Cask*.
This pow'r we from the God of Wine derive,
Draw ſuch as this, and I pronounce thou'lt *Live*.

Table-Talk.

NEW Maxims of State, like new *Noſtrums* in Phyſick, take for a while, and then are laid aſide. What Miracles, about two Years ago, were wrought by *Cows Piſs* and the *Cold Bath!*

All Men of all Profeſſions pretend a Concern for the Publick. The Subſcribers erected the *Diſpenſary*, that the Apothecaries might not cheat the Publick.

A Lawyer, like a Soldier of Fortune, never troubles his Head with the Juſtice of the Cauſe he is engaged in.

A Man that marries a Whore may be ſaid to rob the Publick.

How happy would the World have been, ſome have ſaid, if there had been *no Women!* But, ſay I, how would it have lived without them?

Horſecourſers and *Matchmakers* make no Conſcience of Cheating.

The Vows of a *Lover* eager to enjoy, and the Virtuous Reſolutions of a *Sick-Man*, are equally vain.

A bad *Face* and a fine *Body*, are like a *Parſon* that preaches well and lives ill.

A *Patriot* is a dexterous *Hypocrite*, that always pretends the Public, in order to promote his own Private Advantage.

Every Church ſets up for the *Beſt* and *Honeſteſt*.

The *Pope* ſucceeded St. *Peter*, as Dr. *Gibbons* got all his Practice by taking Dr. *Lower*'s Houſe.

When a *Poet* is new rigg'd, *Oh! he has got the laſt New Play on his Back.* Why may not the ſame be retorted of a Country 'Squire?

A *Patriot* is generally made by a *Picque* at Court.

Every one pretends a Concern for the People.

When a Man is hunted down at *Court*, he takes Sanctuary in the *Country Faction.*

Nothing is ſo Imperious as a *Fellow of a College* upon his own Dunghil; Nothing ſo deſpicable abroad.

A *New Convert* to the Government, to be ſuſpected.

After all the Noiſe that has been made of the *Jacobites*, the Government has little to fear from profeſs'd Adverſaries: Thoſe that take the *Oaths*, and keep their old Principles, are the Men that do Miſchief.

A Man that gets a great Eſtate out of a little Poſt, is like a Man that grows fat upon Matrimony.

Great Bodies of Men are ſubject to all the Infirmities of particular Perſons.

It is a Jeſt, to think thoſe that have Power will not take care to ſupport themſelves againſt all that attack 'em.

I have often laugh'd at ſome, that call *Aſſemblies* Divine Things: Don't two or three Men always govern them?

Every Man impatient to ſhew his Parts: *Durfey* much importun'd to ſing, refus'd. Another Gentleman trump'd up a Learned Diſcourſe, he then ſung without asking.

How

How apt are we to flatter our ſelves, and overlook our own Infirmities. A *Drunkard* thanks God he has no Sacrilege to anſwer for.

The Author of *The whole Duty of Man* conceal'd; perhaps *Vanity* in that.

A Woman that tells you ſhe'll *cry out*, and a Man that threatens to *cut your Throat*, will both be worſe than their Words.

A *Proteſtant* wonders how it is poſſible for a Man to be ſuch a Sot, to believe all the Stuff of *Popery*. A *Papiſt* wonders how any Man in his Senſes can diſſent from his Church.

Some *Authors*, rather than not flatter, will commend a Man for what he ought to be blam'd, A young *Gentleman* of the *Temple* ran away from his *Wife*, and drubb'd his Father-in-law: A *Poet* now living commended him for it in an Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Moſt Authors draw themſelves, or introduce what they like beſt: Thus *Harry Higden* brings in a great deal of *Eating* in his *Comedy*.

When a *State Pimp* has done all he can do, the Government that employ'd him ought to deifie him. King *Charles* II. compar'd old *Hobbs* to a *Bear*.

What ſignifies it, whether one is choſen by his Tenants, that dare not refuſe him, or comes in by Bribery?

A Blot, as they ſay, *is no Blot till 'tis hit*; otherwiſe I much fear me, that more than a brace of Members had been ſent to the *Tower*.

Vanity ſtronger than a *Woman*'s *Luſt*: If a *Lord* were ſtronger than a *Porter*, a *Woman* would be in the right on't.

If a Man and a Woman come together into an Inn, a true Inn-keeper, rather than foul two pair of Sheets, will take it for granted that they are *Man* and *Wife*.

A *City-Politician* is the buſieſt, ſillieſt Coxcomb in the Univerſe; what a clutter he makes about the Election of a *Sheriff*, or a *Mayor*, as if the Fate of the Kingdom depended on it.

The Society of *Reformers*, I am afraid, has made no mighty Progreſs in the Extirpation of *Vice*; they have only beat it out of one part of the Town, to make it ſettle in another.

Some *Scriblers* have got a trick of anſwering *Books*, right or wrong, if they have but made a Noiſe in the World; nay, ſome have anſwer'd Books they never ſaw; King *William* and Queen *Mary Conquerors*.

A *City Captain*, on a Muſtering Day, ten times more noiſie than one that has been in all the Actions in *Flanders*.

Over-jealous Husbands and People miſtruſt themſelves into Cuckoldom and Slavery.

It was obſerv'd, that when the Apothecaries were ſolliciting for their Bill that excuſed them from *Pariſh-Offices*, that the Weekly Bills decreaſed conſiderably.

The World calls *Avarice* a *ſordid*, I ſay it is an *aſpiring* Vice; it makes a Lord ſtoop ſo low as to play with a Footman.

Adverſity makes a Man humble: *Ceraſus* the Admiral, how meek he is, now he lies under the Diſpleaſure of the Houſe?

To make a Man out of love with Soldiery, let him ſee the Train-bands exerciſe.

A Phyſician, ſays a late Author, is a grave formal Animal, who picks our Pockets by talking unintelligible ſtuff in a Sick-man's Chamber, till Nature *cures*, or Medicines *kill* him.

A Gentleman, in a Coffee-houſe, was preaching up the great Wiſdom of Beaſts; *Come Sir*, ſays a Captain, cocking his Hat, *you're out in your Argument; there's that nonſenſical Creature*

called

called the Bever *bites off his Stones, to compound with the Hunters.* What Man alive would be such a Sot as to do so? For my part, I never wear a Bever Hat for that reason; I would not profane my Head with one.

What the Devil should make a Man rally others for the Imperfections he has himself? I hate that Puppy, says *Cleontes*, that goes open-breasted; 'tis but a Half-shirt.

To be concerned for a Family, for Children, and things after us, is only proper to Man; a Horse never breaks his Repose for thinking whether his Son will be preferred to the Cart or Coach.

Men reward the Professions that incommode them, as *Lawyers*, &c. and give no Encouragement to those that divert them; the reason of it is *Fear*: Man fears to be *damned*, therefore bribes the *Parson*; he fears to be *sick*, therefore keeps fair with the *Physician*; he fears to be rookt out of his Estate, therefore bribes the *Lawyer*.

An unskilful Author sometimes, when he pretends to set off a Man, really lessens him. Thus the City Bard, in *King Arthur*, forgets the *Physician*, and makes a *Chirurgeon* of his Friend *Gibonius*, and makes him heal a Wound.

Nothing certainly can be so insupportable as a *Coquette*; *Æmilia* had four Lovers at once, and encouraged all; she made one of them write a Love-Letter for her self to his Rival.

Among the Misfortunes we struggle with, it is one Comfort to us, that all the World laughs at one another; the *Cit* at the *Beau*, the *Courtier* at the *Country Squire*, and *Vice versa*.

One that has advanced his Fortune out of nothing, is sure to be plagu'd with his Relations; for this reason a certain Favourite in *France* us'd

to envy *Methulah*, becauſe he outliv'd them all.

N—— was bred to the Law, and had nothing to live by but that, yet he who ſaid he was no Lawyer diſpleaſed him not; but to find fault with Poetry was an eternal Affront.

All Governments in the World will take care to give the beſt outſide to their Affairs: In the late War, our *Gazettes* never mention'd the loſs of the *Eaſt-India* Ships, but took care to mention the taking a French Privateer of two Guns.

If a Man begins a thing, let him go through ſtitch with it: A *Chymiſt* in *Fullers-Rents* put out a Quack-Bill; for this, abandoned by his former Cuſtomers, did not continue it, and loſt his Mob-friends ——— ——— ſo ſtarv'd.

A Man that ſeldom has Money takes care to ſhew it in all Companies when he has it, and pays his Reckoning before it is called for: We care not how deep we go when we are upon the Tick; when we pay Ready Money we are more frugal.

If we muſt have *Enthuſiaſm*, give it me in Perfection; this makes me love the *Quakers*, and made me ſee the downfal of the *Philadelphians*; *Mediocritus eſſe non licent* holds good, as well in a New Religion as a New Poem.

From *Raggs* and *Beggary*, to leap into a great Eſtate, as it's pleaſant, ſo it's troubleſome; thus, Sir *J* ——— *Ed* ——— is as uneaſy in his *New* Fortune; as a Harlot in a New Pair of Stays.

Every Thing, they pretend, has been ſo exhauſted, that it's *impoſſible* to find any Thing *New*; but this is a miſtake.

Since the late *Revolution*, our *Miniſters* invented a *New Syſteme* of Politics, purely deviſed by *themſelves*, never practiſed before in any part

part of the World, and we hope will never be practis'd again.

Our *Divines* have invented New Meaſures of Allegiance, and New ſalvo's for ſwearing; Our *Projectors* New Lotteries; The *Ladys* New ſort of *Tea*; The *Vintners* New Names for Old *Stum*; The *Phyſicians* and *Soldiers*, New methods of *Murder*.

The Streights of *Magellan*, may afford New Diſcoveries, but *Religion* hardly any; The *Old* and *New Teſtament* have been ſo *unmercifully* beaten up by Poachers of all Countrys, that one can no more expect to ſtart any *freſh Game* there, than a Tub of good Ale at a Country Bowling-green, after the *Juſtices* have paid it a *Viſit*.

The Condition of a *Married-Man*, different from that of a Free; What one loſes in the Day, he gets in the *Night*; What the other gets in the Day, he loſes in the Night.

Vice paſſes ſafely under the Diſguiſe of *Devotion*; as during the late War, *French* Wine, under another Name, eſcaped the *Cuſtom-Houſe*.

There is more Fatigue and Trouble in a *Lazy*, than in the moſt *Laborious* Life; Who would not rather drive a *Wheel-barrow*, with Nuts about the Street, or cry *Brooms*, than be *Arſennus*.

Montagne, in his Book of Expence, put down, *Item*, for my *Idleneſs*, a Thouſand Pound.

Tho' we have ſo many *Cartloads* of *Prolemic* Writers, yet the World has not been much improv'd in *Knowledge* by them; When the learn'd *Iſſaac Cauſabon* was ſhown the *Sorbone*, ſays the Perſon who introduced him, There has been *Diſputations* kept here theſe Four Hundred

dred Years; But, replys *Causabon*, What have they *decided* all this while?

'Tis reckon'd a great part of *Learning to know the Names* of Things; We have some *Vituosoes*, that can nicely distinguish the minutest *Mosses*, yet know nothing of their *Vertue* and *Efficacy*, which is just all one, as if a *Foreigner* should come to *London*, and get all the *Signs* of *Cheapside*, and *Cornhill*, and not trouble himself to know any thing of the *Government* of the City.

A *broken Shopkeeper* ends in an *Exciseman*; a decayed *Gentleman*, in a *Justice of the Peace*.

The Condition of a *Slave* is infinitely better than that of a *Harlot*; yet because she now and then sups with a Lord at the *Rose*, keeps a Maid she never gives Wages to; lies in *fine Lodgings*, she never *pays* for; thinks her self a *happy Creature*.

What I have written will be of Advantage to *Posterity*; which if it happen, it will be (says Dr. *Leigh*, in his *Epistle Dedicatory*) a mighty satisfaction to *your Humble Servant*.

If we may gues at the *Morals* of any *Age*, by their *Plays*, the last was worse than this, Witness *Gammar Gurtons Needle*.

'Tis Hard to part with an *ill Custom*: *A*—— wou'd rather keep his Palsie, than leave *Tobacco*.

A *Pindarick Muse*, is a Muse without her Stays on.

A *Little* Learning makes some Men *Vain*; a *great deal* renders a *Wise* Man *Modest*.

He that puts on a *Clean Shirt* but *once* a Quarter, opens his Breast when it is so.

True Learning makes a Man *Humble*, *Diffident*, and *Modest*.

A

A *Wise Man* will answer an Objection before it's made. *Trebatius*, whenever he met a *Creditor*, never gave him leave to *Dun* him *first*, but was sure to anticipate him. *Well, Faith, honest Friend*, says he, *I am to blame, but thou shalt have thy Money next Week.*

Vanity makes a Man do as many publick Things, as a principle of *Virtue*. *Cavendish Wooden.*

There is not such a *Vast difference* between Peoples Parts, as the World imagines.

A Man is never *ruined* by *Dullness*.

This World, at last, shall be burnt for a *Witch*, says a *Presbyterian Parson* that Preaches near *Russel-Court*; the same said, That *Cæsar* was stabb'd with Bodkins, to prove that *little* Sins may *damn* a Man, as soon as *great*.

The Society for the promoting the *Reformation of Manners*, What have they done after all the *Noise*, and *Sermons*, and the Thanks of those Worshipful Tools, the *Grand-Jury* of *Middlesex*: They have forc'd a few poor Whores to shift their Quarters.

Scotch-men are zealous for their Country, *&c.* angry to hear it exposed; their Poverty is the Reason of it.

Men are affected with any Loss, according to their different *Genius*, and *Temper*; When a Country Fellow t'other Day, was told, that the *Dutch* had laid a great part of their Country under Water, he was only concern'd at the Loss of so much *Hay*.

Half the World bullied by Captain *Dawson*; and Captain *Dawson* bullied by *Half* the World.

A certain Man admired the Wise *Institution* of the *Sabbath*; The very breaking of it keeps half the *Villages* about *London*.

Theophi-

Theophilus values himſelf upon having done *little* miſchief in his time, when it lay ſo often in his power to do it; this was not owing to any principle of Honour, but to his *Lazineſs*, and want of *Activity*.

I am ſure you are a Man of Merit, ſays *Phylautus* to *Alcibiades*, becauſe *you have been ſo often put by Preferment*. By my Faith, 'tis my own Caſe.

Modeſty has made as many Young Women Whores, as downright *Luſt*; Many have not had the *Impudence* to deny.

A true Court *Sychophant* will flatter a Prince, even to his own, or his *Families Failings*; thus, tho' *Adolphus* the ſecond was an unfortunate Prince of the Houſe of *Naſſau*, How often has *King William* been flatter'd and complimented upon him?

A Comi-

A Comical

VIEW

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS

That will happen in the

Cities of *London* & *Weſtminſter*.

Together with the

Merry Quack:

Wherein PHYSICK is Rectified for both *Beaux* and *Ladies*.

Continued Weekly.

From *Octob.* 16. to *Octob.* 22.

Gentlemen,

WHereas *the Town has been banter'd near two Months with a ſham-account of the Weather, pretended to be taken from* Barometers, Thermometers, Microſcopes, Teleſcopes, *and ſuch-like Heatheniſh Inſtruments, by which means ſe-*

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veral of Her Majesties good Subjects have put on their Frize Coats, expecting it should rain, when it has been fair; and wore their best Clothes, thinking it would be fair, when it has rain'd, to the no little detriment and prejudice of their aforesaid Clothes and Persons: And likewise, whereas the Planets that have regulated the Almanacks for about two thousand Years, have been most wickedly slandered by a late Author, as if they had no influence at all upon the Weather, the Publisher of this Paper has been perswaded by his Friends to print these his infallible Predictions, gathered from the Experience of thirty Years and upwards; and will warrant them to be true, tho' he never travelled abroad, nor pretends to be the Seventh Son of a Seventh Son, nor calls himself the Unborn Doctor, nor has the Seed of the Female Fern, the Green and Red Dragon, or any of the like Secrets.

Wednesday 16. CLoudy foggy Weather at *Garraway*'s and *Jonathan*'s, and at most Coffee-houses, at and about Twelve. Crowds of People gather at the *Exchange* by One, disperse by Three. Afternoon noisie and bloody at her Majesties Bear-garden in *Hockley-in-the-hole*. Night sober with broken Captains and others, that have neither Credit nor Money. If rainy, few Nightwalkers in *Cheapside* and *Fleet-street*. This Weeks Transactions censured by the Virtuosoes at *Child*'s from Morning till Night.

Thursday 17.] Coffee and Watergruel to be had at the *Rainbow* and *Nando*'s at Four. Hot Furmety at *Fleet-bridge* by Seven. Justice to be had at *Doctors Commons* when People can get it. A Lecture at *Pinners-hall* at Ten. Excellent Pease-potage and Tripe in *Baldwins-gardens* at Twelve. At Night much Fornication all over *Covent-garden*, and five miles round it. A Constable

ſtable and two Watchmen killed, or near being ſo, in *Weſtminſter*; whether by a Lord or a Lords Footman, the Planets don't determine.

Friday 18.] Plenty of Cuckolds trudging from all parts of the City towards *Horn-Fair* by Eight. Damſels whipt for their good Nature at *Bridewell* about Ten. Several People put in fear of their Lives by their Godfathers at the *Old-baily* at Eleven. Great deſtruction of Herrings at One. Much Swearing at Three among the Horſe-courſers in *Smithfield*; if the Oaths were regiſtred as well as the Horſes, good Lord, what a Volume 'twould make! Several Tails turned up at *Pauls* School, *Merchant-Taylors*, &c. for their Repetitions. Night very drunk, as the two former.

Saturday 19.] Twenty Butchers Wives in *Leaden-hall* and *Newgate* Markets overtaken with Sherry and Sugar by Eight in the morning. Shopkeepers walk out at Nine, to count the Trees in *Moor-fields*, and avoid Duns. Peoples Houſes cleanſed in the Afternoon, but their Conſciences we don't know when. *Jews* fornicate away the Sabbath in *Drury-lane* and *Wild-ſtreet*. Evening pretty ſober.

Sunday 20.] Great jangling of Bells all over the City from Eight to Nine. Pſalms murder'd in moſt Pariſhes about Ten. Abundance of Doctrines and Uſes in the Meetings, and no Application. Vaſt conſumption of Roaſt-Beef and Pudding at One. Afternoon ſleepy in moſt Churches. Store of Handkerchiefs ſtolen in *Pauls* at Three. Informers buſie all day long. Night not ſo ſober as might be wiſht.

Monday 21.] Whores turned out of the *Temple*, *Grays-Inn*, &c. by Six. Catchpoles up early to ſeize their Prey againſt the firſt Day of the Term. Journeymen Taylors, Shoemakers and

and Prentices Heads ake with what they had been doing the day before. Tradeſmen begin the Week with Cheating as ſoon as they open Shop. If fair, the Park full of Women at Noon, ſome virtuous, and ſome otherwiſe. Great ſhaking of the Elbow at *Will*'s, &c. about Ten. Two Porters fall out at Putt in a Cellar in the *Strand* at Twelve preciſely.

Tueſday 22.] Wind, whether E. W. N. or S. no matter, but in one corner or other of the Compaſs moſt certain: If high, the Beaux adviſed to be merciful to their long Periwigs. Muſlins and Pepper riſe at the *Eaſt-India* Houſe at Twelve. Calicoes fall before Two. Coach'd Maſques calling at the Chocolate-houſes between Eight and Nine. Baſtards begot, and Cuckolds made this Week numberleſs.

Advertiſement to Ladies.

Women, whether with Child, or no? Children, whether Male or Female? Young Maidens, whether they will have their Sweethearts, or no? and Lovers, whether Able and Conſtant? The Critical Minute of the Day to marry in. What is the beſt Hour for Procreation. Husbands, whether live long or no? The ſecond Match, whether happy or unhappy? What part of the Town beſt for a Sempſtreſs to thrive in? What the moſt fortunate Signs for a Shopkeeper, and under what Planet to Set up? With other like Queſtions, fully and ſatisfactorily Reſolved by me Sylveſter Partridge, *Student in Phyſick and Aſtrology, near the* Gun *in* Moor-fields.

From

From *Octob.* 22. to *Octob.* 29.

Gentlemen,

I Am glad that my laſt Weeks Predictions were ſo lucky as to pleaſe you, and for that Reaſon am encouraged to proceed. Did the Town require it of me, I could much enlarge my Predictions, and foretel what will happen in foreign Countries, as well as what will fall out in London: *As for inſtance, I could tell you, That the Czar of* Muſcovy *is going to make Hemp dear in the* North: *That the King of* Spain *is like to raiſe the price of Iron in the* South: *That Bullets fly as thick as Hail in* Livonia, *and Bribes in the Conclave: That his* Poliſh *Majeſty is as ſick of* Riga *as the* Scots *were of* Darien; *with other matters of the like importance, which I ſhall omit at preſent, and come to things that concern us nearer. But before I proceed to them, I have a Word or two to ſay for my ſelf: Some Perſons that are in the* Barometer *Intereſt have found fault with my laſt Paper, becauſe I foretold turning up Tails at* Pauls *and* Merchant-Taylors *laſt Friday; whereas nothing of that hapned: To which I anſwer, That if a certain Apoſtle had not interpoſed to give the Boys a Holiday, my Prediction had been true; and I will lay any of thoſe Gentlemen a Hundred Pounds to a Penny, that it proves ſo moſt Fridays in the Year.*

Wedneſday 23. LOng Vacation departed this mortal Life, to the great joy of all the Sons of Parchment, laſt Night at Twelve, and died not worth a Groat. Morning opens with a furious Hurricane, call'd *Michaelmas*-Term, that will blow and bluſter in the Weſt till the twenty Eighth of the next Month, and a Week after. Clients knock up their Council by Six. Conſtables hurrying down to *Weſt-*

minſter at Nine, to ſee that the Law ſhall not run out of the Hall. A dozen Country-Attornies Breakfaſt in Hell by Eleven. Weather Stormy and Tempeſtuous at the Bar all Day long. Night Calm at the Tavern.

Thurſday 24.] Wind ſtill continues to blow in the Weſtern Quarter. Four thrifty Barriſters crowd into a Skull about Nine, and ſcore their Clients a Coach for it. Six Couple Pair'd at *Dukes-Place* near Ten, repent next Morning. The Death of the King of *Spain*, and a new War concluded upon, by the Half-pay Officers at the Parade, near Eleven. Stock-jobbers buſie at *Jonathan*'s from Twelve till Three. Much Ratling of the Frail Dye at *Young Man*'s among the Disbanded Captains, and little loſt. Juries ſwallow their Claret in the Afternoon as glibly at the Bell in *Weſtminſter*, as their Oaths in the Morning; Get Drunk by Eight: *Book Beſs*, and *Betty S—ds* Mutiny at the Corner-Chocolate-Houſe in *Bridges-ſtreet*, about two Penny Glaſſes of Uſquebaugh at Nine.

Friday 25.] The Goddeſs of Scolding, up by Five in the Morning at *Billingſgate*; from thence removes to the *Temple-ſtairs* at Seven, takes a pair of Oars at Nine to *Weſtminſter*, ſtays there till all her Black Guard are diſperſed and gone. Mr. Ordinary viſits his melancholy Flock at *Newgate* by Eight. Doleful Proceſſion up *Holborn-hill* about Eleven. Men handſome and proper, that were never thought ſo before, which is ſome Comfort however. Arrive at the fatal Place at Twelve. Burnt Brandy, Women, and Sabbath-breaking repented of. Some few Penitential Drops fall under the Gallows. Sheriff's Men, Parſon, Pick-pockets,, Criminals, all very buſie. The laſt concluding peremptory Pſalm ſtruck up. Show over by One. French-Men

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bit in *Smithfield* by the Horſe-courſers at Three. Shoe-makers at Night drunk all over the Kingdom, in Honour of Prince *Criſpin*.

Saturday 26.] Landreſſes bring the young Barriſters their Linnen home, and take up their own to ſhew their Reſpect to the Law. Citizens poſt to their Country-Houſes, and leave their Prentices to comfort their Wives. Shoals of Country-Puts come to Town about Five, with their Pockets will cramm'd; but that Cormorant, call'd *Equity*, will ſoon clear them. Barbers, Butchers, and Milliners up till Midnight, and all for the Benefit of the Sabbath.

Sunday 27.] Taylors curs'd for not bringing the fine Cloaths home at the promis'd Hour. Great Ogling at *Covent-Garden* Church and other Places, from Ten to Twelve. A She-Quaker holds forth in her Stays in *Grace-Church-ſtreet*, to the great cramping of the Spirit. Miniſters Preach againſt Sins, but the People ſtill Practice it, and are like to do to the end of the Chapter.

Monday 28.] City-Poet inſtructing his Gods and Goddeſſes all the Morning, how to behave themſelves in a Pageant, and welcome my Lord-Mayor. Cooks buſie in raiſing Pye-cruſt Fortifications, which the Heroes of *Cheap-ſide* will ſtorm moſt manfully next Day. Old *Eaſt-India* Company look as ſcornfully upon Bank-bills, as the Lawyers in *Weſtminſter-hall* do upon *Forma Pauperis*. But this is no News.

Tueſday 29.] Windows in *Cheap-ſide* ſtuck with more Faces at Ten, than the Balconies with Candles on an Illumination-Night. Wicked havock of Neats-Tongues and Hamms in the Barges about Eleven. Artillery-Men march by two and two, burleſqued in Buff and Bandileers: Need not wear Head-pieces, their Wives having fortified that part to their Hands. The Vintners and

Brewers, the Butchers and Apothecaries juſtle about Precedence: 'Tis pity they are not incorporated. The Ladies pelted with dead Cats, inſtead of Squibs, from Twelve to Three. Mob tumultuous: Boys ſtarting to ſee that, which, as the Old Woman ſaid, they muſt all come to one Day. No quarter given to Cuſtard at *Guild-hall*. Night moiſt and wet within the City-Walls.

Advertiſement to Ladies.

THE beſt time to Cut Hair. How Moles and Dreams to be Interpreted. When moſt proper to Bleed. Under what Aſpect of the Moon, beſt to draw Teeth, and cut Corns. Pairing of Nails, on what Days unlucky. What the kindeſt Sign to graft or inoculate in; to open Bee-hives, and kill Swine. How to get Twins. And how many Hours boiling my Lady Kent's *Pudding requires: With other notable Queſtions, fully and faithfully Reſolved, by me* Silveſter Partridge, *Student in Phyſick and Aſtrology, near the Gun in* Moor-fields.

Of whom likewiſe may be had, at reaſonable Rates, Truſſes, Antidotes, Elixirs, Lovepowders, Waſhes for Freckles, Plumpers, Glaſs-Eyes, Falſe Calves and Noſes, Ivory Jaws, Stiptic Drops to Contract the Parts. A new Receipt to turn Red Hair into Black: As likewiſe, the Famous Annulus Anni-cornutus, *or a Ring to prevent Cuckoldom, very uſeful for all married Perſons: 'Tis a Hair Ring, of a bright beautiful Red within, and is of that wonderful Efficacy and Vertue, that ſo long as a Man keeps it on his Finger, he may defie all the Devils in Hell, nay, what's more, the Wife of his Boſom to Cuckold him, tho' ſhe has never ſo great a Mind to it.*

Wed-

Wedneſday 30.] TRadeſmen flock in their Morning-gowns to the Purl-Houſes by Seven, to cool their Plucks which they had over-heated in my Lord-Mayor's Service the Night before. A mighty Buſtle in the Halls about ſtraggl'd Plates and Diſhes, and Bottles miſſing. Sollicitors and Clerks bawling out for Pudding at the Spread-Eagle about Twelve. Air infected with Perjury and Knavery in *Weſtminſter*, and ſo like to continue moſt part of the next Month. The noble and ancient Recreation of Round-Robin, Hey-Jnks, and Whipping the Snake, in great Requeſt with the merry Sailors in *Wapping*. A Country Client pick'd up by a *Fleet-ſtreet*-Strowler at Nine; what between the Whore, and his Lawyer, eas'd of all his Ready before he gets to Bed. This comes of Whoring, and going to Law!

Thurſay 31.] Barriſters troop down to *Weſtminſter* at Nine; cheapen Cravats, and Handkerchiefs, Ogle the Semſtreſſes, take a whet at the *Dog*, or a Slice of Roaſt-beef at *Heaven*, fetch half a dozen Turns in the Hall, peep in at the Common-Pleas, talk over the News, and ſo with their Green Bags, that have as little in them as their Noddles, go home again. Summon'd by penſive Sound of Horn to rotten-roaſted Mutton at Twelve: Leave a Paper in their Doors, to ſtudy Preſidents and Caſes for them all the Afternoon: may be heard of at the Devil, or ſome neighbouring Tavern till One in the Morning. Theſe are all the Motions, as far as I can judge by the Stars, that they are like to make this Term.

Friday 1.] Great Preparations at the Bear-garden all the Morning, for the noble Tryal of Skill that is to be play'd in the Afternoon. Seats

fill'd and crowded by Two: Drums beat, Dogs yelp, Butchers and Footſoldiers clatter their Sticks: At laſt the two Heroes, in their fine borrow'd *Holland* Shirts, mount the Stage about Three; Cut large Collops out of one another, to divert the Mob, and make Work for the Surgeons: Smoaking, Swearing, Drinking, Thruſting, Juſtling, Elbowing, Sweating, Kicking, Cuffing, Stinking, all the while the Company ſtays. Vizor-maſque very buſie in the Pit at Seven, in picking up a Cully, perſuaded, with much ado, to accept of a Pint at the Roſe, puts up the comfortable *George* among her Thimble, Nutmeg, and Braſs Seal, in her Pocket; diſpenſes her favours in a Chair; which the Spark is ſure to remember ſometime next Week in a Stool. Law muzzled up this, and the Day following.

Saturday 2.] Hundreds of poor *Souls* confin'd in that wicked Purgatory the *Fleet*, or *King's Bench*, and not like to be pray'd out in haſte. Woolen-drapers perſecuted by unmannerly Factors from Eight to Twelve. *Spittle-fields* Weavers hover about the Change all the Morning; return for the moſt part empty. Divines buſie in turning over St. *Auſtin* and St *Gregory*, to Retail them next Day to their People. French Proteſtants buy Bullocks-livers, Sheeps-heads, and ſtinking Beef to make *la-Soupe Royale* on *Sunday*. Commode-Women in *Pater-noſter-row* buſie with their Heads in the Daytime, and Tails in the Evening. Shopkeepers at Night, in their Counting-houſes, compute what they have Cheated all the Week, that they may go with clear Conſciences to Church next Morning. Vintners buy up Sloes in all the Markets at Eight; put them to another Uſe than their Fore-fathers ever knew of. The new Invention of making good *Bourdeaux* Wine of *Herefordſhire* Cyder, and good

Here-

Herefordſhire Cyder of *Middleſex* Turnips, practiſed every Day in their Cellars. To be fear'd that the next Generation will Debauch our very Turnips.

Sunday 3.] Beggars take up their reſpective Poſts in *Lincoln's-Inn-fields*, and other places, by Seven, that they may be able to Praiſe God in Capon and *March*-beer at Night. Pariſh-Clerks liquor their Throats plentifully at Eight, and chaunt out *Hopkins* moſt melodiouſly about Ten. Sextons, Men of great Authority moſt part of the Day, whip Dogs out of Church for being Obſtreperous. Great Thumping and Duſting of the Cuſhion at *Salters-hall* about Eleven; One wou'd almoſt think the Man was in Earneſt, he lays ſo furiouſly about him. A moſt refreſhing Smell of Garlick in *Spittle-fields* and *Sohoe*, at Twelve. Country Fellows ſtaring at the two Wooden Men at St. *Dunſtan's*, from One to Two, to ſee how notably they ſtrike the Quarters. The great Point of Predeſtination ſettled in *Ruſſel-Court* about Three; and the People go home as wiſe as they came thither. A merry Farce, called, *The Confuſion of Babel*, acted at Surly *Wat's* Coffee-houſe in the Evening, and laſts from Five till Ten. Great Squabbling, Buzzing and Prating from the Baronet's-Club, down to the noiſie Footman below. Terrible Swearing in the Kitchen for the Boy's not bringing the vile *Derby* in time. Beef call'd for at every Table, and Miſtreſs Cook moſt mightily importun'd for a Carrot.

Monday 4.] A brace of Foot-ſoldiers mount the Wooden-horſe in the Park by Eight, for prophaning the Lord's Day with building of Sconces. The Lady *Law* goes in mighty ſtate to *Weſtminſter-hall*, attended by her Godmother *Aſſurance*, and her Daughter *Prattle*, her Train

held up by *Delay* and *Poverty*. Knights of the Poſt to be had in the *Temple-Walks* from Morning till Night, for two Pots of Belch and a Six-penny Slice of boil'd Beef. Balconies ſet out with Candles at Six. A Quaker in *Cheapſide* has his Windows demoliſh'd for keeping his Light to himſelf, and grudging it his Neighbours. The Tallow-chandlers ſuch dutiful and loyal Subjects, that they don't care if there were twenty and twenty Birth-days in a Year, to help off with their Commodity.

Tueſday 5.] Bells at Four in the Morning ring the Downfal of Antichriſt. The Whore of *Babylon* moſt unmercifully pelted all the day; this it is to be an old, decay'd, batter'd Harlot! The Pope's Bulls baited in moſt Congregations about Eleven. *Bellarmin* run down, and *Suarez* confounded by Twelve. The Pope call'd abundance of hard Names, as, *Man of Sin*, *Strumpet*, and what not? *ditto*. Made the Beaſt with ten Horns; *i. e.* a worſe Beaſt by four pair of Horns than any in *Cheapſide*: *ditt*. Did he live in *London*, the Grand Jury of *Middleſex*, and our new Reformers, would certainly indict him for keeping a lewd diſorderly Houſe. Night clear, and Light in all the Proteſtant Streets. Watches, Whores, Clocks, Widows, Phyſicians, and Lawyers tell Lies every Day in the Week.

From *Nov.* 13. to *Nov.* 20.

Gentlemen,

I *Diſappointed you laſt Week, but am apt to flatter my ſelf that you'll excuſe it, when you know the Reaſon. I was ſent for into the Country, to cure a Gentleman's Lady that was troubled with a Palſie in her*

her Tongue, to that degree, that ſhe could not ſpeak one Word diſtinctly: But upon my telling her Husband, that three quarters of the Married-men in the Kingdom would give half they were worth to have their Wives in the ſame condition, and that it was much better for his own and his Spouſe's Repoſe, for her to continue as ſhe was; the Gentleman was pleas'd to take my Advice, and ſo I return'd to London. *But before I diſpatch this ſhort Introduction, give me leave to ſay a word or two in juſtification of my Paper. It has been induſtriouſly given out by ſome Gentlemen, who have no faith in the Planets, that I truſſed up the* Newgate *Priſoners a fortnight before it happen'd: I own that I was out as to the Day; but as to what I foretold concerning the Ceremonies of the Execution, as ſinging the laſt concluding Pſalm, picking of Pockets under the Gallows,* &c. *I dare engage that every tittle would have prov'd true, tho' the Government had hang'd thoſe ſame Fellows three hundred Years hence. Far be it from me, or any Proteſtant Aſtrologer, to ſet up for Infallibility; and 'tis well I don't, for who knows but the* Conclave *would ſend for me to make me* Pope, *in caſe I pretended it, and then, you'll ſay, the Church would be finely govern'd. But, Gentlemen, I hope I ſhall never change my Religion, tho' the King of* Poland *did ſo. If this Paper ſhould not pleaſe you as well as the preceding ones, I promiſe to make you full amends next Week, when I intend to give you a full Account of my Pills, and other Medicaments, ſo famous for curing the Diſtempers of both Sexes.*

From my Houſe in *Moorfields*, next door to the *Gun*, *Nov*, 12. Silveſter Partridge.

Wedneſ-

Wedneſday 13. HAlf-pay Officers at the Parade very uppiſh upon the Death of the King of *Spain*; ſpeak diſreſpectfully of Flip, talk of taking their leave of *Derby*-Ale, and renewing their acquaintance with Claret. A new-married Man in *Fleet-ſtreet* goes ſix times a day to drink his Porringer of Jelly-brath at the *Diapente* Coffee-houſe, but little comes on't, his Wife knows. *Curat Lex, Floreat Diſcordia*, the Motto of *Weſtminſter-hall* all this Term.

Thurſday 14.] Little News ſtirring this morning, unleſs a Review of the Foot-guards happens. *Mars* and *Venus* ſeem to foretel it, however I won't be poſitive; but if it does, what follows will moſt certainly fall out. Officers with Plume in Hat, Saſhes, and Gorget, make a magnificent appearance, wiſh the Agent at *Old Nick*, their Outſides wondrous fine, their Pockets lined within but ſo-ſo. Faggots ſummon'd in from all parts of *Weſtminſter*. Whores and Bailiffs buſie to pick up the Military Sparks ſo ſoon as the Show is over.

Friday 15.] Bandy, Nonſenſe, Noiſe, and Toco in the *Graveſend* Tiltboat about Five in the Morning. The Duke of *Anjou* depoſed from his Kingdom of *Naples* at the *Amſterdam* Coffee-houſe exactly at One. Six Welſh Attorneys Dine upon five Herrings at the *Goat* in *Chancery-lane*, quarrel at the unequal diviſion of them, and a long-winded Law-Suit upon that. The great Vertue of Pacing-ſaddles aſſerted in a Lecture in *Greſham*-Colledge at Three. Two Men kill'd behind *Montague*-houſe at Four. Tunes numberleſs murder'd in the Muſick-houſes in *Wapping* and *Moor-fields* all the Night.

Saturday 16.] Several worthy Gentlemen in party-coloured Robes, late inſtalled to the Tune of,

of, *Methinks I'ſpy a Brother*; with much Gravity in their Looks, and very much Miſchief in their Hearts, buſie in the Litigious-Hall all this Morning. A great Medley of ill Voices, and the Devil-a-jot of Harmony at the *Jews* Synagogue about Ten. A Receipt how to Dine upon good wholſome Air, to be had of Six ancient Perſons, who are to be found in *Grays-Inn*-walks every day at One. Tradeſmen ſummon'd before the Court of Conſcience for defrauding their Journy-men of their Wages. If ſuch a Court were erected to puniſh thoſe who defraud their poor Wives, the Lord have mercy on all unperforming Sinners, between *White-chappel* and *Temple-bar*.

Sunday 17.] Surgeons knocked up by Twelve-penny Cuſtomers at Seven, and hindred, as they ſay, from going to Church, but Ten to One whether they wou'd have gone thither, tho' no Body had viſited them. Dumplins, far exceeding thoſe of *Norfolk*, at the *Half-moon*, in *Cheapſide* and the *Roſe* by *Temple-bar* at Eleven. Citizens whet away their Stomachs, and judiciouſly cenſure the Sermon in moſt Taverns about Twelve; in the Strength of Roaſt-beef, and the Sunday-bottle of Claret, give their Wives a comfortable Refreſhment on the Couch about Two: beget Block-heads to continue the City-breed. A Magiſtrate with a Golden-chain about his Neck, Snores inordinately in a Conventicle at Three. Tradeſmen's Wives treat their Children at the Farthing-pye-houſes at Four. Not one Phyſician at Church except the City-bard, within the Bills of Mortality. The Bankers in *Lombard-ſtreet* want *D. Jones* to put 'em in mind of their Sins.

Monday 18.] 'Prentices Summon'd before the Chamberlain at Ten, to Anſwer for their undutiful Rebellion againſt the Cook-maid. Lozenges, Butlers, Horſe-balls, Tutors to young Noblemen,

blemen, Nephritick-ſtones, Brewers-clerks, Diapalma Plaiſters, Ladies Women, Sago, ſecond-hand Sermons, *Goa*-ſtones, and Receipts how to make a Pudding, to be had at the *Fleece* in *Grace-Church-ſtreet*, from *Monday* Morning till *Saturday* Night. Evening very Drunk with the Journeymen Shoemakers in St. *Martins*. Heads hot next Morning.

Tueſday 19.] Six Daughters of *Mercury* and *Turpentine* bilk their Lodgings in *Spring-garden*, and carry off all their Effects in a ſingle Sheet of brown Paper about Nine. Great whiſpering and nodding among the Politicians at the *George* in *Iron-monger-lane*, from One till Four. City Preferments diſpoſed off, and Lord-Mayors and Sheriffs Elected there for a Hundred Years to come. A noiſy, troubleſome, crop-ear'd Coxcomb at *B*----Coffee-houſe in *Alderſgate-ſtreet*, tires every thing but his own Lungs, with ſettling the Spaniſh Succeſſion, and contriving Matters for the Parliament, at Four. The Author of this Paper is as dull as a lawfully-begotten Citizen's eldeſt Son; but 'tis hop'd he'll mend.

The Merry Quack: *or, Phyſick rectified for the Beaux and Ladies.*

From *Nov.* 20. to *Nov.* 27.

Gentlemen,

I *Promis'd, in my laſt, to give you an account of my* Pills *and other Medicaments, ſo deſervedly famous for Curing all manner of Diſtempers, and am now as good as my Word. I confeſs it goes ſomewhat againſt the grain to diſplay my ſelf thus in Print, ſince ſo many Ignorant Quacks have made the Me-*

thod

thod infamous: And indeed nothing but my great Regard for the Publick, to which, as St. Auſtin *ſays, every honeſt Man ought to ſacrifice all private Conſiderations, could have induced me to appear in a Paper in this nature: But if a thing is to be totally laid aſide for the Abuſe of it, good-night to the Law and the Goſpel; we muſt e'en turn our* Pulpits *into* Powdering-tubs, *and* Weſtminſter-hall *into a* Meal-market. *So much by way of Introduction.*

I Have been often griev'd to ſee the noble Art of Phyſick ſo run down, deſpis'd, and invaded as it has been of late; but to ſay the truth, the Profeſſors may thank themſelves for it: They are eternally jangling and quarreling at the *College*, and perſecuting one another, while they ought to lay their Heads together and unite, to baffle thoſe undermining Enemies of Mankind call'd *Diſeaſes*. This would be an Imployment worthy their moſt ſerious Thoughts, and recommend them to the good Opinion of the World; but, as Affairs are manag'd at preſent, they don't ſo much endeavour to reſtore People to their Health, as to make a vain Oſtentation of their Learning. The firſt thing they think of is, to ſet up an *Hypotheſis*, as they call it, even before they think of ſetting up a *Coach*; and as they make all the ſhifts in the World to ſet up the latter, ſo 'tis to keep up their beloved Hypotheſis they ſtrain every *Phœnomenon* in Nature, to make it bear that way. 'Tis a melancholy, but true Obſervation, That as the number of Phyſicians has encreas'd, ſo the *Weekly Bills* have done the ſame.

Gentlemen, I was born with a natural Antipathy to all Diſeaſes whatever, as ſome People are to Cheeſe and Onions. I hate Diſeaſes, and Diſeaſes hate me; by the ſame token they fly from

from my presence, as 'twas observ'd in the last great Plague, that the Dogs by natural Instinct ran away from the City Dog-killer: Neither can I blame 'em for it, for I make it my constant business to destroy 'em Root and Branch where-ever I meet 'em. But, Gentlemen, don't misunderstand me; tho' I kill the Disease, I do the Man no harm, like Lightning that melts the Sword, and never injures the Scabbard.

To qualifie my self for this noble Profession, I never troubled my Head with reading *Hippocrates*, *Dioscorides*, *Celsus*, *Galen*, and other reverend Blockheads of Antiquity; neither did I think it worth my while to lose any time in perusing the modern Coxcombs, for so I may justly call 'em: No, Gentlemen, I went a wiser way to work; instead of turning over old musty Pagan Volumes, I have walk'd over every Mountain in *England*, *Scotland*, and *Wales*: I have enquir'd into the Nature of every Plant and Vegetable, examin'd every Moss, Grass and Flower, and by vertue of thirty Years Observation, and upwards, have forced them to confess their respective Vertues and Qualities.

Nor was this all; for ever since I have been able to write, I have kept a constant correspondence with all the knowing experienc'd Men in our Facilty from *London* to *Japan*; I don't mean those nonsensical Hobby-horses the Virtuosoes of *Holland*, *Spain*, *Italy*, and *Germany*, that value themselves so much upon their Philosophy, and the Lord knows what unintelligible stuff: I only concern'd my self with Men that read the great *Folio* of Nature, and instructed themselves out of that. I have maintain'd a Monthly Commerce these twenty Years with the famous *Demetrius Basilowiski*, Physician to the present Czar of *Muscovy*, with the Industrious *Ibrahim Ali-*

Alibanali, who ſerves the Grand Seignior in the ſame Capacity, with the Courteous *Achmet Ben Iſhmael*, Doctor to the *Sophi* of *Perſia*, with the Inquiſitive *Ibin Haſna Muladezar*, who conſtantly attends the Perſon of the *Great Mogul*, and the Infallible *Kara Shu*, who reſides in the Palace of the Emperor of *China*; not to mention the Phyſicians belonging to the powerful Monarchs of *Tonquin*, *Malabar*, *Mingrelia*, *Biſnagar*, *Golgonda*, *Gurgiſtan*, *Pegu*, *Siam*, *Sumatra*, *Palemban*, and the reſt; from whoſe Obſervations, to me moſt friendly communicated, as likewiſe my own Experience, I have arrived to a greater Knowledge than any Phyſician before me, as will appear,

Firſt, By my *Pillula Intentionalis*; or, my *Intentional Pill*. I defie any Phyſician in the King's Dominions to ſhew me the like. It never Works but when the Recipient wou'd have it, and therefore is of ſingular Uſe for all Perſons who may be obliged to take Phyſick, and yet by reaſon of their Employments and Buſineſs cannot confine themſelves to their Chambers. I dare engage that a Man may take it upon a Journey, and never be incommoded by it. Laſt *Eaſter*-Term, I gave it to a *Yorkſhire* Attorney, the very Morning he went out of Town, who had no occaſion to Evacuate till he came to *Leeds*. But what is more ſurprizing, one *Ezechiel Tar*, Boatſwain to the *Sampſon*, took three of them at *Deptford*, upon *April* 16, 1699, and intended they ſhould never Work with him till he came under the *Equinoctial*, and accordingly ſo it fell out, and then he had a Stool, that any Prince in Chriſtendom would have been glad of, as he inform'd me in a Letter, dated from *Fort St.* George, *Nov.* 22. In ſhort, a Man that takes it, may Adjourn and Prorogue his Backſide, as long as he pleaſes;

and

and this, as I take it, can be ſaid of no Pill now known in Chriſtendom.

Secondly, My *Pillula Divulgatoria*, or, my *Divulgatory Pill*: The great Excellency of this Pill lies in extorting Secrets from whoever takes it, very proper conſequently for married Men in *Cheapſide*, *Cornhil*, or any part of *England*, to know how their reſpective Wives ſtand affected to them; for as 'tis no bigger than a Pin's Head, ſo if the Party dextrouſly ſlips it into a Glaſs of Ale, or Wine, or any ſuch Vehicle, and gives it his Wife, it will make her tell all the Secrets of her Heart in her Sleep; as for Inſtance, Whether ſhe has actually Cuckolded her Husband, or has only intended it; as likewiſe who is the Perſon ſhe moſt admires.

Thirdly, My *Pillula Otioſa*; or, my *Idle Pill*. This is the ſtrangeſt Pill of 'em all, for 'tis neither Diaphoretic, nor Diuretic, nor Hedrotic, nor Hypnotic, nor yet Emetic; that is to ſay, it neither operates by Stool, nor Urine, nor Sleep, nor Vomit; and yet makes a ſhift to do its Buſineſs by doing nothing at all, as ſome Lawyers do theirs, by being bribed to hold their Tongues.

Fourthly, My *Pillula Anti-Moabitica*; or, my *Anti-Moabite-pill*. A Man takes one of theſe Pills before he ſtirs out of his Lodgings, tho' he owe as much Money as the two late Sheriffs were worth, yet may go and whet his Knife ſafely and ſecurely at the Counter-gate, and the Devil of a Sergeant dares meddle with him, by reaſon of ſome wonderful *Effluviums* it ſends out of the *Thorax*: Very uſeful for breaking Tradeſmen, diſbanded Officers, and others, in the ſame Predicament. In fine, 'tis infinitely better and cheaper than a Protection from a L——d or a P——t-Man. Tho' I conſtantly keep ſixty Operators at work, yet I can hardly ſerve the Town for their

their Occaſions. I would ſay more of it, but an ancient Gentlewoman, who has Buried four Husbands, and is in hopes to Bury the fifth, ſtays for me below in the Parlour, to have her Fortune told: So Gentlemen, adieu till next *Wedneſday*.

From the Globe *and* Urinal *in* Moor-fields, *next door to the* Gun.

Yours, &c.
Silveſter Partridge.

From *Nov.* 27. to *Dec.* 3.

Gentlemen,

THE Hebrew *Language*, [*I know I ſhall be Cenſur'd for making this Oſtentation of my Learning, however I am reſolv'd to go on with my Show*; *but*] *the* Hebrew *Language*, *I ſay*, *is the moſt expreſſive ſignificant Language in the whole World, as will appear by the following Inſtances: The* Hebrew *Word for* Woman *ſignifies* Forgetfulneſs; *and I'll appeal to you, whether any thing can be more Emphatical: Don't the frequent Elopements in* Fleet-ſtreet, Cheapſide, *and all parts of the City, ſhew, that the firſt thing your Married Women* forget, *is their Marriage-Vow, and their Duty to their Huſbands? Thus likewiſe in the ſame Tongue, the ſame Phraſe expreſſes both* Death *and* Marriage. *Now, tell me, Gentlemen, is not* Marriage *the* Death *of* Love? *and does not Experience ſhew, that moſt Men had better go to their* Graves *than the* Nuptial-Bed? *They alſo uſe the ſame Word to expreſs a* Beau *and a* Butterfly; *and is not the whole Eſſence of a* Beau *expreſs'd in that of the gaudy Inſect above-mentioned? And laſtly, Gentlemen, to come to the Point I drive at, (for I would not tire you with too many Particulars) one* Hebrew *Word ſignifies both* Phyſicians *and* Dead

Men; *and indeed, as the World is managed at preſent, a Man may reckon himſelf as good as* Dead, *who goes to conſult a Doctor; So much is the noble Art of* Phyſick *debauch'd of late!*

THE two Epidemical Diſeaſes of *England* are the *Scurvy* and *Conſumption*. They were all-feigning Diſtempers of this Iſland a thouſand Years before *Julius Caſar* came to make us a Viſit; as any Man that deſires to be ſatisfied, will find by the Hiſtorians of thoſe times; and ſo they ſtill continue, notwithſtanding we have had ſo many famous Phyſicians among us. Now is it not a Shame, a moſt horrid Shame, that the moſt *Proteſtant* Lungs in the Univerſe, and thoſe which deliver the moſt *Evangelical* Truths, ſhould be invaded by this fatal Diſeaſe? and is it not a thouſand Pities, that a People who have the pureſt Souls, ſhould have the naſtieſt Bodies?

I have bluſh'd, nay, I profeſs, I have been ſcandaliz'd, when ſome Foreigners from *China*, *Biſnagur*, *Circaſſia*, *Trepizond*, and *Mingrelia*, have come to ſee me, and deſired me to carry them to our Churches in the Winter. I have been ſcanliz'd, I ſay, to hear ſuch Barking, and Wheezing, and Coughing there, when they have nothing like it in *Lapland*, *Norway*, and *Livonia*, which Countries lie ſo much more to the *Northward* than we do. Some ancient Alderman or Deputy of a Ward firſt begins the Harmony; then, like a Train of Wild-fire, it impudently runs up to the Communion-Table. After this it gets into the ſide Iſles, and then, Good Lord! there's ſuch a Noiſe, that no Body's a Farthing the better for going to Church! The Parſon he loſes all his fine Quotations out of *Gregory* and *Chryſoſtome*, which coſt him ſo many precious Hours the Saturday before; the People loſe the End of their

their coming to Church, which was to hear those Learned Quotations; the honest Clark loses a delicious Quaver upon one of *John Hopkin*'s *Ekes* and *Ayes*, being most maliciously interrupted in his Melody by a Whoreson Cough. In short, Parson, Clark and Congregation are all Losers.

Now to obviate and prevent this disgrace of our three Kingdoms, I have been thirty Years and upwards contriving my *Anti-tussient Pills*, which are compounded of those admirable Balsamic Ingredients, that, Gentlemen, the Party that takes them, may lie up to his Chin in Water for a Fortnight together, or cover himself all over in Snow, as naked as when he came first into the World, and if he Coughs forty Years after that, I am content to lose my Ears. Let any Man, that distrusts the Vertue of my *Antitussient Pills*, make the Experiment, and if, as I have said before, he Cough forty Years after that, I engage before this honourable Company, to be his Bond-slave.

And then as for the *Scurvy*, which seems to have set up her Head-quarters in *Wales* and *Scotland*, I have found out a *Pulois Mundificativus*, altho' a Man made as wretched a Figure as a patient Gentleman, who has been very much abused by a certain City Knight, did upon the Dunghill, yet in a Minute, I'll make him *Rectus in Corpore*.

But Gentlemen, my Talent is not confined only to these two Distempers: I Practice alike upon all Diseases, and with the same Success and Facility.

Show me a Fellow that has got as much Water in his *Abdomen*, as will fill the Tun of *Heidelburg*; show me, I say, such a Fellow, if you dare. I wou'd willingly ride two thousand Miles at my own Expence to see such a Sight. Now, you'll say, what will you do with him, when you have

got him? Why, before you can anſwer me what's this, I'll tap his *Abdomen*, and ſet him to rights.

Show me a *Scrotum* diſtended to the ſize of honeſt Mr. *Moxon*'s Globe upon *Atlas*'s Shoulders in *Warwick-lane*, I'll reduce it to its Priſtine State, while a *Virtuoſo* at *Child*'s is ſupping his Diſh of Coffee.

Show me a Son of *Bacchus*, who by his indefatigable lifting up his Hand to his Head, and his nocturnal Induſtry, has acquired as many Pimples in his Face, as there are Jewels in *Lombard-ſtreet*, nay, whoſe Phyz is ſo fiery and rubicund, that it wou'd put the laſt Conflagration out of Countenance: I have a Water, that in a Moment, ſhall extinguiſh all theſe *Vulcano's*, and make him look as fair as a Sinner newly come out of the Powdering-tub, or, if you pleaſe, as pale a Guinea-dropper, when he's carried before a Worſhipful Juſtice.

Show me a Man ſo pitted by the Small-pox, that his Face looks like the Map of *Switzerland*, with the Hills and Vallies in it, with my *Lympha Coſmetica*, or my *Levelling Drops*, I'll make it as even as a Bowling-green.

But what I moſt value my ſelf upon, and indeed I defie any Doctor within the Bills of Mortality (you ſee I circumſcribe them, Gentlemen, within their own Dominions) to do the like, I have ſo improv'd the ancient and laudable Art of *Ouro-manteia*, or *Ouroſcopy*, that is to ſay, of prognoſticating all future Contingents by Urine, that the like was never heard of in *Europe*. I know that ſeveral Blockheads pretend to tell a Man the preſent ſtate of his Body by ſeeing his Urine, (and what Fool by the Brath cannot make a ſhift to gueſs what Meat is in the Pot?) but I have carried my Diſquiſitions much farther: As for inſtance, Let an *Attorney* bring

bring me his Water, and I will tell him how his Client's Cauſe will go in *Weſtminſter-hall*, and whether any of his Adverſary's Witneſſes are like to perjure themſelves. Let a young *Maiden* ſhew me but a Thimble-full of her Urine, and I will reſolve her when ſhe ſhall be married, how many Children ſhe ſhall have, and what their reſpective Fortunes ſhall be. This, Gentlemen, may ſuffice at preſent, to let you ſee I can do ſomewhat more than my Brethren. Next *Wedneſday* I ſhall addreſs my ſelf to the Ladies.

From the Globe *and* Urinal *in* Moor-fields, *next door to the* Gun.

Yours, &c.
Silveſter Partridge.

From *Dec.* 3. to *Dec*, 11.

Ladies,

I *Suppoſe it will be granted me, without much difficulty, that* Beauty *is the greateſt Privilege and Bleſſing which Heaven has beſtow'd upon your Sex: Even* Virtue *it ſelf, as magnificently as ſome People love to talk of it, is inferiour to Beauty. This you'll think to be a Paradox, but 'tis eaſily demonſtrated. Is it not the Buſineſs of* Virtue *to wait upon* Beauty, *and to guard it from all rude Invaders? Now, will any Man in his ſober Senſes maintain, that my Ladies Gentlewoman is above her Miſtreſs? By the ſame ſort of Reaſoning he might as well pretend, that a ſurly Beef-eater is as good a Man as his Majeſty, which Heaven forbid.*

'TIS to this happy Qualification, I mean to your *Beauty*, Ladies, that you owe all your Conqueſts and Acquiſitions. *Charity* may carry

a Woman into a Nunnery, but it will never prefer her to a Monarch's Embraces; and Money, the moſt powerful Magnet next to Beauty, tho' it brings you abundance of Hypocrites, was never guilty of making one real Lover ſince the Creation; 'tis by your Beauty that you make ſo many of your Admirers hang and drown themſelves every Year, to the unſpeakable ſatisfaction and comfort of your Hearts. By this you triumph over the Severity of the Wiſe, the Indifference of the Inſenſible, and the Reſolution of the Brave. This made *Julius Caſar*, and after him *Mark Anthony*, to lay their Lawrels in *Cleopatra*'s Lap. *Judith*'s Eyes firſt pierc'd *Holofernes*'s Heart, before her Hands ſmote off his Head. *Hercules*, tho' his Sinews were as ſtrong as Cable Ropes, yet a ſingle Hair of his Miſtreſs *Omphale* drag'd him whither ſhe pleas'd.

How many gallant Officers do we daily ſee in our Streets, who, at the Siege of *Namur*, marched up boldly to the very Mouth of the Cannon and receiv'd no harm, that have been ſince wounded by the fatal Glances of the *Belinda*'s and *Melaniſſa*'s in the *Park* and *Playhouſe*?

Not to inſiſt any longer upon this Head, 'tis plain, that the Prize was long ago determin'd in favour of *Beauty* by *Priam*'s judicious Son, upon Mount *Ida*, when the three Goddeſſes appeared before him in their *Puris Naturalibus*, and that nothing in the World is able to maintain its ground againſt it. It diſarms *Fortitude*, it blinds the Eyes of *Juſtice*, it has betray'd *Prudence* into a thouſand Follies, and has inveigled *Temperance* into a Female Coffee-houſe, where it has taught her to debauch in wicked Cherry-brandy and Dr. *Stephens*'s Water. In fine, Ladies, had it not been for this, ten to one but the Men had long ago practis'd a piece of *Jewiſh* Policy upon your Sex,

Sex, and contriv'd ſeparate Apartments for you in their Houſes, as the Sons of Circumciſion ſtill do in their *Synagogues*.

Can you then ever do enough, Ladies, for the Man who (by Heaven's Bleſſing upon his indefatigable Application and Induſtry) has attain'd to the Secret of not only continuing this Bleſſing to you, but even of beſtowing it upon thoſe whom Nature never befriended with it; who has found out an Antidote againſt thoſe terrible things call'd *Wrinkles*, and can ſecure all your Charms to the laſt moment of your Life? Ought you not to hang up his Picture in your Bedchambers and Cloſets? Ought you not to erect Statues to him, ſince by a Contrivance much more ſurprizing than that of a modern Virtuoſo's making a Burning-glaſs of Ice, he can teach your Eyes, even at Fourſcore, to inflame Hearts, and burn 'em to Tinder?

You complain of the great Inconſtancy of the Men, and indeed, I will not pretend wholly to excuſe them; but, alas Ladies! you'll ſoon drop this Accuſation, if you conſider that your Faces are as changeable as they. When you have once ſeen Twenty, that impudent Undeterminer *Time* daily ſteals a Charm from you; and, Why ſhould the Loadſtone complain of the Iron for not dancing Attendance after it, when it has loſt its attractive Vertue? Lovers are of the Religion of the *Perſians*, worſhip the Riſing Sun, and never mind him when he declines. In ſhort, Ladies, Love follows Beauty, as the Shadow follows the Body; and for a Woman to dream of getting Gallants when that has left her, is to expect as great a Miracle as Tranſubſtantiation wrought in her favour, where the Accidents continue when the Subſtance that ſup-

ported 'em is demoliſh'd. But this, I preſume, is no Age for Miracles.

What farther Diſcoveries I have made in my Profeſſion for the Service of your Sex, I intend to publiſh in my next, and in the mean time beg Leave to ſubſcribe my ſelf

Yours, &c.

From the Globe *and* Urinal *in* Moor-fields, *next door to the* Gun. Silveſter Partridge.

From *Dec.* 11. to *Dec.* 18.

Ladies,

BEauty *is ſo unſpeakable an Advantage, and a Jewel of ſuch ineſtimable Value to the Poſſeſſors of it, that you muſt excuſe me if I preſume to preach to you upon the ſame Subject again; which I purpoſely do, that you may take the more care to preſerve it; for, between Friends be it ſaid, a Woman that neglects her Beauty is in a fair way to neglect her Soul.*

WHatever has been ſaid by ſome Orators concerning the mighty power of Eloquence, may with more Juſtice be attributed to *Beauty*: 'Tis the moſt perſwading Advocate in the World, by the ſame Token, that it pleads its Cauſe even when it is ſilent. If it appears at Court, every Door flies open to receive it: Gouty decrepit Miniſters of State, who are deaf to all the World beſides, would not ſtir from their Couch to hear a Biſhop, run and liſten to it with admiration and pleaſure. If 'tis engaged in a Law-ſuit, it ſoftens the auſtere Judge; nay,

nay, the beſt Councellor of 'em all is proud to open its Cauſe. At Church, and at both Theatres, it draws the Eyes of all Spectators; it confers Grace and Greek, for it makes Deans and Prebends; it confers Fortitude too, for it makes Colonels and Captains; it draws ſhoals of Cuſtomers to the *Coffee-houſe* or *Tavern* where it inhabits; it begets numberleſs Serenades and Sonnets: In ſhort, its Health is toſſed in all Companies, and its Name written in all Glaſs Windows.

Some have ventured to make a Parallel between *Muſic* and *Beauty*, but with great Injuſtice to the latter in my Opinion; for, Ladies, to expreſs my ſelf like a Philoſopher, that which we receive in at our Ears, makes infinitely a weaker Impreſſion upon us, than what our Eyes convey to us; But this is not all, for *Beauty* is the Mother of *Muſic*, as appears by the numberleſs Songs that are made to it; and is't not rediculous to the laſt degree, to prefer the Oblation to the Divinity that receives it? If *Orpheus* and *Amphion* drew *Stones* after them by the Influence of their Harmony, I'll appeal to you, Ladies, whether *Beauty* has not done the ſame Thing a Thouſand times, and all by the Power and Prevalence of its Charms.

But, alas! when a Perſon, let her Condition and Quality be what it pleaſes, has once loſt this *Treaſure*, ſhe may ſhut up her *Exchequer*; ſhe's perfectly dead to this wicked World, and is no more regarded by the Sparks of the Town, than the *Barometer-Papers* are by the Tradeſmen, ſince they have been ſo wickedly bilk'd by them. What is more afflicting, her very Husband, who was acceſſary in part to the Deſtruction of her *Beauty*, Ladies, you know my Meaning, without

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explaining my ſelf farther looks upon her with the ſame Contempt and Scorn, as he does upon a Play that has been thrice damn'd: All that ſuch an unfortunate Perſon has left her to do, is to Adminiſter to the Pleaſures of others, when ſhe is paſt them herſelf; which is as great and mortifying a Fall, as it wou'd be in a Gentleman, that uſed to play upon his own Head at the *Groom-Porter*'s, to content himſelf with being an humble Spectator, or Dealing the Cards to the reſt of the Gameſters.

And as for thoſe unforunate Women that never enjoy'd it, ought they not to run barefoot to the *North Pole?* ought they not to cut the *Equinoctial* and viſit both *Indies* to procure that Qualification, (if it were poſſible for Travelling to procure it,) which wou'd not only protect them from Contempt, but give 'em an Empire over all that behold them?

But, Ladies, you need not give your ſelves the Trouble to Travel ſo far: You that have *Beauty*, and are willing to preſerve it, and you that were born without it, and deſire to obtain it, need only make a ſmall Viſit to Dr. *Silveſter Partridge*, next Door to the *Gun* in *Moorfields*, and he will do both your *Buſineſſes* for you effectually.

It may be ſaid perhaps that no young Woman in the World ever thought her ſelf Ugly, as no Wit ever thought himſelf dull, and conſequently that this Advice is loſt to them: But to prevent this Objection, I have at home a *Speculum Veritatis*, or an *Impartial Looking-glaſs*, which no Aſtrologer in the Univerſe has beſides my ſelf, into which, whoever looks, he ſhall ſoon 'ſpy all his Infirmities: The Wit ſhall find himſelf to be a Coxcomb, and the Lady ſhall own her ſelf to be Deformed, altho' ſhe is a Dutcheſs.

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Does it not then highly behove, (pardon me, Ladies, if I expreſs my ſelf with ſome Warmth) does it not highly behove every individual Woman in the three Kingdoms, who poſſeſſes ſo precious a Flower, to cheriſh and nurſe it up with all the Care imaginable? Is ſhe not obliged in Point of Reputation and Intereſt (whatever you, Ladies, may think of the former, I am ſure you ought not to neglect the latter,) to maintain the thing that contributes ſo much to her Peace at home, and her Satisfaction abroad? And can any thing be more unnatural, than to omit the preſerving of that Structure, and ſuffer it to run to decay, upon which her Security as well as Pleaſure depends?

But, Ladies, leſt I ſhould ſeem to invade your own Prerogative, which is that of Talking more than comes to my Share, I will here break ſhort and conclude. Next *Wedneſday* I intend to hold forth to you upon theſe three great Deſtroyers of *Beauty*; Paint, Cold Tea, and *Ratifia*; and in the mean time am

From the Globe *and* Urinal *in* Moor-fields, *next door to the* Gun.

Yours, &c.

Silveſter Partridge.

A Col-

A COLLECTION OF Original Letters ON Several Occasions.

Written by Mr. *THO. BROWN.*

A

COLLECTION

OF

Spiritual Ecstacies

ON

Several Occasions.

Written by Mr. THO. BROWN.

THE PREFACE.

HAving been concerned in two or three Collections of Letters, that found a better reception than I cou'd have expected, I was encouraged to attempt a new one wholly by my self, and that I might the better succeed in this design, I resolved not only to make my choice out of those Authors, that are acknowledged on all Hands to have perform'd the best in the Epistolary way, but also to select the most entertaining Parts out of them, and doe them all the Justice in our Language that I was capable of. How far I have executed this design, I wholly submit my self to the Reader, tho' I think I may, without vanity, affirm that few Miscellanies of this Nature have been compil'd either out of better Authors, or can show a greater Variety. For the Reader's farther ease and convenience I have likewise taken care all along to prefix the Argument before every Letter, that if he dislikes one Subject he may turn to another that will give him more Satisfaction; and now because it may not be improper to inform him what Authors I have been beholding to, I will briefly run them over, and give a short account of them as they fall in my way.

I shall begin with Tully's familiar Letters, under which Name we are not only to comprehend such as were written by that excellent Patriot and Orator himself, but likewise those of his Friends that maintained a Correspondence with him. The ingenious Monsieur de St. Evremont, in a Discourse addressed to the Mare-

Mareſchal de Crequi, *which begins the 2d Volume of his Works, has very well obſerved that the* Roman *Noblemen, whoſe Letters are to be found among* Cicero's, *are rather ſuperiour to his than come ſhort of them, as well in point of Language, as the delicacy and juſtneſs of their Thoughts: And I believe the famous* Brutus's *Letter, which uſhers in this Collection, will clearly ſhow that* Monſieur de St. Evremont *has advanc'd nothing here but what is agreeable to Truth. Nothing certainly was ever written with more Impetuoſity and Spirit; the true Character of an auſtere inflexible Republican ſhines in every Line, particularly the* Quid ſi nolit *has an Air of haughtineſs and fierceneſs in it, which 'tis impoſſible to equal. Upon ſhowing my Tranſlation of this Letter to a Learned Friend, who to his incomparable Maſterſhip of the* Engliſh, *has join'd no leſs a Skill in the* Greek *and* Latin *Languages, he was pleaſed to tell me, that ſeveral judicious Critics looked upon this Letter to be ſpurious, and written by ſome Sophiſt, on purpoſe to try how he could perſonate that great Man, and their reaſon was, adds he, becauſe it by no means agrees with* Brutus's *Character, who, as* Plutarch *obſerves in his Life, affected the* Laconic *way, of which he gives us two or three Inſtances, whereas this is a prolix long Letter, and written in the Declamatory manner. But I begged leave to diſſent from theſe Gentlemen, for in the firſt Place I think 'tis a plain Caſe, that this Epiſtle is infinitely above the narrow Talent of thoſe ſordid Impoſers upon the World, the* Sophiſts; *and ſecondly, tho'* Brutus, *when he writ in the Character of a General, deliver'd himſelf as Compendiouſly as he could, (and the Letters* Plutarch *takes notice of are only of that kind) yet what ſhould hinder him, when he writ like a private Perſon to* Tully, *his intimate Friend, upon ſo important an occaſion too as that of* Auguſtus's *ſeizing the Government into his hands, to give full liberty to his Reſentments, and diſplay that Eloquence*

of

of which he is Confeſs'd to have been ſo great a Maſter?

I have often wondred why ſome late Writers ſhould Cenſure Tully's *Letters for being too naked and jejune, when that to his Friend* Lucceius, *which the Reader will find in this Collection, is a plain Demonſtration to the contrary. I own indeed, that the generality of his familiar Letters, which he addreſſes to his Friends, are written in all the Simplicity imaginable, without that Pomp and Magnificence of Figures which reigns in moſt of his other Writings, and ſo they ought to be, otherwiſe he had made an unſeaſonable Oſtentation of his Rhetorick: Not but, whenever his Subject requir'd it, we find he could deliver himſelf in a more elevated and figurative Stile; tho' after all, I would much rather read thoſe Letters of his, that have the leaſt beſtow'd upon 'em, than the moſt laborious Compoſitions of* Balzac, *whoſe Thoughts, eſpecially in his younger Works, are ſeldom juſt or natural.*

As for Pliny, *indeed, I confeſs his manner is too affected to pleaſe; and having formerly tranſlated ſome of his Letters, without* Succeſs, *for that reaſon I wou'd venture but upon one of them now, which only containing general Advice; how a young Gentleman ought to regulate his Studies, and coming from ſo great a Maſter as we muſt own him to be, I thought, might very well deſerve a Place in ſuch a* Miſcellany *as this.*

And now 'tis time I ſhould ſay ſomething of Ariſtænetus, *ſome of whoſe Letters I publiſh'd about two Years ago, in the firſt Volume of* Voiture, *and unleſs my Friends flatter'd me, were ſome of the moſt diverting in that Collection. This encourag'd me to beſtow a ſecond reading upon him, to ſee whether I cou'd not find a few more in him that deſerv'd to be put into an Engliſh Dreſs, and I hope I have made no injudicious Choice. As for the Author himſelf, no ancient*

Writer, that I know of, makes the leaſt mention of him; however, it plainly appears by a Paſſage in his Epiſt. 26. l. 1. *that he liv'd after the tranſlation of the Empire to* Conſtantinople; *for he not only talks of* Caramallus, *the famous* Pantomine, *whom we find mention'd by* Sidonius Apollinaris, *who flouriſh'd a little after him; but he ſpeaks of old and new* Rome, *which latter was the Name of* Byzantium *under the* Greek *Emperors. To ſpeak impartially of him, he is little better than a purloiner of the Authors before him, particularly of* Plato *and* Lucian, *whoſe Phraſes, as well as Thoughts, he often borrows, and inſerts among his own. In ſhort, he gives good hints, and that is all, for moſt of the Pleaſantry that the Reader will find in his Letters, are entirely my own.*

After him come Balzac *and* Voiture, *of whom I will ſay the leſs, becauſe their Characters are ſo well known. Both of 'em were undoubtedly Men of Wit and Eloquence, but their greateſt Defect, in my Opinion, is the little or no Variety that any obſerving Reader muſt needs diſcover in 'em, for* Balzac *is an everlaſting dealer in* Hyperboles; *and as for* Voiture, *if we except ſome few of his Letters, that are truly elevated and ſublime, to rob him of his dearly-beloved* Irony, *is to take away from him at once all that is either beautiful or agreeable in him. As it was my deſign to pick out their beſt Compoſitions of this nature, I would not rely upon my own Judgment, but ſuffer'd my ſelf to be govern'd by Monſieur* Perrault, *who having made it his Buſineſs, in his* Parallele des Anciens & des Modernes, *to bring ſome of his own Countrymen into the Liſt with the Ancients, we may be ſure, wou'd take Care to ſingle out their moſt ſhining Performances; tho', for my part, I think he had done more wiſely to have let this Controverſie alone, and not engaged his* French *Authors in a Competition that has turn'd ſo much to their diſadvantage.*

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The Chevalier de Her *** *commonly ſuppos'd to be the famous Monſ.* Fontenelle *under that feign'd Name, and Monſ.* de Pays, *come after them. 'Tis certain they have more Variety and Humour than* Voiture, *tho' they fall infinitely ſhort of him in the Elegance and Purity of their Diction, in the elevation of their Thoughts, and fineneſs of their Raillery. However, the Subjects they write upon are generally well choſen and diverting, and their management of 'em pleaſant enough, ſo that one may juſtly ſay of them, that they are no ill Copiers of* Voiture *in the* Comic *way.*

To acquaint the Reader now with the Method I have obſerv'd in my tranſlating of theſe Authors, I am to inform him, that in the Latin *Letters, as likewiſe in thoſe of* Balzac *and* Voiture, *I have allow'd my ſelf no greater a Freedom than what any Man may be ſuppos'd to take, that wou'd make it his Buſineſs to pleaſe. I have neither added to them nor retrench'd from them, but only endeavour'd to do them Juſtice in* Engliſh. *As for* Ariſtænetus, Fontenelle, *and Monſ.* de Pays, *I have not ſo religiouſly kept up to their Originals, but frequently left out what I thought improper, and inſerted a great deal of my own, as I ſaw occaſion.*

I intended at firſt that one half at leaſt of this Volume *ſhou'd have conſiſted of Original Letters of my own, but having ſwelled it unawares to a much-greater bigneſs than I imagin'd, I was forced to drop that deſign, and content my ſelf with only two or three, which the Reader will find at the Concluſion. Not but that the tranſlating of moſt of the* French *Letters gave me as much Trouble as if I had written them out of my own Fund. However, if this Collection has the good fortune to pleaſe, (and I may ſafely ſay, that no Care has been wanting on my ſide to make it ſucceed) I may take an opportunity to publiſh a Set of my own Letters next Winter, addreſſed to ſeve-*

ral Gentlemen of my Acquaintance in Town, wherein I hope to make it appear that we come not much short of our Neighbours, even in this way of Writing, as 'tis plain we have out-done them in most of the rest.

I have nothing more to add, but only to say a word or two about the Certamen Epistolare *between the* Attorney *and the* dead Parson. *I had the first hint of it a few Years ago, at one of our Universities, where a* Frolick *of that nature was actually play'd, and pleased me so well, that I was resolv'd to attempt something of the kind, whenever I had a proper Opportunity.*

Yours, &c.

Tho. Brown.

A Col-

A Collection of

LETTERS,

ON

Several Occasions.

To his Honoured Friend, Dr. Baynard, *at the* Bath.

Dear Doctor, *July* 6. 99.

WHile here in Town we are almost Roasted by the hot Weather, and the Sun plays so warmly on us, that some People who were of no *Religion* before, talk of turning *Adamites* in their own Defence; I cannot but laugh to think what a *blessed* Pickle you are in at the *Bath*, where such Crowds of you Stew in so little a Pipkin; where you broil upon the Earth, parboil in the Water, and you breath the Composition of Gunpowder; or, were there nothing extraordinary in your Soyl, your Climate, or the Season of the Year, where you have pretty Ladies enough to set you all on Fire, though you were two or three Degrees more to the *North* than *Lapland*, and I were Writing to you now in the midst of *January*,

This is the *first* Summer ſince the *Revolution*, that the Sun has been pleaſed to *diſpenſe* any *Favours* to us, for hitherto we have had as *little* Reaſon to complain of his Benignity to us, as the *Politiques* of our *Stateſmen*. Our *Fruits* have ripen'd without the Influence of the one, as our *Affairs* have made a ſhift to rub on without any great *Conjuring* on the part of the other. But to leave off theſe cenſorious reflections upon our *Stateſmen*, and return to the Sun that occaſion'd them, this Noble Planet, that ripens the *Grape*, will likewiſe ripen Fevers, and other ſuch *generous* Diſtempers, to the great Joy of the *Poets* and *Phyſicians*; and *Phœbus*, their *common* Father, will encourage his own *Tribe*, by raiſing up a new Stock of *Wines* and *Diſeaſes*. Indeed, where you are, it is almoſt impoſſible for the Gentlemen of the *Faculty* to want *Buſineſs*, for if our laſt Advices from the *Bath* don't deceive us, you have almoſt as many *Doctors* upon the Spot as you have *Patients*, that watch the coming in of every *Coach*, as nicely as a young Boy at the Univerſity does the Return of the *Carrier*, and *ply* at all Corners of the Streets, as regularly, as the *Watermen* do at *Temple Stairs*: But it has long ago been obſerv'd of you Phyſicians, as of the Lawyers, that they will find or make Work, where-ever they come; and accordingly I knew a little Town in *Eſſex*, where the *Inhabitants*, time out of mind, had lived in as *uninterrupted* Tranquillity, as the happy *Indians* did in *America*, before the *Spaniards* came to beat up their Quarters, but upon an *Attorney*'s coming to reſide amongſt 'em, the Face of *Affairs* was immediately alter'd, Tenants *conſpir'd* againſt their Landlords, Hoſtlers *revolted* from their Maſters, and the Apprentices took up *Arms* againſt their lawful Tyrants: There was nothing but rubbing out of *Milk* and *Alehouſe Scores*, to

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the everlaſting *confuſion* of their Country *Arithmeſis*; not a *Tithe-egg* could be had without an *Action*, nor a *Pig* under a Suit in *Chantery*. A Spirit of *Diviſion* had crept into every Family, Maids *betray'd* their Miſtreſſes, Girls *rebell'd* againſt their Grandmothers, and Sweet-hearts *deſerted* their confiding Damſels; in ſhort, every Man ſtood as much upon his own *Guard*, as if he had been in an *Enemy*'s Country; theſe were the bleſſed *Effects* of the *Lawyer's* living amongſt 'em.

Now, Doctor, it were a very *hard* Caſe, if having ſo much *Credit* at the *Bath*, you cou'd not do as *much* for your ſelf as the above-mention'd *Attorney* did to promote his own *Buſineſs*; if you cou'd not *Philoſophically* Reaſon People into *Diſtempers* they were never troubled with, like the Diſſenting Parſons that *Fly-blow* their Hearers with Scruples they knew nothing of before: If you cou'd not *cure* them of Ails they never *felt*, and *leave* behind you Maladies you never *found* upon them. But I am inform'd that the Tub-Preachers are very much *diſſatisfied* that you *invade* their Prerogative of Hell. Your *hot* and *cold* Baths (they ſay) put their *Brimſtone* and *Ice* out of Countenance; and 'tis reported, that by the *skilful* Management of your Torments, by ſcalding your Patients at the Bath in *July*, and *freezing* them at *Iſlington* in *December*, you've broke half the *Retailers* of the Terrors of *Pluto*'s Kingdom.

But to come now to the *News* of the Town, we have had an *Apparition* lately here, ſtranger than in any *Glanvill* or *Aubry*; for it has appeared in the Streets at *noon Day*, and thouſands of People are ready to depoſe they have ſeen it. By this ſtrange Apparition, I mean the *White Parſon*, ſo call'd for his wearing a *White* Hat band,

Scarf, and Surcingle, by which he *diſtinguiſhes* himſelf from the reſt of his Brethren. I cou'd wiſh you had been here in *Holbourn* t'other Morning, to have ſeen his *Cavalcade*: He rode up the Hill as great as a Prince, and like other *Princes* ſignalized his Entry with Printed *Declarations*, with a great Rabble of *loud-mouth'd* Hawkers, Male and Female, *bellowing* it on every ſide of him; and 'tis ſuppoſed by the *Learned* in Aſtrology, that he will *keep* this Declaration as *Religiouſly* as ſome *other* Princes beyond Sea have *kept* theirs: In ſhort, he pretends to preach the Goſpel *Gratis*, and indeed as he manages it, it is pity he ſhou'd have a *Farthing* for it: He calls the reſt of his Cloth *Hirelings*, only for taking what the *Law* allows them, though unleſs the Fellow is bely'd, he would accept of a *Pot* of Ale from a Chimney-ſweeper, and has *preach'd* a hundred times upon a *Joint-ſtool* for a pickl'd *Herring*, and a *Poringer* of burnt Brandy. The *Rozinante*, on which this *Don Quixote* rode, had a Laurel-garland about his Head, and I dare ſwear, deſerv'd the *Bays* as well as his *Maſter*; for the Wretch, as I am inform'd, is troubled with a *Whore* of a Wife, and a *Jilt* of a Muſe, but the latter is the more common *Proſtitute* of the two.

But, dear Doctor, *News* is as ſcarce in Town, as *Fees* at the *Bath*, and it falls out *unluckily* for you and me, that we muſt *change* Places, to find what we *want*, for I hear you have a Mint at the *Bath* for *Scandal*, as we have hear for *Money*; ſo that 'tis but *ſhifting* the Scene, and we may draw *Bills* upon one another, to anſwer our ſeveral Occaſions, till when, I am

Your moſt humble, &c.

Mela-

Melaniſſa *to* Alexis.

GIve me leave, my deareſt *Alexis*! give me leave, who *love* you better than my *Life*, to lay ſome of your *Failings* before you, and if I expreſs my ſelf with a little more *warmth* than *becomes* me, you will eaſily forgive this freedom, unleſs I am mightily *miſtaken* in your Temper, when you find it *wholly* regard your own *Intereſt* and *Welfare*.

It is not without a *ſenſible* Concern that I ſee you *abandon* your ſelf to the *Bottle* of late: A young Fellow, but eſpecially one like *Alexis*, ought to *devote* himſelf to another *Divinity*; old Age indeed may be *allow'd* to ſupply its *defect* of *warmth* with Wine, but Youth, as it *needs* it not, ſo Nature adviſes it to purſue a more *agreeable* Game. But can any thing in the World be ſo *abſurd* as to ſurfeit our ſelves with *Cordials*, when we have not the *leaſt* Indiſpoſition?

To convince you then that my Complaint is neither *unjuſt* nor *unreaſonable*, I, who know ſo little of the World, and have nothing but *Nature* to guide me; I who am a *Stranger* to Language and Style, and conſequently muſt *maim* my Thoughts, for want of knowing how *properly* to expreſs them, will endeavour to deſcribe to you a Night, as it paſſes away in the *Embraces* of an agreeable *Miſtreſs*, accompany'd with all the *Tranſports* and *Tenderneſſes* of Love, and the Night as it is commonly *ſpent* by what the Town call Men of *Wit* and *Pleaſantry*, at the *Roſe* or *Blue-poſts*:

The *Play* is now over, and the Sparks, who while it was *Acting* rallied the Vizard-Maſques,

laugh'd

laugh'd aloud at their own No-jests, *cenſur'd* the Dreſs and Beauty of all the Ladies in the Boxes; and, in ſhort, minded every thing, but the Repreſentation that *brought* them thither, begin now to *File* off, and gravely debate how and where to *ſpend* the Evening; At laſt the *Tavern* is pitch'd upon, the Room taken, and our learned *Criticks* in Pleaſure ſeat themſelves round the Table.

The *Maſter* of the Houſe is the *firſt* Perſon they ſend to *Adviſe* with; who, after a thouſand Cringes and Scrapes, tells 'em, he has the beſt *Champain* and *Burgundy* in Town, and is ſure to ask an *exorbitant* Price for 't, tho' it is a vile naſty *Mixture* of his own Brewing. After a *long* and *fooliſh* Diſpute, the Rate is adjuſted, Napkins are called for, the Muff, Sword and Periwigg *nicely* laid up, and now ſomething like *Buſineſs* comes forward.

When theſe *grand* Preliminaries are ſettled, the next *important* Debate is, what they muſt eat; ſo the *Cook* is ſent for, who recommends to them ſomething *Nice* and *Dear*; this Difficulty with much a-do got over, the *Glaſſes* plentifully *walk* round, to *blunt* and *weaken* that Appetite which they pretend to *excite* by it.

And now their *Hearts* begin to open, and their *Tongues* to communicate their moſt ſecret *Thoughts*. The topping *Beauties* of the Town are the *firſt* Subjects of their Converſation, and this is ſo ample a Field, that they ſoon *loſe* their way in it; one boaſts of *Favours* receiv'd from a Lady, and is very particular as the *Moles* of her Body, whom perhaps he never *ſaw* any where but at the *Play-houſe*; another *toſts* a Counteſs, whom he pretends to *admire* in a moſt extraordinary manner, and gives broad *Items* of ſome condeſcending *ſteps* ſhe lately made towards him; after which he *wipes* his Mouth moſt *demurely*. In

ſhort,

short, 'tis resolv'd by the Board, *Nemine contradicente*, that there is not one *honest* Woman in the three Kingdoms, who has *Beauty* enough to gain her a *Lover*.

When this Argument is pretty well *exhausted*, the next thing they talk of, is the *Authors* of the Town, and what *Books* and *Plays* have lately appear'd: Upon this Head, every Man in the Company *affects* to discover a *peculiar* Taste and Judgment, and thinks he shews his *Wit* by finding Faults where there are none; the *Play*, whatever it is, taken to *pieces*, the *Plot* upon Examination, is found either to be *stolen*, or not to be well *unravel'd*, the *Scenes* are *languishing*, the *Characters* threadbare, or not to be worth a Farthing; in fine, the *Poet* is sent to the *Devil* for want of Wit, as the pert *Critick* thinks he shews his, by *condemning* what he doth not *understand*.

All this while the *ungodly* Brimmer walks incessantly round the Table, the Company soon dwindles into *private* Cabals, every Man talks *busily* to his Neighbour, Affairs of *State* are determin'd, this *Minister* is displac'd, and t'other Man *put* into his room; The Proceedings in *Parliament* laid down before-hand, and 'tis *concluded* what Regiments shall *stand*, and what be *broken*; after this *Punctilio's* of Honour come to be *discus'd*, the freshest Duels behind *Mountague*-house, and *Chelsea*-fields are *learnedly* run over. Sir *John*——— is a Coward for suffering Captain ——— to tread upon his Toes in the *Pit*, and not calling him to *Account* for it; Damn you, cries another, *Jack*——— is as *Gallant* a Knight as ever drew *Sword*, and whoever says any thing to the *contrary*, is a *Son* of a Whore and a *Villian*, and I'll cut his Throat; with that he throws a *Bottle* at t'other's Head, the *Glasses* go to rack, the *Table* is overturn'd; nothing but *Disorder* and *Confusion*

is

is in the Room, and all this *Mirth* and *Follity* concludes in *Murder*.

Or if the *Scene* doth not end altogether so *Tragically*, but they part Friends as they came in, ten to one but a merry *Frolick* is proposed: The Quarters of some ill-natured *Coquett* are to be beaten up, and her poor *Windows* must feel the sad Effects of their Heroick *Valour*; but while they are carrying on this *Attaque* with unparallel'd Vigour and Gallantry; behold the *Superintendant* of the Night, with his trusty and well-beloved Periwigs, Hats, and Muffs lying by 'em; the embroider'd *Coat* is all over cover'd with *Dirt* and *Blood*, the well-adjusted *Cravat* torn to *Raggs*, the *Sword* either broken or carried off in the *Tumult*; and thus, after a well-favour'd *Drubbing*, our Sparks make a shift to *crawl* home to their Lodgings, if the Nocturnal *Magistrate* and his *Canibals* don't hurry 'em to *New-prison* or the *Round-house*, the *usual* Sanctuary of such Adventurers.

But suppose nothing of this happens, and our merry Gentlemen get home *safe* from the Tavern, without any *Disaster* or *Calamity* by the way; yet the next *Morning* calls 'em to a *severe* Account, for the Misdemeanors and Intemperance of the preceding *Night*: Their Head *akes*, their whole Frame is in *disorder*, they are incapable of *relishing* either *Books* or *Conversation*: even *Musick* it self, with all its *boasted* Efficacy, is not able to *allay* their Pains, the most exquisite *Dishes* are nauseous to 'em, they *starve* amidst the greatest *profusion* of Luxury, and *curse* that Extravagance over Night that *Starves* them the next Day in the midst of *Plenty*. 'Tis certain, that I have been *favourable* in this Description, 'tis certain that I have not set down half the Disorders that accompany a Debauch while 'tis a making, nor half the

ill

ill Effects that happen after it. Let us now *turn* the Tables, to find whether *Love* can be reproach'd with any of these *Inconveniences* that use to attend *Drunkenness*: Let us see how the Moments *wear* away in the Embraces of a delicious *Mistress*; and then we shall soon discover on which *side* the *Advantages* lie, and be able to *decide* this Controversie.

I know very well that I want *Eloquence* and *Language*, to discribe the Raptures and Transports of *Love* as they *deserve*; however, I am so well assur'd of the *Goodness* of my Cause, that although I am an *unfit* Advocate to defend it, yet I don't much *despair* of carrying my Point.

The long expected *Night* at last arrives, when *Amyntas* is to be made *happy* in the Arms of his beloved *Dorinda*. With his Head full of a thousand *delightful* Ideas, (for Love is so *good-natur'd*, as to pay his Votaries *part* of their *Pleasure* before-hand) he comes to the happy Mansion, where the chief *Treasure* of his Soul resides, he *knocks* gently at the Door, the *trusty* Maid conducts him by the Hand in the *dark*, and leads him to his Mistress's Apartment.

At the *first* Interview he is all *wrapt* up in Silence and Astonishment, his Thoughts so *croud* upon him, that they *hinder* one another in the Passage; after he is a little recover'd, he endeavours to *speak*; but, alas! his Eyes talk infinitely more than his Tongue. On *her* part, the Confusion is no less, and her *Joys* equally tumultuous; thus finding themselves *unable* to discourse, they tell their Passion in *Sighs* and *Glances*; they confirm it by repeated *Kisses*, and at every *Kiss* their *fluttering* Souls meet at their *Mouths*.

Amyntas squeezes that Hand, which almost *dissolves* in the touch; he presses those glowing *Breasts* that wou'd warm the coldest *Hermit*;

but

but all this is nothing but the *Prologue* to the ſucceeding *Drama*. Love calls upon 'em for a more *ſubſtantial* Repaſt, though they are *undreſt* in a Minute, yet this very Minute ſeems an *Age*; and now they are going to *taſt* all that Felicity which Love can *beſtow*, or Humane Nature can *bear*.

The Candle is put out to *hide* the bluſhes of *Dorinda*; ſhe finds her *eager* Lover by her ſide, who coſt her ſo many *Tears* and *Sighs* in private. The happy Lover is loſt in a *Labyrinth* of pleaſure; ſometimes he abandons her *Breaſt* for her Mouth, and ſometimes her *Mouth* for her *Breaſt*, and is only *uneaſie* he cannot Kiſs e'm both together. He *Faints*, he grows *Giddy* with the Exceſs of Joy: nothing but *half-formed* Words and Murmurs can come from him; at laſt he approaches Love's *Altar*, at laſt he——But here my Pen *fails* me, I am forced to draw a *Veil* over thoſe Raptures, which 'tis not in the *Power* of mortal Eloquence to repreſent.

Thus our happy *Lovers*, after they have paid repeated *Oblations* to Love, lay intranced in one anothers *Arms*, and act over in their buſie *Dreams*, the *delicious* Scene that ſo tranſported 'em *waking*.

The Morning *approaches*, and awakens the tranſported Pair; *Amyntas* is beholden to its *Light* for ſhewing him the *Nymph*, in whoſe Embraces he ſo *agreeably* paſt the Night. She *charmed* him in the Dark, ſhe raviſhes him in the Light; and the only *Uneaſineſs* that attends their Happineſs, is *Impatience* to repeat the Bliſs.

Both the Lovers riſe *equally* ſatisfied with having *done* their Parts, with Gayety in their *Looks*, and Satisfaction in their *Souls*: Parting gives them ſome *Pain*, but that is ſufficiently *recompenſed* at their next Meeting.

Thus

Thus I have endeavour'd, my *Alexis*, to shew what a vast *Difference* there is between a Night *murder'd* in the Excesses of Wine, and a Night *consecrated* to Love.

Though no Truth is more *evident* than this; yet our *Youth*, possess'd by what fatal Stupidity I cannot tell, generally *Sacrifice* to the Deity, who rewards his most *constant* Worshipers the worst. Instead of *following* the Dictates of *Nature*, whom they ought to *obey*, they treat her like an *Enemy*, and profane those *Temples*, where they ought to pay their Devotions.

I know well enough, that you Gentlemen, don't much care to be *Advised* by those frail Things call'd *Women*, and perhaps too you will tell me, that *Interest* has made me say all this. However, let me conjure you to bestow a few *thoughts* upon what I have *offer'd* to you, and believe that no one *loves* you so *dearly* and *tenderly* as

Melaniſſa.

To Mr. J—— C——, *a Litigious Country Attorney; a Letter of Gallantry.*

Worthy Sir,

THat I am no *Stranger* to your *Character* (tho' I bless my Stars for it, I am to your *Person*) you'll soon find, if you'll give your self the trouble to read the following Lines: There is no great pleasure indeed in drawing *Monsters*; however, since it may be of *Publick* Advantage to have 'em *described* in their true proper Colours, that others may *avoid* and *detest* 'em, I have *ventur'd* at the Task, and how well I have *performed* it, leave your self to be Judge. To *accommodate*

my

my ſelf to the Dialect of your Profeſſion, I will begin my Letter like a Bond, with a *Noverint Univerſi*: And may all Men accordingly *know* by theſe Preſents, That Mr. *M. C.* is the verieſt *pettifogging* Raſcal that ever ſcandaliz'd a *Green Bag*, or came within the Walls of *Weſtminſter-Hall*.

I have often wonder'd, that Providence ſhou'd be at the *Trouble* and *Expence* of Diſordering the whole Fabrick of *Nature*, when it has decreed to *puniſh* us with *Dearths* and *Famines*, ſince it may go a more *compendious* Way to work, and effect all theſe *Calamities* by the Miniſtry of *Lawyers*. Give a true *Lawyer* but Pen, Ink, and Parchment, and I dare engage he will *ſtarve* the Country ten Miles round him. The moſt *odious* Animals, and the moſt *contemptible* Inſects have ſome *uſe* or other, *living* or *dead*, or at leaſt ſerve to *diverſifie* the Univerſe: Toads, they ſay, ſuck up the *Venome* of the Earth; Snakes are *uſeful* in Medicine; but it wou'd puzzle the *wiſeſt* Naturaliſt to find out any thing good in a Lawyer. I mean ſuch abominable *Incendiaries* as thou art, who thrive by *Rapine*, and fatten upon *Extortion*, and build their own *Fortune* upon the *Deſtruction* of thoſe *poor* Wretches who fly to them for *Juſtice*. We ſee *puny* Raſcals, of a *lower* Claſs, *truſs'd* up every Seſſions, for *petty* Rogueries to thine; for *eaſing* the Hedges of ſome louſie *Linnen*, for *nimming* of *Cloaks*, *ſtealing* of ſupernumerary *Spoons*, *&c.* when Gigantic overgrown Villains, like thy ſelf, ſet a whole County together by the Ears, and pick their Pockets during the Fray, yet are ſo far from being call'd to an Account for it. But tho', Sir, theſe worthy Gentlemen have Tricks and Evaſions enough to *eſcape* Juſtice here, yet they pay *Cent. per Cent.* Intereſt for their Cheating in another World. The Devil never keeps a *Ho-*

a *Holiday* in good *earneſt*, but when an *Attorney* of thy Complexion makes a *perpendicular* Leap into his Dominions; and he will no more *part* with him, when he has *got* him into his Clutches, than any one of his own Lawyers will *refund* a Fee; *Poſſeſſion* being eleven Points of the Law in *Hell*, as well as in *Weſtminſter-Hall*.

Thus, Sir, you ſee I have made a little *familiar* with *you* and your *Function*, and perhaps am *bolder* than *welcome*: But, Sir, I have a ſmall *Favour* to requeſt of you, which I muſt tell you beforehand you muſt not deny me. What I have to *propoſe* to you is not *unreaſonable* or *difficult*; I neither deſire you to make *Reſtitution* of what you have *unjuſtly* plunder'd from ſo many Families, (for I know a *true* Attorney wou'd ſooner be *damn'd* than do that) nor to build *Hoſpitals*, (unleſs it be one for your old *Father*, Sir, who *Grazes* they tell me upon the *Common*:) No, Sir you ſhall find me the *faireſt*, the *eaſieſt* Man you ever dealt with.

I am informed your Houſe ſtands by the ſide of a *famous* River, which looks as if *Providence* deſign'd you for the End I adviſe you to: So, Sir, if you pleaſe, one of theſe *fine* Mornings to take a *Leap* into it from your Garret, it will be the *beſt-natur'd* thing you ever did in your Life; by the by, Sir, you need not cram your Pockets with *Stones* or *Lead*, to make you *ſink*, for your own *Sins* are ponderous enough to do your *buſineſs* without 'em, if the *Proverb* don't ſecure you. But, Sir, if you don't fancy *drowning*, as perhaps you mayn't, (and as I told you before, you ſhall find me the moſt *reaſonable* Man in the Univerſe) why then, Sir, I wou'd adviſe you to *hang* your ſelf in your Cloſet, in your *Wife's* Garters, or to *rip* up your Guts with a Caſe-knife, or to *cut* your Jugulars with a Razor, or to *take* a good large

Doſe of *Opium*; or laſtly, to *knock* your Brains out againſt a *Brick-wall*: but then, Sir, *take* my Word for't, you muſt knock *hard*; for your Neighbours tell me, you have got a confounded *thick* Scull. In ſhort, Sir, I ſhan't inſiſt nicely upon the *How*, the *Where*, or the *When*, provided the thing be done in any *reaſonable* Time: and I promiſe you under my *Hand*, that the Bells ſhall ring *merrily*, as ſoon as it is accompliſh'd; and to *encourage* you to proceed in this Affair, I can aſſure you, that you'll *Oblige* no leſs than a *whole* County by it, and particularly

Your unknown Friend, &c.

To G. Moult, *Eſquire*, *at* Tollerton-Hall *near* Nottingham.

Dear Sir, *London*, *July* 25. 99.

ACcording to Promiſe I had written to you laſt *Saturday*, but that I was obliged to accompany ſome Gentlemen that Morning to *Richmond*, in Expectation of hearing *fine* Muſick, which never in the *Play-houſe* had paſs'd the Cenſure of a Pit-ſop, and drinking true *Languedoc*, never yet *debauch'd* in a Vintner's Cellar. But it happen'd quite *otherwiſe* with us: For the Wine was ſuch *ſophiſticated* Stuff, that I told the Company, it ſet *Drunkenneſs* on the ſame Level with *Swearing*; I mean by diſarming it of all *Excuſes*: And as for the *Muſick*, it was ſo abominable, that half a dozen *Welſh-harpers* met upon St. *David's* Day, to make *merry* over a Meſs of Leek-porridge, could not have tormented the Ears of a *Purcel* with more execrable. I dare almoſt ingage, that had the ſame Fellows, *play'd* upon the ſame *Inſtruments* before the Town of *Jericho*, the *Walls* would

would have paid the ſame *Compliment* to their Harmony, as they did to that of the *Levites*, for nothing could have patience to *ſtand ſtill* and *liſten* to their Performances. So, after this *double* Diſappointment, we were forc'd, very late in the *Evening*, or very early in the *Morning*, (I wont be poſitive which) to go back to our Boat, and return for *London*, reflecting all the way as ſeverely on our miſpent-time, as a Town-lady, who has oblig'd a *Player* with her *Favours* all Night, and gets nothing in the *Morning* for her Pains, but the Copy of a new *Song* for Breakfaſt.

When I had the *Happineſs* of ſeeing you laſt in Town, I told you that you ſhould not fail of having a Letter from me every *other* Poſt. I am afraid I ſhall be *better* than my Word, and perſecute you more *conſtantly* than a City-vintner does a Country Parliament-man that chalk'd it *plentifully* laſt Winter *Seſſions*. Since I have no other way of *converſing* with you but by Letters, you may depend upon *ſeeing* me twice a Week at leaſt, tho' were you in Town I believe I ſhould *ſcarce* viſit you ſo often. But, dear Friend of mine, this is purely the Effect of *Abſence*. I knew a certain Gentleman, who, when he was at *home* with his Wife, ſcarce vouchſafed to *exchange* a Word with her once a *Week*; but being obliged to take a Journey as far as *York*, he never fail'd of *writing* to her every *Poſt*, and longer Letters too, than a *Clergy-man* does when he recommends himſelf to his *Patron* for a fat Living. The reaſon of it is plain, becauſe all *Bleſſings* (and ſuch I ſay is Mr. *M*——'s *Converſation* to me, and every one that *knows* him) are throughly *underſtood* when we have 'em in our *Poſſeſſion*, and are never ſo much *valued*, as when they are at ſome *diſtance* from us.

Thus, my dear Friend, for want of ſomething *elſe* to entertain you, I have fallen, the Lord knows

how, into making *Moral* Reflections, which was *never* my Talent; but if a Man is to govern himſelf by the *Examples* he ſees in this *wicked* Town, I don't know why I ſhould not be allow'd to *Talk* out of my *Element*, as well as a Thouſand more whom I cou'd name to you, were I *diſpoſed* to be ill-natur'd: I could tell you of a certain famous *Painter*, who *underſtands* his Trade and Buſineſs, as well as moſt Men living, and yet is perpetually new modeling the *Government*, and harping upon *Politiques*, which he underſtands juſt as much as the *Lord-Mayor* and *Aldermen* do *Lycophron* or *Pindar*. I know a *City Phyſician*, who can *diſpatch* his Patients as *methodically* as any of the College, yet in ſpite of Nature and his own Genius, will be always murd'ring of Rhimes, and feeling the Pulſe of the Muſes: and another of the Faculty near *Chearing-croſs*, who inſtead of *Galen* and *Hippocrates*, is perpetually puzling himſelf with *Daniel*, and the *Revelations*. I know a Lawyer perfectly well verſed in all the Myſteries of Conveyancing, who by his good Will, Talks of nothing in all Companies, but the Merits of *Cow Piſs* and the modern Diſpute betwixt *Alcali's* and *Acids*. There is alſo a famous *Parſon* I cou'd mention to you near St. *Dunſtan's*, who Preaches his Pariſh faſt aſleep every *Sunday* with the *Opium* he puts in his Sermon, yet over his Coffee muſt be ſetling the Affairs of *Europe*, the Succeſſion of *Spain*, and the Union of the two *Eaſt-India* Companies, of all which he Talks more wretchedly than a *Poet* of Trade, or a *Beau* of *Religion*; tho', by the by, this muſt be ſaid in his *Juſtification*, that he talks much *better* of any thing elſe than what he was *educated* to.

I can't tell how you'll *reliſh* ſuch an inſipid Letter as this, but 'tis my *Misfortune* at preſent, that I can't furniſh you a *better* Treat: For my part,

part, I had rather Rob the *Spittle*, or quote Second-hand Sayings from a Second-hand Wit at *Will's* Coffeehouſe, than be beholden to thoſe *dull Rogues* that write the *Weekly* News-papers. However, I hope to make you *Amends* the next Poſt: and in the mean time beg leave to Subſcribe my ſelf,

Sir, your moſt obedient, &c.

To George Moult, *Eſquire*; *a Letter of* NEWS.

Dear Sir, *Aug.* 14. 99.

HAving nothing of our own Growth to Entertain you with, I ſtole into a *French* Coffee-houſe near *Soho* this Afternoon; by the ſame token I was within an Ace of being talked to Death by a parcel of *Huguenots*, who made me undergo a ſeverer *Perſecution* than ever they or their Fathers ſuffered. 'Twas my misfortune to ask one of them, that ſat next me, a queſtion about the *Edict* of *Nantes*, and immediately the whole *Pack* open'd upon me at once, and fell a railing at the Tyranny of their quondam King, like ſo many Almsfolks at the Church-wardens of their Pariſh. I thought it the *beſt* way to make no *reply* to them, but remove to another Table, leaſt I ſhould give theſe *well-bred* people a *freſh* occaſion to *murder* me with their *Civilities*.

When this noiſy *Sence* was pretty well over, I began to examine the Foreign Papers, to ſee what News. But *Europe*, as large as it is; and *Europe* let me ſee ——from the fartheſt Extremity of *Spain*, to the remoteſt Parts of *Muſcovy*, is at leaſt two thouſand Miles in length, more than I ſhall ever be Maſter of; *Europe*, I ſay,

that contains two *Empires*, fourteen *Kingdoms*, and the Devil knows how many *Principalities*, *Dukedoms*, *Marquisates* and *Earldoms*, with a *Pope* at the Head of it too, that loves to see Mischief go forward with all his heart, is not able at present to *furnish* out a Letter for you; but to satisfie you, that I have not been *wanting*, on my part, to *hunt* for Foreign Occurrences, I have here sent you an Abridgment of the most *material* Passages in the Outlandish Gazettes.

Our last Letters from *Warsaw* advise, that three *Poles* were run through the Guts, by three *German* Soldiers, and that some of the small *Diets* are broke up in a Heat; But alas, what are *Murders* and *Mutinies* in *Poland*? No more than *Simony* in the Dominion of *Wales*. They talk too, that the Cardinal *Primate* grumbles in his Gizard, and is not so well affected to his new Monarch as he should be; But the Gentlemen of the sacred *purple*, have a privilege to be *sawcy* with Crown'd Heads. For my part, I wonder that none of our Clergymen have thought it worth their while to send him Bishop *Overhall*'s *Convocation*-book. For certainly what help'd to open the Eyes of the D——of *P*——'s can never fail of working Miracles in so enlighten'd a Country as *Poland*.

Madrid, *July* 20. The King of *Spain*'s Health is of late much alter'd for the better, he Eats and Walks to a Miracle; for Yesterday at Dinner he ravenously devour'd a whole Lark, and without any one to support him, made a shift to walk threescore paces out-right. This Re-establishment of his Health the *Priests*, ten to one, will Father upon some *She* or *He Saint*, that knows nothing of the Matter; but I heard a merry Gentleman a Day or two ago Account for it otherwise. As *Monica* said of her beloved Son St. *Austin*'s Conversion, That it was impossible for

for a Son of ſo many *Tears* ever to miſcarry; ſo 'tis impoſſible, crys this Gentleman, that a Monarch, whoſe *Health* is drank in all the Taverns in Chriſtendom which are not *Frenchify'd*, ſhould find himſelf amiſs, and I daily put up my prayers to Heaven, continues he, that a certain Perſon, who waits ſo impatiently for a certain dead Man's *Spaniſh* Slippers, may go barefoot, and not have ſo much as a Pair of *French Wooden*-ſhooes to keep him out of the Dirt.

Paris, *July* 23. The King's Statue was lately ſet up here in the *Place de Vandome*; 'tis a perfect *Coloſſus*, and Monſ. *Girardin* has made it appear, That our Monarch has been drawn three times bigger than the Life, not only by his *Parſons*, his *Poets*, and his *Hiſtoriographers*, but by his *Statuaries* too. The Ceremony of the Erection was very magnificent, ſeveral of the *Nobility*, the *Councellors* of the *Parliament*, and the Principal Citizens, aſſiſted at it in all their Formalities; and if it had been the Cuſtom of the place, the City *Recorder* had made a handſome Speech to the Figure. Our Letters from all parts of the Kingdom inform us, that the poor *Huguenots* are perſecuted ten times more ſeverely, if poſſible, than the *Witches* in *Scotland*, and 'tis thought deſerve it as little.

Rome, *July* 10. Our laſt Letters from hence adviſe, that mighty Preparations are making for the enſuing *Jubilee*, moſt of the *Charnel-houſes* and *Tooth-drawers* Shops have been diſfurniſhed of late, on purpoſe to provide *Reliques* for the great number of *Votaries* we expect here. A *Carmelite* Friar has brought a moſt valuable rarity with him from the *Holy-land*, which he preſented laſt Week to the Old Gentleman: 'Tis the *Comb* which belong'd to the *Cock* that ſet St. *Peter* a Weeping; and the *Pope*, they ſay, deſigns to

make a Preſent of it to a peculiar Favourite, who has ſacrificed his All for his Holineſs. We are like to be over-run with Strumpets from all Parts of *Chriſtendom*, who flock hither partly to wipe off their old Scores, and partly to begin a freſh Tick with *Heaven*. 'Tis found by a modeſt Computation at preſent, that they are at leaſt ten *Harlots* to one *Church-man* already. How will they be over-power'd then, when the whole *Poſſe* is got to *Rome*! However it is hoped that we ſhall have a ſpeedy reinforcement of Brawny well-chin'd *Regulars*, and *Seculars* from the *North*, to keep the Balance more even between the *Gown* and the *Petticoat*. This is the firſt time that ever a *Plurality* of *Concubines* was thought a Grievance at *Rome*.

Amſterdam, *July* 23. The Magiſtrates of this place lately took it into their pious Conſiderations, to reform the Abuſes of the *Long Cellar*, and one of them propoſed to have it lock'd up; for which he had lik'd to have been *De-Witted* by the *Mob*, for a Parcel of *Sailors* hearing of it, gather'd in great numbers about his Houſe, demoliſh'd his Windows, and had proceeded farther in their Outrage, had not ſome of the topping *Burgomaſters* pacified them, by telling them the old Immunities and Privileges of the *Long Cellar* ſhou'd be continued to them and their Heirs for ever. It was likewiſe propoſed in our Councel, to lay ſome new Penalty upon *Drunkenneſs*; but it being repreſented to them, that it would *incenſe* the People, and bring down the *Exciſe*, for that reaſon they went no farther in it. Laſt Week four Men and as many Women came from the *Dutchy* of *Juliers* to this Place, with a Spick-and-Span *new Religion* (as 'ts reported) the whole Contents of which may be carried in the compaſs of a *Snuff-box*. They give out, that it is the *eaſieſt* and *cheapeſt*

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Religion that ever was known, and therefore offered it to the *States*; who after the Genius of all Common-wealths are for ſaving the penny in every thing. If their Motion is rejected, they deſign to Embark for *England*, and ſee what Market they can make of their *new Religion* with our new *Reformers* in *London*. Two learned Criticks of the Univerſity of *Leyden* have had a long Conteſt about the right Spelling of *Virgils* name, that is to ſay, whether 'tis to be written with an *e* or an *i*, and old Marbles and Manuſcripts have been *plentifully* quoted in a diſpute of ſo great *importance*, but at laſt, they have agreed to referr the Matter to D. *B——y*, who being a Perſon of *ſingular Humanity*, 'tis not doubted but he will do it to Satisfaction.

Edenburg, *July* 29. We have not had theſe ten Years ſo favourable a Summer as now; ſo that we don't doubt, but that our *Sloes* will ripen; and the *Kirk* has appointed a general Thankſgiving for it: Fifty two *Witches* are in Cuſtody in ſeveral Priſons in this *Kingdom*, and many terrible Things are alledg'd againſt 'em, and ſome of them have been ſuch *ſilly Jades* to own themſelves guilty, chuſing to be burnt outright, rather than be daily perſecuted by the *Maſs Johns*. The chief diſcoverer of them is a Pulpit-drubber by Profeſſion, who knows all the *Witches* forms in the *Kingdom*; and with his *Kirk Terriers* will Unearth you ten of them in a Morning. We build great matters upon our new Colony at *Darien*, and talk of covering all the *Churches* in *Edenburg* with Silver Tiles in a ſhort time; but others, who are not altogether ſo Sanguine, are of Opinion, that all theſe mighty expectations will come to nothing. And now I am upon the Chapter of *Scotland*, give me leave to tell you what I heard a Politician ſay in the *Rainbow* Cof-

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fee-house yesterday upon this. I am confident, says he, that the Hand of Heaven will appear very Visible in the Chastisement of the *Scots* in this new Project of theirs upon *America*. They have impudently bid Defiance to Fate, and opposed the Decrees of Providence, for as Heaven from all Eternity decreed the *Germans* to be Drunkards, the *Spaniards* to be grave solemn Coxcombs, the *French* to be Slaves, the *Jews* to be Rascals, and the *English* to be Mutilers, so he predestinated the *Scots* to be Pedlars; accordingly we find, all other Nations acquiesce in what Providence had order'd for them: The *Germans* to this Day get Drunk before Noon, the *Spaniard* is not to be whipt out of his Pace, the *French* carry Packsadles, and so will do in *Sæcula Sæculorum*, the *Jews* Cheat on, and the *English* once in a Century send a Monarch a grazing, the *Scots* must kick against the Decrees of Fate, and instead of *Pedlars*, a Title their Ancestors aquiesced in for two thousand Years, and upward, set up for *Merchants*, forsooth; but if ever they make any thing on't, says he, (and if they are not at last reduc'd to their old ancient *Pedlarism*,) I'll forfeit my Reputation of a Prophet to you. Altho' they have cheated King *William* out of an *Act* of *Parliament*, I believe they will find it a hard matter, with all their Craft and Cunning, to cheat Heaven.

Thus, Sir, I have sent you the most important Occurrences I con'd find in the Foreign Papers. But as to *London*, which uses to be an inexhaustible Magazine of News and Scandal, it affords neither at present. Our *Beaux* are all gone down to *Tunbridge* and the *Bath*, in hopes to make Conquests in both those places; where I presume they will succeed as well, as our dear Brethren beyond the *Tweed* in their new *Caledonian* Plantation,

tion, and return a Month or two hence to Town with their Pockets as empty as their Heads. The Lawyers are gone down to their respective quarters to sow Dissention amongst his Majesty's Leige-People in the Country, and will reap, no doubt on't, a most plentiful Harvest next *Michaelmas*-Term. Our old red-nosed Claret-drinkers have now left us, to recruit, by a Vacation-sobriety, their decayed Carcases, and enable 'em to sit up whole Nights with the Parliament-men the next Winter. In short, the Stock-jobbers have left the *Change*, and the Citizens are half of 'em gone to *Epsom*, in order to Cuckold one another, which is all the News at present from,

Sir, your most obedient, &c.

To George Moult, *Esquire*; *from the* Gun *Musick-Booth in* Smithfield.

Dear *George*, *Aug.* 28. 99.

All Things are hush'd as Law *it self were dead,*
Poor pensive Fleetstreet, *drops its mournful Head;*
Smooth Alcalies *in Peace with* Acids *sleep*;
The Church *and* Stage *no longer Difference keep*:
The Strand's *a Desart grown.*

AND now the Spirit of Versification leaving me in the lurch, I come to tell you in honest Prose, that I mean no more by all this rumbling Stuff, than to let you know this is the long Vacation, which *Lawyers*, *poor Whores*, and *Taylors*, as well as many other Trades, agree to *curse* most plentifully. Yet tho' the generality of our people are glad this penitential Season is near expired,

pired, for my part, I cou'd heartily wiſh, as a *Soldier* does by the *Wars*, or a *Woman* by *Enjoyment*, it would laſt much *longer*.

You'll tell me, that this is a Paradox; For why the Plague ſhou'd a Man deſire to be in Town, when it is a Solitude in a manner, and all the beſt Company is gone to *Tunbridge*, *Epſom* or the *Bath*? All this may be true; but before you and I part, perhaps I may bring you to be of my Opinion, I mean, reconcile you to the *Long Vacation*.

In the firſt place: You muſt know, that I hate to be in a Crowd; for which reaſon I wonder why ſo many wiſe Gentlemen ſhou'd be ſo fond to go to the *Jubilee* at *Rome*, where they are like to be *throng'd* and *crowded*, as much as a Spectator at a Country Bull-baiting, and with almoſt as *bad* a Mob. I hope you'll pardon the *familiarity* of the Expreſſion, for indeed, when I conſider what a *motly* Herd of *Prieſts*, *Fops*, and *Bigots* will troop thither upon this Occaſion, I cannot find in my heart to give them a *better* Name. In ſhort, I love the long Vacation upon the ſame account that ſome *honeſt* Claret-drinkers love walking Home at *Midnight*, becauſe the Streets are *clearer* and not ſo *incommoded* as at other times. Beſides, *London* is at no time of the Year ſo *thinly* peopl'd (God be thanked) but a Man, with a little *Induſtry*, may find Company enough of *both Sexes*, to the ruine of his *Health* and Conſumption of his *Eſtate*. But this is not all, a univerſal Spirit of *Civility* reigns over all the Town; the *Tradeſmen* are more confiding, and the *Harlots* better natur'd.

A Vintner, who, in the hurry of *Michaelmas*-Term, is as difficult of *acceſs* as a Privy-councellor, will now give you his Company for *asking*, and

and perhaps *club* his Bottle into the Bargain; and the very *individual* Damsel, with whom, a Month or two hence, nothing below a *Senator* will go down, or at least a Man that will bribe as deep, is now so *humbled* by the *Emptiness* of the Town, that for the *Credit* of being carried in a *Coach* to her Lodgings, and the Expence of a Bottle of *Wine*, to treat her Landlady, she will put on a clean Smock to oblige you, without so much as *exacting* Money to pay the Landress.

I cou'd say a thousand things more in behalf of the *Vacation*, but I shall content my self at present with observing, that it produces *Bartholomew*-Fair; and when I have said that, I think it needs no *farther* Panegyrick. If Antiquity carries any *weight* with it, the *Fair* has enough to say for it self on that *Head*. Fourscore Years ago, and better, it afforded *Matter* enough for one of our best *Comedians* to Compose a Play upon it: But *Smithfield* is another sort of a Place now to what it was in the Times of *Honest Ben*; who, were he to rise out of his Grave, wou'd hardly believe it to be the same numerical spot of ground where Justice *Over-do* made so busie a Figure, where the *Crop-ear'd Parson* demolish'd a *Gingerbread Stall*, where *Nightingale* of harmonious memory sung *Ballads*, and *fat Ursula* sold *Pig* and *bottl'd Ale*.

As I have observ'd to you, this noble *Fair* is quite another thing than what it was in the last Age; it not only deals in the humble Stories of *Crispin* and *Crispianus*, *Whittington*'s Cat, *Bateman*'s Ghost, with the merry Conceits of the little Pickle-herring; it produces *Opera*'s of its own growth, and is become a formidable Rival to both the Theaters. It beholds *Gods* descending

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ing from Machines, who expreſs themſelves in a Language ſuitable to their dignity: It trafficks in *Heroes*; it raiſes *Ghoſts* and *Apparitions*; it has repreſented the *Trojan Horſe*, the Workmanſhip of the divine *Epeus*; it has ſeen St. *George* encounter the *Dragon*, and overcome him. In ſhort, for *Thunder* and *Lightning*, for *Songs* and *Dances*, for ſublime *Fuſtian* and magnificent *Nonſenſe*, it comes not ſhort of *Drury-Lane* or *Lincolns-Inn-fields*. But, to leave off this *Bombaſt*, with which the *Booths* have infected me, and deliver my ſelf in a more familiar Stile, you muſt know, that, at this preſent Writing, your humble Servant is in a *Muſick-booth*; yet, tho' he is diſtracted with a thouſand Noiſes and Objects, as a *Maid* whirling round with a dozen Rapiers at her Neck, a Dance of *Chimney-ſweepers*, and a *Fellow* ſtanding on his Head on the top of a *Quart-pot*, he has both Leiſure and Patience enough to write to *You*.

Smithfield had always the Reputation of being a Place of Perſecution, with this difference, that the *Women* do that in this Age which the *Prieſts* did in the laſt, and make as many *poor Sinners* ſuffer by Fire.

Cheap-ſide Citts come to ſee horned Beaſts brought hither from all parts of the World, when they might behold the very ſame Monſters at home, if they would but be at the pains of conſulting their own *Looking-glaſſes*: Our pious *Reformers* have been long endeavouring to put down this Nurſery of *Wickedneſs* and *Irreligion*, as they call it, but the beloved Wives of their own *Boſoms*, and their virtuous Daughters, better underſtand their own Intereſt, than to loſe any Opportunity of getting *abroad* and planting Cuckoldom or Fornication, as their *Mothers* did before 'em.

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Certainly no place sets Mankind more upon a level than *Smithfield* does; *Lords* and *Bellows-menders*, *Beaux* and *Fleaers of dead Horses*, *Colonels* and *Foot-soldiers*, *Bawds* and *Women of Virtue*, walk cheek-by-jole in the Cloysters, and justle one-another by Candle-light, as familiarly as *Nat. Lee*'s Gods in *Oedipus* justle one-another in the dark. The *poor Vizor-masks* suffer most unmercifully, for *no sooner* can they shew their Heads within this blessed place of *all Freedom* and *no Quarter*, but away they are hurried into a corner, and a hundred several Hands about 'em at once, to examin whether they carry any *Contraband Goods* about 'em.

The Woman and her Children in the *Maccabees*, that chose rather to part with their *Lives* than pollute themselves with *Swines-flesh*, would have died ten thousand Deaths, rather than have touch'd the Ear of a *Smithfield Pig*, with a thousand of Prince *Moloch*'s Pagan Subjects floating in the Sauce about him. But perhaps our virtuous Citizens swallow Pig and Pork so earnestly, to shew their Aversion to *Judaism*; as the learned Mr. *Selden*, I remember, somewhere tells us in his Table-talk, that for the very same reason our Ancestors were wont to provide *Gammons* of Bacon against *Easter*, which godly *Custom* their Posterity keep up to this very day.

So much may suffice at present, for I am just now going to a *Puppet-show*, to see the *Creation of the World* and *Noahs flood*, which will give me more Satisfaction, I don't question, than Dr. *Woodward*'s *Hypothesis*, Mr. *Whistons Theory*, or any new System of our modern *Virtuoso*'s.

I am your most humble Servant.

To

To George Moult, *Esquire; upon the breaking up of* Bartholomew-*fair.*

Dear Sir, *Sept.* 12, 99.

THE Glory is departed from *Smithfield*, and Love and Intrigues have left the Cloisters; in short, *Bartholomew*-fair is over, *Et voila, mon Ami, les miserables Effets d' une si grande Revolution.*

Those very individual *Persons*, who, two Days ago, glitter'd in *Imperial* Tinsel, govern'd *Kingdoms* in Imagination, commanded *Legions*, and talk'd sublime *Heroic* in Tragic *Buskins*; those very Persons, I say, who put the *Sun* out of *Countenance* in his *double* Capacity, both as the God of *Poetry* and the *Governor* of the *Day*, who, *out-shone* him at Noon with their brighter *Bristol stones*, and *out-metaphor'd* all *Parnassus* in their *Opera's*; Those very persons, I say, who commanded Respect from the inferiour *Mobb*, and drew the Eyes of the *whole City*, more than a *Lord-Mayor* at a *Publick Cavalcade*:

——*Quis talia fando, (Ulysses,*
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Temperet a lachyrimis)

Are now, by a most *wonderful* Revolution of Fate, *divested* of all their Splendour and Magnificence. Their *Troops*, their *Armies*, nay, their very *Guards* have deserted them; they are now *reduced* to the *common* Obscurity of Mankind; instead of the most *exquisite* Wine, that used to *Crown* their Glasses, we find them *burying* the Regret of their lost *Sovereignty* in humble *Flip*, or more humble *Anniseed*, and are glad to be trusted for a Dinner at

at a *Boiling-cook's*, and ſnore contentedly in a *Garret*.

And thoſe charming *Dulcibella*'s, who by the unparallel'd *luſtre* of their Eyes forc'd *Monarchs* to lay their *Scepters* at their Feet, who had the diſpoſal of Kingdoms and *Dominions*, who ſtole away the *Hearts* of all Beholders, and, whenever they pleas'd, drew either *Admiration* or *Pity* from the Spectators, are now, by their like *Inconſtancy* of Fortune, oblig'd to return to the *Privacies* of a leſs *pompous* Life. They whom Yeſterday's Sun beheld ſo *majeſtically* ſevere, that they refuſed a *gracious* Smile to proſtrate Princes;

Nunc in quadriviis, & angiportis,
Glubunt magnanimos Bruti nepotes.

Are now glad to diſpence the laſt Favours for no higher a Bribe than a *Silver-thimble*, and a *double-gilt Braſs-ring*: In the Day-time, they foot Stockings, waſh Footmens Socks, and repair the Breaches of *old Lace* and *Muſlin*, regale themſelves with a Pint of *Milk* at *Noon*, and *Gray-peaſe* at *Night*, trudge it on Foot from *Charing-croſs* to the *Change*, and with their *officious* Elbows *remind* all the Paſſers-by of their *deſolate* condition: In fine, They, who ſo lately commanded the *whole Univerſe*, are under perpetual Alarms from *Watchmen*, *Conſtables*, and the ſavage Juſtice's *Clerk*; and as an Ancient Author who lived in *William Rufus*'s time has it,

In midnight Cellars now they Ply
For two-pence wet, and two-pence dry.

But though *Bartholomew*-fair be dead, and buried for a *Twelvemonth*, yet, it is ſome *Conſolation* to us, that it revives in both the Play-houſes. *Poetry* is ſo little regarded there, and the Au-

dience is ſo taken up with *Show* and *Sight*, that an Author need not much trouble himſelf about his Thoughts and Language, ſo he is but in fee with the *Dancing-maſters*, and has a few luſcious *Songs* to *lard* his dry Compoſition. One wou'd almoſt ſwear, that *Smithfield* had removed into *Drury-lane* and *Lincolns-Inn-fields*, ſince they ſet ſo ſmall a Value on good Sence, and ſo great a one on Trifles that have no Relation to the Play. By the by, I am to tell you, that ſome of their late *Bills* are ſo very *monſtrous*, that neither we, nor our Fore-fathers, ever *knew* any thing like them. They are as *long* as the Title Pages to ſome of Mr. *Prin*'s *Works*, nay, you may much ſooner diſpatch the *Gazette*, even when it is moſt crowded with Advertiſements. And as their *Bills* are prodigious, ſo are the *Entertainments* they preſent us with. For not to mention the *Bohemian* Women that firſt taught us how to *dance* and *ſwim* together; nor the famous Mr. *Clinch* of *Barnet* with his Kit and Organ; nor the *worthy* Gentleman that condeſcended to dance a *Cheſhire*-round at the inſtance of ſeveral perſons of Quality; nor t'other *worthy* Gentleman that Sung like a Turky Cock; nor laſtly that *prodigy* of a man that diverted the *Boxes* ſo much with *my Ladies Birthday*, and ſo dexterouſly *Mimick'd* the Harmony of the *Eſſex Lyons*; not to mention theſe and a hundred other notable curioſities, we have been ſo unmercifully over-run with an inundation of *Meſſieurs* from *Paris*, that one would be almoſt tempted to wiſh that the War had ſtill continued, if it were for no other reaſon but becauſe it would have prevented the coming over of theſe light-heel'd Gentlemen, who have been a greater Plague to our Theaters, than their Privateers were to our *Merchantmen*. Shortly, I ſuppoſe we ſhall be entertained here with all ſorts of Sights and Shows,

as,

as, Jumping through a *Hoop*; (for why ſhould not that be as proper as Mr. *Sympſon*'s *Vaulting* upon the *Wooden horſe*) *Dancing* upon the high *Ropes*, *Leaping* over eight Mens Heads, *Wreſtling*, *Boxing*, *Cudgeling*, *Fighting* at *Back-ſword*, *Quarter-ſtaff*, *Bear-baiting*, and all the other noble Exerciſes, that divert the good Folks at *Hockley*, for when once ſuch an *infection* as this has gain'd ground upon us, who can tell where it will *Stop?*

What a wretched Paſs is this *wicked* Age come to, when *Ben Johnſon*, and *Shakeſpear* won't reliſh, without theſe *Bagatelles* to recommend them, and nothing but *Farce* and *Grimace* will go down? For my part, I wonder they have not incorporated *Parſon Bu—eſs* into their *Society*, for after the Auditors are *ſtupified* with a dull Scene, or ſo, he wou'd make a ſhift to *relieve* them: In ſhort, Mr. *Collier* may ſave himſelf the *trouble* of writing againſt the *Theatre*, for, if theſe *lewd* Practices are not laid *aſide*, and Sence and Wit don't come into *play* again, a Man may eaſily *foretel*, without pretending to the Gift of *Prophecy*, that the Stage will be *ſhort-liv'd*, and the ſtrong *Kentiſh* Man will take Poſſeſſion of *the two Play-houſes*, as he has already done of that in *Dorſet-garden*. I am

Your humble Servant.

P. S. The ſtrong *Kentiſh Man* (of whom you have heard ſo many Stories) has as I told you above, taken up his *quarters* in *Dorſet-garden*; and how they'll get him out again the Lord knows, for he threatens to thraſh all the Poets, if they pretend to diſturb him. Mr. *Joſeph Haines* was his Maſter of the Ceremonies, and introduced him in a *Prologue* upon the Stage; and indeed who ſo fit to do it, as this Perſon, whoſe Breath is as *ſtrong* as the *Kentiſh Man*'s Back? I don't

doubt, but that ſeveral of the Ladies, who ſaw this Prodigy of a Man, long'd to try a *Fall* with him in Private, like the Woman in *Ovid*, that was deſirous to lie with *Hercules*, for no other merit but that of his Strength. Her words, unleſs my Memory fails me, were theſe,

——— *Subiit me magna cupido,*
Ferre *virum*, tulerat *qui prius ipſe polum.*

And to convince you that I have not Slandered the fair Sex, I have ſent you incloſed the following Letter, which was written by a certain *Counteſs* that ſhall be nameleſs, dropt by her Foot-man in the *Pall-mall*, and taken up by a Chairman. At preſent 'tis all the talk of the Town, and every *Chocolate*-houſe rings of it.

To William Joy, *the ſtrong* Kentiſh-*man.*
Suppos'd to be written by the Lady ——

SIR,

I Saw you Yeſterday, with ſatisfaction, exerting your *Parts* in *Dorſet-garden*; on that very *Theatre* where I have frequently beheld the *Alexanders*, the *Caſars*, the *Hercules*, the *Almanzors*, the greateſt Heroes of *Greece* or *Italy*, of ancient or modern Times, taking *Towns*, ſacking *Cities*, over-turning *Empires*, ſingly routing whole *Armies*, but yet performing leſs *Wonders* than *You*. Yet, I muſt tell you, it grieves me to ſee *ſo noble* a *Talent* miſemploy'd, and that *Strength* thrown away upon undeſerving *Horſes*, that cannot reward your *Labour*, which might much better divert the requiting *Woman*. Meet me therefore, thou *puiſſant Man*, in another *Garden*, on a *better Theatre*, where you may employ your *Abilities* with

with more *Profit to Your self*, and *Satisfaction* to the expecting

MELESINDA.

A Consolatory Letter to my Lady ——— *upon the Death of her* Husband.

Madam,

I Was very much *surprized* to hear that your Ladyship takes so much to *Heart* the Loss of your Husband; that your Relations should not be able to *Conquer* so obstinate a *Grief*, or that a Person of your good *Sence* and *Resolution*, should be so *unfashionable* and so *weak*, as to pay that Respect to the Ashes of the *Dead*, which well-bred Women now-a-days can scarce afford to the *Living*.

I will not pretend to *attack* your Grief in the *common* Forms, I will not represent to you, that *all Flesh is Grass*, that nothing is *exempt* from the Laws of *Fate*, and that 'tis in *vain* to *regret* a Loss, which it was not in our power to *prevent*; these *thread-bare* Topicks I shall leave to Divines and Philosophers, and shall *content* my self, to *oppose* your Lamentations with Arguments *better* suited to your *present* Condition.

'Tis true, Madam, you have *lost* a Husband, and what of that? have not Thousands *done* so before you? but then consider, that this Death makes room for a new *Election*. A Widow ought no more to *afflict* her self for the Death of her Husband, than a *Country Corporation* is obliged to go into *Mourning* for the *Death* of the *Member* that represented them in *Parliament*; for, without staying for a Writ from the *Clerk* of the *Crown*, she may proceed to a *new*

Choice as ſoon as ſhe ſees convenient. Your *Husband*, God be thank'd, has neither carried your *Youth* with him into the other World, nor your *Joynture*; cou'd he have robb'd you of *either* of thoſe *Bleſſings*, you might have juſt Reaſon to *complain*; but I think a Woman's Condition is not very *deſolate*, when her *two* ſureſt Friends, her *Beauty* and her *Wealth* ſtick cloſe to her.

As you have *Charms*, and *Money* enough to procure you ſtore of *Lovers*, ſo in my Opinion, it muſt needs be an *agreeable* Diverſion to you in your preſent *Sorrow*, (for I will allow you, Madam, to keep up the *Appearance* of it) to obſerve the different *Addreſs* and *Language* of your Admirers.

One will tell you, that he adores the Perfections of your *Soul*, excluſive of all Worldly Conſiderations; but, Madam, have a care of theſe *Platonicks*, for a Man that makes *vigorous Court* to the *Body*, is worth a Thouſand *Coxcombs*, that pretend I know not what mighty kindneſs to the *Soul*.

Another will tell you, that he is ready to *hang* or *drown* for your Sake, and deſires you to chuſe what ſort of *Death* for him you think fit, if you deny him that *Bleſſing*, wherein his Life can be only *happy*. Be *govern'd* by me, Madam, and take ſuch a Lover at his *Word*; if he *decently* diſpatch himſelf, you may take it from me, that he *lov'd* in earneſt, but if he *fails* to give you this Teſtimony of his *Affection*, you may conclude he was a *Hypocrite*, and conſequently not worth the ſaving.

A third perhaps bill boaſt of his *Acres*, and tell you what a large *Settlement* he will make you; whatever you do, pray take care of theſe *Smithfield Gentlemen*, theſe Land and Tenement-*Panders*, for not one in a Thouſand is *honeſt* at bottom,

And

And if he can but *joyn* your Eſtate to his, never troubles his head about the more comfortable *Conjunction* of Perſons and Affections.

It will be a *pleaſant* Amuſement for you, to manage theſe Humble Servants ſo *artificially*, as to make all of 'em *hope*; yet, at the ſame time *jealous* of one another, to ſteal a *kind* Glance ſometimes at one, and beſtow a *gracious* Nod ſometimes upon another, to ſee them *languiſh* at your Feet, and hear the *different* turns of their Rhetorick; then after you have thoroughly examined their *ſeveral* Merits and Qualifications, 'twill be high time to proceed in your Choice. But whenever you go about that, Madam, let me adviſe you to obſerve the ſame Policy, as the *Cardinals* do at the Election of a *Pope*, and pitch upon one, who, in all probability, is ſooneſt like to make a *ſede vacante*. Thus, Madam, inſtead of dwelling upon the *Illuſtrious Qualities* of the *Defunct*, according to the *thread-bare* Method of *common* Comforters, I have made bold to lay down before you the Meaſures you are to take with the *Living*. I confeſs I have ventur'd upon a Task for which I am no ways qualified: *Solomon* has told us, That the Hearts of *Kings* are *unſearchable*; which, I ſuppoſe, he knew to be ſo by his own; he might have added, when his Hand was in, That the Hearts of Widows have the ſame *occult* Quality, and are as hard to be *underſtood*. Thus, *Madam*, you are not to *wonder*, if the Directions I have given you are none of the propereſt, however, ſuch as you ſee 'em, they are at your Service, as is likewiſe,

Madam,

Your moſt Obedient and Faithful, &c.

To Walter Knight, *Esq*; *at* Ruſcomb *in* Berkſhire; *being a Relation of a Journey to* London.

Sir, *Lond. Octob.* 15. 99.

YOU are earneſt to know how I got to *Town*, and what Adventures I met upon the *Road*. Since you can condeſcend to entertain your ſelf with *Trifles* of this nature, be pleas'd to take 'em as they follow.

As ſoon as I came to *Reading*, I ſent the Man of the Houſe where I lay that Night to enquire what Places *were* taken in the Coach; who brought me word, that only one Place was taken, and that for a Woman. I preſently repreſented to my ſelf ſome *Maid*, *Wife*, or *Widow* of Nineteen, with black rolling Eyes, cherry Cheeks, narrow Mouth, ſwelling Breaſts, and a Breath as ſweet as Violets. I thank'd my kind Stars for this favourable Opportunity, and with theſe pleaſant Imaginations paſs'd away the Night very agreeably. Next Morning, full of theſe charming Idea's, I made haſte to the Inn where the Coach lay; but, good Heavens! no ſooner did I peep within the Leathern Machine, but I found my ſelf the moſt lamentably diſappointed that ever poor Sinner was. Inſtead of the *Beauty* I had repreſented to my ſelf, behold, there was an *Old Gentlewoman* with formidable *Whiskers*, her *Noſe* and *Chin* as ready to meet as the two ends of a Half-moon, and a diſmal *Forehead-cloth* into the bargain, to cool my Courage. A Man of more Piety than my ſelf would have thank'd Heaven for being ſo favourable to him, and ſecuring him from a Temptation; but

but i'faith, I could not find in my heart to do it. Into the Coach I ſtept, but with as much regret on my ſide as a Citizen, that has bribed deep to get himſelf elected in a Country Borough, is turn'd out of the *Houſe*, and without ſo much as bidding her Ladiſhip *Good-morrow*, I compos'd my ſelf to ſleep as well as I could; and, being pretty well prepar'd for it, by what I had been doing the Night before, ſlept Ten Miles perpendicular, without the leaſt interruption, till we came to *Maidenhead*.

Here we took up a *Captain* and *two Gentlemen* beſides. The Captain was one of the moſt agreeable Companions that ever could have aton'd for my former Diſappointment; he had been in the Service ever ſince the famous Campaigns at *Hounſlow*, ſince which he had ſeen moſt of the Actions in *Scotland*, *Ireland*, and *Flanders*. Our Converſation at firſt ran upon *Politicks*; and *we* talk'd very judiciouſly of the Miſcarriages of the War. *Religion* ſucceeded to that Diſcourſe, and when we became *weary* of that Subject, as indeed none of us had much to ſay to it, by one unanimous Conſent we fell upon *Women*. The *Captain*, who, as I told you before, *was* a Man of *Wit* and *Pleaſantry*, diverted us extreamly upon this Argument: He told us, that as other Gentlemen devoted their Time to *Geometry* or *Muſick*, or any thing elſe that they fancied, he had made it his particular Buſineſs to ſtudy *Women*, and had arriv'd to ſo great a Perfection in this Noble Science, that, after the firſt *Interview*, he could as certainly tell *how many* Days a Woman would hold out, and when ſhe would deliver, as Mouſ. *Vauban* could tell when a *Town* would *ſurrender*.

I compare, ſays he, a *Woman* to a *Fortification*: In the firſt place, becauſe it is in my *own* Way, and like *Tully*'s Fidler, that defined the Soul

to

to be Harmony, a Man always ought to borrow his Metaphors from his own Profession. And, secondly, because there's the greatest *resemblance* in the World between 'em. There's no *Fortification* so strong, nor no *Woman* so virtuous, but by open *Force* or *Stratagem* may be made to *yield*. The World is at liberty to say what it pleases; but I positively maintain, that every Woman is to be taken; she is either to be undermin'd by *Flattery*, or won by *Bribery*, which we *Military Men* call *Capitulation*, or else (but it does not happen once in a hundred Years) to be manag'd by downright *Strength*, which the Learned in *Mathematicks* call taking the Town by *Storm*. Now all the Art lies in knowing how to imploy these different Expedients. Some Ladies will be flatter'd into *Love*, whom all the Bribes that can stir about *Westminster-hall* in a *Sessions* can never move: And others, by far the greatest part of the Sex, are to be manag'd by *Money*, who have too much Discretion to be impos'd upon by *Flattery*. And there are others too great for *Bribery*, and insensible to all the *Flattery* in the World, that must be *vanquish'd* by *Force*. Tho' their Inclinations, Gentlemen, are as rampant as yours, nay, perhaps fiercer, yet they would seem to be *forced*; they think 'tis some Excuse for their *Infirmity*, and quarrel with you after you have oblig'd 'em. In the heat of my Discourse I have omitted one thing, which never fails, when all other Artifices miscarry, and that is the pretending to be *Religious*; it gives a Man the Character of being *silent* and *circumspect*, which is *all in all* with the Ladies, and I have found it so by experience.

It was my Fortune, Gentlemen, about some eight Years ago, to be quarter'd upon an *Elder*, when some of our Troops were in *Scotland*:

His

His Wife, as to her Beauty, was but indifferent, but ſhe was young, and ſhe belong'd to the *Kirk*, which were two extraordinary Temptations, eſpecially the latter. I offer'd her *half a Piece*, which was a Sum big enough in that Country to have *corrupted* all the *Miniſtry*, but could not prevail: Then I laid out all my ſtock of *Rhetorick* upon her, and made a *Goddeſs* of this *Coquette*, but to as little effect as before. At laſt it came into my Head to ſpeak well of the *Covenant*, and rail at the *Biſhops*, after which, to my no little ſurprize, I found her *communicative* enough of her Perſon.

In ſhort, Gentlemen, I have try'd all the tricks in the World, and find by long Experience that *Flattery* does more than *ſincere Dealing* with 'em, and *Wine* more than *Flattery*, *Money* more than *that*, and *Religion* (I mean the *pretence* of it) more than either *Flattery*, *Wine*, or *Money* put together. This you may take for granted, when you have beaten a Woman's *Pride* and *Honour* out of the Field, and ſhe has nothing but her *precious Soul* to capitulate for, that *Body* and *all* are in a fair way of being yours: for *Spinoſa* and *Vanninus* never made a quarter ſo many *Atheiſts* as *Love*.

Since I am upon this Argument, Gentlemen, and we have nothing elſe to talk of, give me leave to tell you a ſhort Story relating to this Affair: The Scene lies in *Wales*, or the Borders of it, I won't be poſitive, but I dare ſwear it will divert you for want of ſomething *better*.

In the *Country* above-mention'd lives a *Family* very remarkable for their Godlineſs, by the ſame token that they always kept three or four *Presbyterian* Divines, with as many young *Cubbs* of the *Schiſm*, to keep the Houſe in due order. From Morning to Night there was nothing but *Exhortation*, and *Uſe*, and *Application* to be heard with-

within the Walls. The *Cook* exhorted the *Butler*, the *Groom* gave *Spiritual* Advice to the *Gardiner*: Nay, the *Kitchin-Wench* and *Turnſpit-Boy* wou'd ſpoil my *Lady*'s Dinner, to ſettle the grand Point of *Predeſtination*. Yet, amidſt all this *Whining* and *Praying*, and *Singing of Pſalms*, the *Devil*, who owed the Family a *Grudge*, for making this *Mocking-War* againſt him, ſeduced my *Lady*'s *Praying-Gentlewoman* to commit Acts of Wickedneſs with one of the *Knight*'s *Praying-Footmen*: This zealous Pair managed their Affairs with ſo little Diſcretion, that their Amour came to be diſcovered by ſome of their Fellow-Servants; but *godly People*, you know, think themſelves above *Scandal*. At laſt, word was brought to the *old Lady*, that they were actually in *Bed*. At the firſt ſhe cou'd not believe the News, for how durſt *Satan* be ſo impudent, as to put his naſty Cloven-Foot within her Threſhold? But finding it confirmed by a Cloud of Witneſſes, ſhe went to the Scene of Leudneſs, taking with her a *Smith*, and a *Nonconformiſt Parſon*; *one* to break open the *Door* in caſe of Oppoſition; the *other* to rouſe up their *Conſciences* in caſe of Impenitency. Upon the firſt Alarm that my *Lady* gave them, the *Lovers* wou'd not anſwer; but when they found the *Smith* began to fall to work with the Door in good earneſt, the *Footman* got up and open'd it. The *old Lady* cou'd hardly forbear *ſtriking* them, ſo much was her *Holy ſpleen* provoked at the *Profanation* of her Houſe; But ſhe thunder'd out *Judgments* plentifully againſt them, and the *Divine*, that was with her, did the ſame, but eſpecially to the *Treſpaſſing* Damoſel, though his *Eyes* gave his *Tongue* the *Lye*, all the while he *reprimanded* her. In ſhort, the *Footman* had his Livery *ſtript* over his Ears, and the poor *Wench* was ſent *Home* to her

her Relations, by the ſame token that ſhe attempted to *drown* her ſelf by the way.

This *godly* Family was in a ſtrange *Diſorder* to be defiled thus with Fornication, and the Maſter of it being then in *London*, his Lady ſent him an Account of this unhappy Accident, withal deſiring his Advice, to know what muſt be done upon this occaſion. He order'd the *Bed* upon which this wicked Action had been committed, to be carried out of the Gates of the Houſe, and there to be burnt. On the Day when this was put in *Execution*, the diſcarded *Footman* chanced to come by as Fire was ſet to the *offending* materials, and being told the reaſon of it, My Maſter, ſays he, might have let this Bone-fire *alone*; for, to my *Knowledge*, if he's reſolved to *puniſh* in this manner every Bed or Chair that has been acceſſory to *Fornication*, there's ne'er a Bed or Chair in the Houſe can *'ſcape* him.

The Captain had juſt made an end of his Story as the Coach was got upon the Stones. I took my leave of the Company in the *Hay-market*, being oblig'd, as you know, to viſit Mr. *B*——; by whom I find, that there's no ſtirring for me out of *Town* this Month or two. This is a ſenſible *Mortification* to me; for whereas I flatter'd my ſelf, that I ſhould paſs the Winter with you in one of the beſt Airs in *Berkſhire*, I muſt *now* do Pennance in everlaſting Fogg and Smoke, which is my averſion of all averſions. The only Relief I can *propoſe* to my ſelf, is to *converſe with you* by way of Letters as often as I can, and by that means to fancy my ſelf at *Ruſcomb*. So that *when* any thing remarkable happens here, you may depend upon having an Account of it from, Sir,

Your moſt humble and moſt obliged, &c.

A Love-Letter from an Officer in the Army to a Widow, whom he was deſperately in love with before he ſaw her.

THO' I never had the Happineſs to ſee you, no, not ſo much as in a Picture, and conſequently can no more tell what *Complexion* you are of, than he that lives in the *remoteſt* part of *China*; yet, Madam, I am fallen paſſionately in *love* with you, and this Affection has taken ſo deep *root* in me, that in my Conſcience I could die a *Martyr* for you, with as much Alacrity as thouſands have done for their Religion; tho' they knew *as little* of the Truth, for which they died, as I do of your Ladiſhip.

This may ſurprize you, Madam, but you'll ceaſe to wonder, when I ſhall inform you what it was, that not only gave birth to my Paſſion, but has ſo effectually confirm'd it. Laſt Week, riding into the *Country* about my lawful Affairs, it was my fortune to ſee a moſt magnificent *Seat* upon the Road: This *excited* my *Curioſity* to enquire after the Owner of ſo *beautiful* a Pile; and being inform'd it belong'd to your Ladiſhip, I began that very moment to have a ſtrange *Inclination* for you: but when I was farther inform'd that ſome *Two thouſand* Acres of the beſt Land in *England* belong'd to this noble Fabrick, together with a fine Park, variety of Fiſh-ponds, and ſuch-like Conveniences, I then fell up to the Ears in *Love*, and ſubmitted to a Power which I could not reſiſt.

Thought I to my ſelf, the Owner of ſo many agreeable things muſt needs be the moſt charming Lady in the Univerſe: What tho' ſhe be old, her

her Trees are green? What tho' she has lost all the Roses in her Cheeks, she has enough in her Gardens? What signifies it tho' she be barren, since her Acres are fruitful? With *these Thoughts* I 'lighted from my Horse, and on the sudden fell so enamour'd with your Ladiship, that I told my Passion to every Tree in your Park, which, by the bye, are the *tallest*, *straitest*, *loveliest*, *finest-shap'd Trees* I ever saw; and I have since *wore out* above a dozen Pen-knives in engraving your Name upon 'em.

I will *appeal* to your Ladiship, whether any *Lover* ever went upon more *solid* Motives than my self. Those that chuse a Mistress wholly for her *Beauty*, will infallibly find their Passion *decay* with that; those that pretend to admire a Woman for the *Qualities* of her *Mind*, are guilty of a piece of *Pagan* superstition, long since worn threadbare by *Plato* and his Disciples; for he that loves not a Fair Lady for the *Flesh*, as well as the *Spirit*, is only fit, in my Opinion, to make his Court to a *Spectre*; whereas Madam, you need not question the *Sincerity* of my *Passion* which is built upon the same *Foundation* with your House, *grows* with your *Trees*, and will daily *encrease* with your *Estate*.

For all I know to the contrary, your Ladiship may be the *handsomest* Woman in the World; but whether you are or no, signifies not a Farthing, while you have Money enough to set you off, tho' you were ten times more forbidding than the present red-nosed Countess of ——, and ten times older than the famous Countess of *Desmond*. I am a *Soldier* by my Profession, and as I *fought* for Pay, so, with Heaven's Blessing, I design to *love* for Pay: All your *other Suitors* would speak *the same* Language to you, were they as honest as my self: This I will tell you for your Com-

Comfort, *Madam*, that if you pitch upon me, you'll be the firſt Widow upon Record, from the *Creation of the World* to this preſent hour, that ever choſe a Man for telling her the Truth. I am

Your moſt Paſſionate, &c.

A Letter to Mr. Owen Swan, *at the* Black-Swan *Tavern in* Bartholomew-lane; *upon his forgetting to ſend Wine into the Country.*

Friend Swan,

YOU promis'd to ſend me ſome Wine; you forget your Friends. I muſt excuſe you; *great Wits* have *ſhort Memories*. Pray remember me to the Rakes; tell 'em I would drink their *Healths*, if you would afford me Wine, which pray ſend by the firſt *Opportunity*, to

Your Friend and Servant, &c.

Mr. Swan's *Anſwer.*

Sir,

I Juſt now receiv'd a Letter from your virtuous Hands, by the ſame token you was pleas'd to make merry with a certain Friend that ſhall be Nameleſs, who, to my knowledg, thinks of you oftner than Somebody, that ſhall be Nameleſs too, does of his Maker. I ſhould thank you too for the Title you give me of a *Wit*, but *Wits* have a worſe fault than *Forgetfulneſs*; the ill-natur'd World calls it *Poverty*. *Wit* and *Poverty*, you know, are as inſeparable Companions as *War* and *Poverty*; and this may be the true Reaſon why

why the Wits lie under the Scandal of Forgetfulneſs: The Rakes laſt night were all in bodily Health, and drank yours heartily, even your humble, whom (tho' no Wit, nor Pretender to it) the bare *mention* of your Name does ſomewhat inſpire thus to accoſt you in the Poetical way:

I, *Owen Swan*, the moſt ſincere and honeſt Man
That e'er drew Wine in *Quart* or *Cann*,
From *Beerſheba* unto *Dan*,
Moſt humbly thanks you for your ſage Epiſtle;
Tho' my Muſe can't ſing, ſhe'll ſtrive to whiſtle.
Your virtuous Name I never think of,
But in full Glaſs your Health I drink off.
Thoſe virtuous Gentlemen, the Rakes,
Laſt night were in for Ale and Cakes,
(For Wine, I mean) but you'll forgive Miſtakes.
The *Wits*, dear Brother, ———
Are us'd to pardon one-another;
And may *Old Nick* your humble take,
And as a Neighbour *brews*, ſo may he never *bake*,
If he'd not drink an Ocean for your ſake.
My Verſes limp; and, why? 'tis meet
They keep proportion to the Feet
Of him who to his Cellar ran
To fill your Bottles,

Owen Swan.

To a Phyſician in the Country; giving a true ſtate of the Poetical War between Cheapſide *and* Covent-Garden.

SIR,

WE are almoſt barren of News; the War betwixt the *Northern Crowns*, and the *Poetical Phyſicians* is the only Subject at preſent; *Holſtein* and *Riga*, *Cheapſide* and *Covent-Garden* the Scene of all our Coffee-houſe Debates. What paſſes in our two firſt, the Publick Prints will inform you; the latter I ſhall endeavour to give you ſome Account of: You are not Ignorant of the *Civil War* that is broke out amongſt the Subjects of *Apollo*, and what Diſorders we have lately had in *Parnaſſus*. Two brawny *Heroes*, the Sons of *Pæan*, head the oppoſite Factions; both have ſignalized themſelves extraordinarily, one in Four Poems, which he has Printed, and t'other in a Poem printed four times. The *City Bard* takes Arms to drive out *Wit*, as an *Evil Councellor* from all the *Realms* of *Apollo*. The *Covent-Garden Hero* riſes in its Defence, and maintains its Services. This Quarrel is ſo far ſpread, that it's not like to be decided *Proprio Marte*; each Chief has his Faction, the *Knight* of the *Round-Table* has gathered a Body of Mercenaries, to whom, on the other ſide, are oppoſed a Squadron of Auxiliary Volunteers; and thus, as in Forty One, *Blew-Aprons*, and *Laced-Coats* are drawn up againſt one another, and the *Rabble* and *Gentlemen* ſet together by the Ears; each Side confident of Succeſs, that truſting to their Multitudes, this to their Courage and Conduct. The *Peſtle* and *Mor-*

Mortar-men are drawn up against the *Æsculapian Band*; the first, who like *Taylors* and *Women* measure the Goodness of every Thing by the *length*, assert the good old Cause of long *Bills*, and long *Poems*, against the *Jus Divinum* of Efficacy and Sense; and think it infinitely more Meritorious to write three or four *Folio's* without *Wit*, than to fill a small *Octavo* with it, and prefer the Art of *Swelling* a *Bill*, before the *Skill* to *Cure* a *Disease*. The *Cheapside Hero*, they say, devotes himself wholly to their Service, and *Rhimes* as well as Prescribes to the use of their Shops: However, this doubty Chief, in the midst of his *Cheapside Triumphs*, has been brought under Martial Discipline, and forc'd to run the Gantlet in *Covent-Garden*, and switch'd through the whole Posse of *Parnassus*, for fighting against the Law of Arms with false Colours. Those that favour his Cause complain of the Injustice and Indignity of his Punishment, alledging, he suffers for what he never did. They on the other Hand defend their Proceedings, and affirm they know him through his Disguise, and that coming upon 'em in Masquerade, he ought to suffer as a Spy, or an *Assassin*; and deserves no more Quarter, than he gives to his *Patients*. Notwithstanding this, his Party have rallied once more, and the *Mercenaries* are brought to the Attack, who hope to effect that by Stratagem, that they despair of by plain Force; and, like the *Scots* at the *Bass*, since they can't reduce 'em by *Arms*, attempt to Poison them with *Stink-Pots*. At the Head of those, is a Mendicant *Rhymer*, one that begs with a *Poem*, like a *Pass* in his Hand, and with a *Sham Brief*, as a Sufferer by *Poetick Fire*, has Collected the Charity of well-disposed Persons through all *Parnassus* for above twice Twelve *Months*; and like a true Beggar, when he has tired 'em out, falls a railing.

For a Bribe from his Ballad-Printer's not large enough to Rob him of the Benefit of the Act of Parliament for the Relief of poor Priſoners, and the Promiſe of a Dinner now and then from Sir *Arthur*, he has conſented to *Libel* his Benefactors, and return to his old Quarters, and ſubſiſt for the Remainder of his Life upon the *Basket*. Thus countenanced and encouraged, he lays about him moſt deſperately, and like one not much concern'd for the Succeſs, draws his *Incenſe*, and his *Ammunition* from the ſame *Houſe* of *Office*; *Friends* and *Foes* are treated alike in Compliment, he Paints one with the ſame Sir-reverence, that he aims to bedaub the other; and when his Hand is in, like the Conqueror in *Hudibraſs*'s Ovation, beſtows his Ordure very liberally amongſt the Spectators. Thus, Sir, I have given you a true Account of the State of the *Poetical War*, headed on both Sides by Gentlemen of your Faculty; among whom, though here has been no Bloodſhed, there has been as much Noiſe of Slaughter and Execution, as in *Holſtein*, or *Livonia*. You may expect more on the ſame Subject, for the Quarrel is not like to drop, while *Hopkins* can tell his Fingers, or *Weſley* ſubſiſt on Mumping in Metre.

I am, &c.

An Exhortatory Letter, to an Old Lady *that ſmoak'd* Tobacco.

Madam,

THough the ill-natur'd World *cenſures* you for *Smoaking*, yet I would adviſe you, Madam, not to part with ſo innocent a Diverſion: In the firſt place it is Healthful, and as *Galen de uſu*

uſu Partium rightly obſerves, is a Sovereign Remedy for the Tooth-ach, the conſtant Perſecutor of Old Ladies. *Secondly*, Tobacco, though it be a Heatheniſh Weed, is a great help to Chriſtian Meditations; which is the Reaſon I ſuppoſe that Recommends it to our Parſons; the Generality of whom, can no more write a *Sermon* without a *Pipe* in their *Mouths*, than a *Concordance* in their *Hands*: beſides, every Pipe you break, may ſerve to put you in mind of Mortality, and ſhow you upon what ſlender Accidents Man's Life depends. I knew a *Diſſenting Miniſter*, who on Faſt-days uſed to *mortify* upon a *Rump* of *Beef*, becauſe it put *him*, as he ſaid, in mind, that all *Fleſh* was *Graſs*; but I am ſure much more may be learnt from Tobacco. It may inſtruct you, that Riches, Beauty, and all the Glories of this World vaniſh like a *Vapour*. *Thirdly*, It is a pretty *Play-thing*: A Pipe is the ſame to an Old Woman, that a Gallant is to a young one, by the ſame Token they make both *Water* at Mouth. *Fourthly* and *Laſtly*, It is *faſhionable*, at leaſt 'tis in a fair way of becoming ſo; cold Tea, you know, has been this long while in Reputation at Court, and the *Gill* as naturally uſhers in the *Pipe*, as the *Sword-Bearer* walks before the *Lord-Mayor*.

I am your Ladiſhips humble Servant.

To Dr. Garth,

WHether your *Letter* or your *Preſcription* has made me *well*, I proteſt I cannot tell, but thus much I can ſay, that as the one was the moſt nauſeous thing I ever knew, ſo the other was the moſt entertaining. I would gladly aſcribe my

Cure to the laſt; and, if ſo, your *Practice* will become ſo *univerſal*, you muſt keep a *Secretary* as well as an *Apothecary*.

The Obſervations I have made are theſe, that your *Preſcription* ſtaid not long with me, but your *Letter* has, eſpecially that part of it where you told me I was not altogether out of your Memory: You'll find me much alter'd in every thing when you ſee me, but in my eſteem for your ſelf: I, that was as lank as a *Crane*, when I left you at *London*, am now as plump as an *Ortolan*. I have left off my *falſe Calves*, and had yeſterday a *great Belly* laid to me. A *facetious Widow*, who is my Confident in this Affair, ſays you ought to *Father* the *Child*; for *He* that lends a Man a Sword, is in ſome part acceſſory to the Miſchief is done with it; however, I'll forgive you the Inconvenience you've put me to. I believe you were not aware you were giving Life to two People. Pray let me have a Conſolatory Letter from you upon this new *Calamity*; for nothing can be ſo welcome, excepting Rain in this *Sandy Country* where we live. The *Widow* ſaith, ſhe reſolves to be *ſick*, on purpoſe to be acquainted with you; but I tell her, ſhe'll reliſh your *Preſcriptions* better in *full* Health: And if at this diſtance *You* can do her no Service, pray *preſcribe* her

Your humble Servant.

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*To Madam * * * upon ſending her Sir* Richard Blackmore's Job *and* Habakkuk. *By Mr.* Tho. Brown, *after* Balzac's *manner.*

TO ſhew you what an univerſal *Submiſſion* is paid to Beauty, an *Eaſtern* Prince comes to *wait* on you this morning. 'Tis true, he does not appear in his *Arabian* Magnificence, nor viſits you

you with a Splendor *ſuitable* to his rank; but after the manner of *Suppliants* he addreſſes himſelf to you in a *penitential* habit, and you ſee him juſt as he eſcaped out of Sir *Richard*'s Poetical *Powdering-tub*, which has prov'd more *unfortunate* to him than his *Dung-hill*. However, Madam, it was your *Command* he ſhould appear before you in this Garb; and the *Patriarch*, to ſhew his antient *Meekneſs*, has obey'd you. But altho' he enjoys the *happineſs* of your Company, yet either diſcouraged by his late unworthy *Treatment*, or overcome by your *Beauty*, he is not able to ſpeak a Syllable for himſelf. He that had *Eloquence* enough to deſcribe the *leaſt* of your *Charms*; he ſees that the natural Armour of his *Leviathan* is not ſo impenetrable as your *Heart*, and that the *weakeſt* of your Glances exceeds the Strength of his fam'd *Behemoth*. Tho' he firſt ſaw the *Light* in a Country which furniſhes our Altars with *Perfumes*, yet he owns, they fall ſhort of the natural *Sweetneſs* of your Breath, and confeſſes, that his own *Arabia* was unproperly call'd *happy*, ſince it ne'r produc'd any thing ſo comely as yourſelf.

But, Madam, tho' your Commands are not to be *diſputed*, *Job* had hardly *ventur'd* to appear before you in this Diſguiſe, had not a *Brother* in Affliction and *Fellow-ſufferer*, come along with him to keep him in *Countenance*: Both of 'em are ſo much alter'd for the worſe, ſince they have come out of the Doctor's Hands, who, not content to murder the *Living*, exerciſes his Cruelty upon the *Dead*, that their *neareſt* Relations, were they now alive, wou'd hardly *know* them. *Job* complains more of his *ill* Uſage from the *City Bard*, than all his other Afflictions, which the *Devil*, in conjunction with his *Wife*, contriv'd to lay upon him; and *Habakkuk* bewails the ignoble Captivity he lies under, with a *deeper* Reſentment than

that of his Country-men in *Chaldea*. However, both of them will glory in their Misfortunes, if you'll but vouchsafe to caſt a *pitying* Look upon them, nay, *thank* their unmerciful *Perſecuter* for putting them in this *diſadvantageous* Dreſs, if it produces ſo *favourable* an Effect.

To Monſieur de la — *his Correſpondent in* Paris. *Written in the Perſon of a* French-man, *and giving an Account of all the merry Paſſages he obſerv'd in* London.

I Had long ago diſcharg'd my Promiſe, and ſent you an Account of the moſt *remarkable* things that offer themſelves to a Stranger's *Curioſity*: But *London*, Sir, is too *Gigantic* a Place, and the many new Objects one *daily* meets are ſo apt to *efface* the Idea's of the *former*, that a Man may very well be *allow'd* to paſs a few Months in it, before he can regulate his Thoughts, and reduce them into *Method*. For your *Comfort*, I ſhall not trouble you with any Relations that are not to be *found* in our common *Itineraries*. The *Diſcoveries* I ſend you, are either the *Reſult* of my own Obſervation, or ſuch as I *gather'd* in my frequent Converſe with the ableſt *Virtuoſo's* of this famous City. In ſhort, they very well *deſerve* your Attention, and you may depend upon the Truth of them.

People may talk as they *pleaſe*; but I am of Opinion that there is more *Religion* ſtirring in *London*, than moſt Cities in the Univerſe: Nay, that in a great meaſure 'tis *incorporated* with their very Trade. Thoſe worthy Gentlemen the Stage-Coach-Men ſhew it in their printed Bills, where they never *fail* to conclude with an *If God per-*

permit. Nay, in one of their *Lotteries* I obſerv'd the Projector endeavour'd to *hook* in Cuſtomers with a *Text* of Scripture, and made *Solomon* Pimp to his Deſign, by quoting that *Saying* of his, *Time and Chance happen to all.* What is more ſurprizing, your very *Beggars* in the common Streets uſe the ſame Tone with the *Presbyterian* Parſons. In ſhort, *London* is ſo far from being a *prophane* Place, that ſome of the moſt *Eminent* Citizens, who can afford it, have *two* Religions going at once, and will march you gravely at the head of ſix notch'd Prentices, to *Church* in the Morning, and a *Meeting* in the Afternoon.

As for the *Women*, I'll ſay that for them, they are perfect *Heroines* in their Nature; they'll ſee you half a Score Kings and Queens *murder'd* upon the Stage, yet ſhew no more *Concern* than if ſo many Nine-pins were *tipt* down. And then at the *Old Baily*, tho' the Judge gravely tells them, *Look ye, Ladies, we have a ſmutty Trial coming on, where we ſhall be oblig'd to call every thing by its proper Name, and therefore it may be convenient for you to withdraw*; yet the Devil a Lady will *ſtinch* for the Buſineſs, but *ſit* you *out* the whole Trial without ſo much as putting on their *Masks*, tho' the Witneſſes now and then talk a *Heathen* Philoſophy that's enough to make even a Midwife *bluſh.* ——— But the *merrieſt* thing of all, is their *Pindaric* Poetry. Won'd you know what *ſort* of Verſification it is? I will tell you then: Why firſt of all, here is one huge Line as *long* as my Arm or longer; then there come one, two, or three *ſhort* Lines, like a *Pigmy* behind a *Giant*; very pretty, begar! then another *long* Line, and then a *ſhort* one, and another *ſhort*; and another *long*, and ſo on to the End of the *Stanza.* I was told that the *Engliſh* Poets borrow'd this Fancy from the Faggot-makers; for

for theſe Fellows will firſt of all put you down a long Stick, and then a ſhort one, and after this manner binding the Sticks together, when they have done, call it a Faggot, as the Authors call the other a *Pindaric* Ode.

Few Towns in *Chriſtendom* are ſo apt to promote *Scepticiſm* as this. There are at leaſt half a Score Pretenders to *Anderſon*'s *Scotch* Pills, and the Lord knows who has the true Preparation. The ſame Uncertainty there is about *Bateman*'s Spirit of Scurvy-graſs: Nay, as you walk to *Hogſden*, one Sign tells you, *This is the true, old, ancient Farthing-pye-houſe*; and before you can walk *three Steps* further, you meet another Sign that has the *Impudence* to tell you the very *ſame* Story. Thus a Stranger is wonderfully puzzled which of theſe *two* Houſes to go to, and not knowing how to *clear* the Difficulty, ſometimes goes to *neither*. They abound particularly in *Holes* in the *Wall*: to the beſt of my Remembrance there are at leaſt four in *Baldwin*'s Gardens, and as many more about *Red-Lyon* Square: Now, I believe it wou'd *Nonplus* the *ableſt* Antiquary of them all to *determine* which is the right, *ancient*, and *primitive* Hole in the Wall.

I have been exceedingly ſurpriz'd at the great *Variety* of Spelling in the publick Signs. I cou'd inſtance in a *hundred*, but ſhall content my ſelf with the Word *Lancaſhire*, that has been moſt *inhumanly* us'd by them. You ſhall find it written *Lanckiſheir* in one, *Lankeſheare* in another, and *Lanckaſheer* in a third. I foreſee that this Difference of Orthography in theſe *publick* Inſcriptions, as your Alehouſe-Signs moſt *certainly* are, will give the *Grammarian* a World of *Trouble* two or three hundred Years hence: ſo, for my part, I wonder that Dr. *Bentivoglio* does not

not petition the *Parliament* that no Victualler be ſuffer'd to ſet up a Sign till it has been firſt *carefully* examin'd and conſider'd by Commiſſioners *well skill'd* in theſe *Matters*, and *choſen* for the purpoſe.

They have ſeveral Latin Words in and about this Town, that are *peculiar* to *England*, and go *currant* no where elſe. In one of the Villages about *London* there is a very *noble* Hoſpital, and over the Refectory a *Latin* Inſcription, giving to underſtand that this Building was *erected* at the Charge of a Gentleman that belong'd to the *Societas Haberdaſherorum*. I was for a long while *perplex'd* to know what Countrymen theſe *Haberdaſherians* were, or from whence they borrow'd their Name. Sometimes I thought 'em the Remainders of the old *Aborigines* of the Iſland, and ſometimes a People of the *Cimbrica Cherſoneſus*, that came over with the *Saxons*. I conſulted *Strabo*, *Ptolomy*, *Dionyſius Afer*, *Mela*, and the old Geographers, about the matter, who gave me not the *leaſt Inſight* into them: Then I turn'd over *Cluverius*, *Ferrarius*, *Du Freſne*, *Salmaſius* upon *Solinus*, and who not, but was no *wiſer* than before. At laſt a learned *Engliſh* Gentleman told me that theſe *Haberdaſherians* were a civiliz'd *moral* People enough, and only dealt in *harmleſs* Manufactures, as *Pins*, *Tape*, *Inkle*, and *Packthread*.

Some *Airs* have been obſerv'd by Naturaliſts to breed *Agues*, as the Hundreds in *Eſſex*, ſome to breed *Calentures*, as *Guinea* in *Afric*, others to breed *contagious* Diſtempers, as *Barbados* and *Jamaica*. Now the Air of *Cheapſide* has this *peculiar* Quality belonging to it, as to *breed* Horns. 'Tis certain (and the Obſervation has been made ever ſince *William* the Conqueror's Days) that not one marry'd Man in a hundred that dwells in that

that Street eſcapes them. Nay, I have been *credibly* inform'd that a Linnen-draper of *Cheapſide* bought him a *fine Tortoiſe-ſhell* Tobacco-box near the *Exchange*, and before he had wore it full a Week in his Pocket, it was converted to perfect *Horn*.

The Merchants of *London* are nothing near ſo *polite* as ours in *Paris*. The Devil a jot do they know of the *Ouvrages d' Eſprit*, whereas ours will diſcourſe *better* upon *Books* and Authors than *Trade* and Commerce. I made a *Viſit* to one of them, and after the *firſt* Compliments were paſt, enquir'd of him what *Books* of Note had lately *appear'd* in the World. Oh Sir, ſays he, ſince the joining of the two *Companies*, we have had the fineſt *Bettelees*, *Palampores*, *Baſts* and *Jamwars*, come over that ever were ſeen. *Pardon* me, Sir, ſaid I, theſe Affairs are ſomewhat out of my *Knowledge*. ——Indeed, as for the *Mamoodies*, the *Lingooes*, the *Culgees*, and the *Chints*, continues he, they receiv'd ſome little Detriment by the Salt Water: but—— you miſtake me, Sir, cry'd I, for all this while I was talking of—— but then for your *Mulmuls Phootaes*, *Gurrah's*, *Moorees*, and *Roſtaes*, mind me what I ſay, Sir, I *defie* the whole World to *match* us. And ſo he went on, till I was forc'd to break up *abruptly* with him.

Foreigners *unjuſtly* charge the *Londoners* with Want of *Civility* and *Invention*. Don't they give a plain *Proof* of their ſingular *Courteſie*, when Curates, Surgeons, Operators for the Teeth and Toes, *Anglice* Tooth-drawers and Corn-cutters, nay, Farriers, and Sextons go by the Name of *Doctors*? And then, who dares queſtion the Goodneſs of their Invention, who conſiders that thoſe noble *Curioſities*, Swimming-Girdles, Pacing-Saddles, Chalybiate Pancakes, Engines to prevent

prevent Leaking, and that great Traveller Major *John Choke*'s famous Necklaces for breeding of Teeth, with a numberless Set of *Theories* were invented here? Besides, the last *new* Religion that appear'd in these Parts of the World, was it not *wholly* contriv'd by the *Philadelphians?*

'Tis worth a Stranger's while to *peep* into the several *Conventicles* here, to observe how Affairs are *managed* among them. The Minister gets up into his *Box*, talks a great deal of *unintelligible* Stuff; the People *lugg* out their Silver Ink-horns, and take it upon *Content*; which puts me in mind of the *Fellow* in Hell that was always making of *Ropes*, and an *Ass* still devour'd them.

Among other Customs, I observ'd one very *singular*, and *ancient*, and *still* kept on foot, which is, to make *Fools* of People on the first Day of *April*. I cou'd never inform my self what gave the first Rise to so *odd* a Frolic; but methinks they might let it alone; for since three Parts in four of the People are Fools *every* Day in the Year, what *occasion* is there to set a Day *apart* for it?

When a Humour takes in *London*, they ride it to *death* before they can part with it. As for instance, *Lotteries* were first set up for Annuities and Pensions; then they came down to Books and Pictures, at last they *descended* even to Snuff and Balsam, to Plum-Cakes and Mince-Pies. Thus, because *Æsop* from *Tunbridge* had the good Fortune to please, a hundred other *Æsops* from *Epsom*, *Islington*, and other Parts of the Kingdom were immediately trump'd up, till the very Name of *Æsop* at last grew *scandalous*. The same Folly *infected* the Theatre, where a *Beau* at his first Appeareance upon the Stage happening to tickle the Fancies of the Auditors, you cou'd have ne're a Play without that Animal to set it off.

off. The firſt *Beau* diverted 'em with his huge *Muff*, the ſecond with his monſtrous *Periwigg*, the third with *Buttons* as big as Turnips, the fourth with an extraordinary *Cravat*, the fifth with a fantaſtical *Sword-Knot*. 'Twas the ſame original Coxcomb all the while, but only a little diverſify'd. ——— Having ſeen the famous *Braſs Monument* in *Weſtminſter*, I went in the next Place to ſee Dr. *Oats*, whom I found in one of the Coffee-houſes that looks into the *Court* of *Requeſts*. He is a moſt *accompliſh'd* Perſon in his way, that's certain. The Turn of his Face is extreamly *particular*; he has the *largeſt* Chin of any Clergyman in *Europe*, by the ſame token, they tell a *merry* Story how he cheated a *two-peny* Barber by hiding it under his Cloak. In ſhort, his Mouth ſtands *exactly* in the middle of his Face, like the *White* in the *Center* of a Target.

I had the *Curioſity* ſometimes to beſtow an half Hour at Mr. *B*——'s little Manſion in *Ruſſel-Court*. Some Miniſters will make you *cry*, ſome will make you *ſleep*; but honeſt *Daniel* will make you *laugh* with his Preaching. I happen'd to *hear* him once, when he took occaſion to prove the *Tendency* of Mankind to *Corruption* from their loving *rotten* Cheeſe. Do but obſerve, my Brethren, ſays he, when an old *Cheſhire* Cheeſe is brought to the Table, how *readily* every Man ſticks his Knife into the *blue* Part, a *plain* Indication (and then he *nodded* his Head) of the *Truth* of original Sin!

But of all the *Virtuoſo's* in *London*, commend me to the ingenious Dr. *Thimbleſworth*, who publiſh'd the Furniture of a *Chineſe* Barber's Shop in the *Philoſophical Tranſactions*. He is certainly a *profound* Philoſopher, and will aſſign you a *Phyſical* Reaſon for any thing almoſt. I will give you

you one remarkable Inſtance, to ſhew you the great Depth of his *Penetration*. He *chanc'd* to be in a Gentleman's Company that *fainted* away at the Sight of a few *Eggs*. What does my Doctor do upon this, but *whips* ſtreight into *Eſſex*, where the Gentleman liv'd, enquires privately into the *ſecret* Hiſtory of his Family, and finds his Grandfather had ſtood in the *Pillory* for *forging* a Bond. Having made this lucky Diſcovery, he ſoon found out the *true* Reaſon of the Grandſon's *Averſion* to *Eggs*. A thouſand *other* Curioſities I cou'd impart to you, but having already *ſwell'd* my Letter to too *great* a Bulk, I will e'en *reſerve* them to a *fitter* Opportunity, and conclude with *aſſuring* you that I am

Your Humble Servant, &c.

A Letter to a Lady that had got an Inflammation in her Eyes.

Madam,

YOU will hardly believe, perhaps, how much People talk of your Indiſpoſition. The late *Eclipſe*, when the Sun it ſelf was in Labour, occaſion'd not half the Diſcourſe, as the preſent Diſtreſs your Eyes are in, throughout the whole Empire of your Beauty, that is, throughout the whole Kingdom. Nothing is more generally talk'd of, or more univerſally lamented. Thoſe *beautiful Eyes*, which were wont to ſpread *Joy* in all *Hearts*, now diffuſe *Sorrow* in every *Breaſt*: At the ſame time they raiſe different Paſſions; the *Women* pity what they *envy*, and the *Men* lament what they *adore*. 'Tis true, there are ſome diſcontented Perſons, that

that perhaps have formerly felt your Rigour, who let drop bold Expreſſions; they ſay, your Eyes are deſervedly puniſh'd for the many Violences and Barbarities they have committed; That 'tis but juſt they ſhould be afflicted, who have made ſo many poor Men ſuffer; and, That it ſeems a manifeſt *Judgment* of Heaven, that the Diſtemper ſhould *attack* you in the very place where you *aſſault* Mankind. Theſe are the Murmurs of ſome few Men, *Madam*, whom we except from the multitudes who bewail the Calamities of your Eyes.

Sir *Thomas* ——, who (you know) ſpeaks fine things, did me the honour of a Viſit yeſterday, and commands me to tell you, That had he as many Eyes as *Argus*, to give *yours* one moment's eaſe, he would pluck 'em all out, and throw 'em (as he would *himſelf*, and his *Fetters*) at your Feet. For my own part, *Madam*, who have but two Eyes, one of 'em is at your Ladiſhip's Service; the other I am unwilling to loſe, becauſe I am unwilling to loſe the ſight of you.

And now I ſhall conclude with my *Advice* and my *Wiſh*; my *Advice*, That you would take care of the fineſt Eyes in the World: My *Wiſh*, That the Flame were remov'd from your Eyes to your Heart. I am, Madam,

Your Ladiſhip's moſt obedient Servant.

THE END.

A Choice Collection OF LETTERS, OUT OF *ARISTÆNETUS*, Epist. II. Lib. I.

In two PARTS.

Translated from the GREEK, *by Mr.* THO. BROWN.

A Choice Collection OF LETTERS, OUT OF *ARISTÆNETUS.*

Epist. II. Lib. I.

PART. I.

Translated from the GREEK, *by Mr.* BROWN.

I Was a singing to my self one of the newest Songs last Evening in the Piazza, when a very merry Adventure befel me: Two pretty young Ladies in the bloom of their Youth, and inferior to the Graces in nothing but their Number, came up to me, and the Elder of them, with a Look that had nothing of the Air of a Coquette in it, was pleas'd to greet me after the following manner.

Whatever you may think of the matter, Sir, you have made two Conqueſts to Night by your Voice: Love has found a way to our Souls thro' our Ears, we are both ſubdu'd by your Harmony, and have had a Debate with our ſelves, for which of us you intended this Entertainment. My own Vanity made me believe it was meant for me; my Companion here is as poſitive that the Compliment was deſign'd for her. Thus not being able to decide the Controverſie among our ſelves, which had lik'd to have ingag'd us in a Civil War, we both agreed to have it determined by your ſelf.

Why, faith, Ladies, reply'd I, to them, you are both of you very Handſome; but the Duce take me if I am in Love with either of you: therefore I wou'd adviſe you, as a Friend and a Plain-dealer, not to quarrel about ſuch an inſignificant Fellow as I am, but to let all Actions of Hoſtility ceaſe, and live like good Neighbours together: Not but that I believe I cou'd be heartily in Love with both, or either of you at any other time, but at preſent my Heart is engaged elſe-where; and I am confident you have more Generoſity and Juſtice than to uſurp the Property of another, or to take up with the leavings of Love.

Oh! cry'd they, this is a downright Sham. There's not one handſome Woman in this Quarter of the Town, yet you pretend to be in Love; 'tis plain we have caught you in a Story, therefore you ſhall ſwear that you love neither of us.

I cou'd not but laugh at the Propoſal: Why, Ladies, ſaid I, every thing about me is at your Service; but I have a tender Conſcience, and wou'd not willingly be perjur'd.

That is as we would have it, ſaid one of 'em; we knew the Truth wou'd come out one way or other, therefore reſolve to come along with us, for

for we won't loſe ſo fair an Opportunity. With that both the Damoſels fell a tugging and hawling me forward; they pluckt one way, and I pluckt another; but you know the Proverb, *Two to one is odds at Foot-ball*; ſo I was forc'd to ſubmit to my Deſtiny, and go along with 'em whither they were pleas'd to lead me. So far the Story may be read or heard by all the World, but what follows is a Secret: In ſhort, not to ſet your Mouth a Watering, with a deſcription of every Particular, I was carried to a Room, where we made an extemporary Bed of Chairs and Stools; ſo Ingenious is Love when it is put to its Shifts. The two good natur'd Nymphs were not diſappointed; and your humble Servant went off well ſatisfied with his good Fortune.

Glycera *to* Philinna.

Out of the ſame, Epiſt. 3. Lib. 2.

SOme ill Demon certainly ow'd me a Spite, (by the ſame Token he more than got out of my Debt) when I was ſeduc'd to marry this dull Flegmatick Lawyer of mine; for I'll tell you after what a horrid rate he uſes me: Every Night, when other Husbands, as in Duty bound, ſolace their poor Wives a Bed, my Man of Law ſits up, pretending he has a Conveyance to draw for my Lord —— and then, ſays he, I'm to make a Speech in the Court to morrow for my Client Sir *John* — and if I have it not by heart, there will be the Devil and all to do; with that he walks about the Room in a meditating Poſture, to make me believe he is in earneſt, mumbling I know not what

unintelligible Stuff to himſelf. Since he has not Aſſets enough, as far as I can perceive, to diſcharge the Debt of Matrimony, why ſhould he Marry, I wonder, to inflame his Reckoning? Why ſhou'd a Man that doth not want a Wife to humble his Conſtitution, pretend to Monopolize a young Virgin to himſelf, eſpecially when he wants either Will or Ability to do her Juſtice? Did he chuſe to make me his Spouſe, only to deafen me with impertinent Stories of Executions, Anſwers, Ejectments, and impertinent Decrees? Did he ever think I cou'd prove ſuch a ſupple Slave, as to ſit up all Night to hear him? Since I find he puts my Bed-chamber to no other uſe, than to prophane it with naſty Petty-fogging, I am reſolv'd for the future to have a ſeparate Bed by my Self: If this won't reform him, but he ſtill continues an incorrigible Sot, drudging in other Peoples Buſineſs, and neglecting mine, I am reſolv'd to give him a *Rowland* for his *Oliver*, and to ſpeak to ſome more able Council to manage my Law-caſe. This I hope is enough to make you comprehend my Meaning: you are a ſenſible Woman, experienc'd in theſe Affairs, and therefore a Hint is ſufficient. Conſider then, my dear Friend, and tell me how I muſt play this Game. You are a Woman, and underſtand the Neceſſities of our Sex, and tho' I have not nam'd my Diſeaſe to you in down-right Terms (for my Modeſty wou'd not give me leave to do that) yet ſince you know the Nature of it, I hope you'll be my Doctreſs, and preſcribe me a Remedy. 'Tis but reaſonable, I think, that you, who are my near Relation, and beſides have a good Talent at Compoſing of Differences, ſhou'd ſtand my Friend at this Juncture: Beſides, as you had a great hand in making this wicked Match, you are oblig'd in Honour, to make it ſupportable to me. But above all, it will be

be requiſite to be very ſecret, for ſhou'd my litigious Blade come to hear that I apply my ſelf to other Council, he might reject me for good and all, and ſo what I get in the Hundred, I muſt expect to loſe in the County.

Cirtion *to* Dictys.

Out of the ſame, Epiſt. 7. Lib. 1.

Diſtracted between Joy and Grief, I write the following Lines to you: Yeſterday I was at my old Recreation of Fiſhing by the Sea-ſide, and as I was drawing a thundring Fiſh out of the Water, ſo very large that it made my Rod crack again, behold there comes up to me a pretty Damoſel, with a lovely mixture of Roſes and Lilies in her Cheeks, tall and ſtraight as a Cedar that likes the Ground it grows in. Thought I to my ſelf, I'm a lucky Dog to Day, Fortune favours me in both Elements, and now I am like to get a better Prize at Land than I drew juſt now out of the Water. Honeſt Friend, cries ſhe, I conjure you by *Neptune*, to look after my Cloaths a little, while I waſh my ſelf in the Sea. This Requeſt, you may imagine, was not unwelcome to me, becauſe it would give me an Opportunity to ſee ſomething. She had no ſooner thrown off her Rigging; but, good Heavens! there was a ſight enough to have ſpoiled the moſt Virtuous Reſolutions of the ſevereſt Philoſopher: From between her Hair, which was of a lovely Black, and flow'd down her Shoulders in great Quantity, I diſcover'd a pair of Roſie Cheeks, and an Ivory Neck, that wholly poſſeſt me with Admiration

and Surprize: Both theſe Colours were in the higheſt perfection, but they deriv'd no little agreement from the neighbourhood of the Black. To return to our Nymph, ſhe had no ſooner undreſs'd, but ſhe plung'd foremoſt into the Waves; The Sea was as ſmooth as a Bowling-green, and when ſhe appear'd above the Water, had I not ſeen her before, I durſt have Sworn ſhe had been one of the *Nereids*, of whom the Poets tell us ſo many Stories. When ſhe had waſhed as long as ſhe thought fit, out ſhe came; and from ſuch a Sight as this, our Painters, I ſuppoſe, were inſtructed how to draw *Venus* riſing out of the Sea. I immediately ran to my lovely Damoſel to deliver her her Cloaths, and when ſhe was ſo near me, cou'd not forbear to touch her Bubbies, and ſo forth. But to ſee what ill Fate attends me! The young Gipſie bluſh'd and frown'd at me: But even her very Anger became her; it gave a freſh Luſtre to her Beauty, and her Eyes darted Lightning at me. Then in her Indignation ſhe broke my Rod, flung my Fiſh into the Sea, and ran away from me, as faſt as her Legs would carry her. Imagine in what a Confuſion ſhe left me. I lamented the loſs of what I had taken with ſo much Pains; but the loſs of her, whom I had as it were in my Hands, afflicted me infinitely more. This Diſappointment, in ſhort, ſo mortifies me, that I dare no longer truſt my ſelf with the cruel Idea of it.

Philo-

Philochorus *to* Polyænus.

Out of the ſame, Epiſt. 4. Lib. 1.

LAST Week *Hippias* and I were taking a turn in the Park, when on a ſudden he thus accoſted me: Friend, ſays he, prithee mind that Lady yonder that leans upon her Maid's Arm. How tall! how ſtraight! how well-featur'd ſhe is! By Heavens, She's a Miracle of a Woman: Let us e'en croſs the Walk and accoſt her. Why, replied I to him, you're mad I think: Unleſs I am miſtaken in her Outſide, ſhe's a Woman of Vertue, and conſequently no Game for ſuch as you and I; But if you reſolve to proceed, let us view her a little more diſtinctly before we board her, for I love to look about me before I leap. My Companion fell a Laughing, as if he had been diſtracted, and ſtriking me gently on the Shoulder, Thou'rt a Novice, ſaid he, I find in theſe Affairs. Take it from me, all the Women in the World are made of ſinful Materials. One may have more Hypocriſie than another, but if you put it home to her, I'll engage you'll find her made of true Fleſh and Blood. But alaſs, you are a perfect Stranger to the Town-intrigues, otherwiſe how cou'd you imagine that any Woman of Honour wou'd be walking here at this time of the Day, and dart her Glances ſo artfully on all ſhe meets? Prithee obſerve how ſhe plays with her Necklace, how ſlily ſhe ſteals her pretty Hand out of her Glove; and as if ſhe went to reform ſome Diſorder in her Dreſs, how dexterouſly ſhe diſcovers her Breaſts? From theſe and a thouſand other

other Indications I conclude that this Lady won't let a Man ſigh at her Feet in vain; but what is more convincing, I now tipt the Wink at her, and ſhe as kindly return'd it; therefore let us go and board the Veſſel, for I dare engage ſhe'll make no Reſiſtance. He had no ſooner ſpoke theſe Words, but he makes directly to the Prize, above mention'd, and finding a fit Opportunity he thus made his Addreſſes to her: I ſwear by your Beauty, the moſt ſacred Oath to me that can be, you have made your ſelf in a Moment the abſolute Soveraign of my Heart; and if you pleaſe to order that Eves-dropping Maid of yours, to retire to ſome diſtance, I have ſomething to communicate to you, which perhaps you will not be diſpleas'd to hear. She accordingly commanded her Attendant to file off, when the other in this manner purſued his Diſcourſe. As I know that Love is no Camelion to live upon Air, I am not ſo unreaſonable as to demand any Favours of you *Gratis*: And on the other hand, Madam, I am ſure you are too conſcientious to put too high a Price on them. Gold, you know, may be too dearly bought; but I hope you'll comply with the Running Market-Price; I have, Madam, two things to plead for me, Vigour and Wealth, but I would by my good Will husband both of them ſo, as to make them hold out: Come give me your Anſwer. The Lady's Eyes ſufficiently declar'd the Conſent of her Heart; ſhe ſtood ſtill and bluſh'd, and ſuch a beautiful Red ſtreak'd her Cheeks, as we find in the Heavens when the Sun is juſt a ſetting. When my Friend found the Bargain was now as good as ſtruck, he turn'd about to me; And what do you think now of my Skill in theſe Affairs? you would have diſſwaded me forſooth, from this Expedition, but now you ſee how I have ſucceeded; for, at the expence of a few Words and a little

Time

Time I have brought the Nymph to ſurrender. You alas are ſuch a Heretick, as to believe there are Women in the World above Flattery, Corruption and Bribery, but you are in a damn'd miſtake; follow me, and I'll ſhow you ſome Sport: but in the mean time take this for granted, That there is no Garriſon ſo ſtrong, and no Woman ſo obſtinately Vertuous, but by one Practice or other, both maybe brought to take a new Maſter.

Lamprias *to* Philippides.

Out of the ſame, Epiſt. 16. Lib. 1.

YOU remember me troubled with all the Symptoms of Love, and deſire to know how I got cur'd of it; I us'd to entertain my Paſſion in the Fields and ſolitary Groves, which inſtead of abating, grew every Day fiercer, and raged more violently in my Breaſt. As I walk'd by the purling Streams, May *Cupid*, ſaid I, and his Mother, (for they, and only they, know what Torments I languiſh under) give me Courage enough to make a Declaration of my Paſſion, which hitherto I have ſtifl'd within me. As Love has transfixt with his Darts this tender Breaſt of mine, ſo I hope he will in the ſame manner treat the fair Inſenſible, who has given me ſo many cruel Inquietudes. One Day it happen'd that after I had amuſed my ſelf with theſe Contemplations in the Woods, I found I had Reſolution enough to venture an Interview with my Miſtreſs. I went accordingly to her Houſe and had a long Converſation with her, wherein I found the Beauties of her Mind, to be not at all in-

inferior to thoſe of her Face: Her Looks wore all the bewitching Marks of the moſt agreeable Innocence; I admir'd her Hand, the whiteſt and ſofteſt in the World: I view'd with ſacred Horror, thoſe killing Eyes, that penetrate quicker and deeper than Lightning. To compleat my Ruin, ſhe ſhow'd me a delicious pair of Breaſts as it were by accident, on which the God of Love himſelf, would be proud to recline his Head. All this while my Tongue was tied with a religious Awe, and I had not Aſſurance enough to acquaint her with my Pain. However, I was very intent on my mental Devotion, and pray'd to *Cupid*, that ſince he knew my Imbecility ſo well (which I wholly imputed to himſelf) he would ſo effectually touch my Miſtreſs's Heart, that ſhe of her own accord, ſhould own her Affection to me. I had no ſooner concluded theſe pious Ejaculations, but I found the God had heard my Prayers; for my Miſtreſs, who look'd ſo Coy and Demure at my firſt coming into the Room, on the ſudden, ſmiled very graciouſly upon me, and gently ſqueez'd me by the Hand; and then no longer able to conceal the vehemence of her Deſires, ſhe impreſt ſo warm a Kiſs on my Lips, that I was in good hopes the Seal would never have parted from the Wax: All the Sweets of *Arabia the Happy*, all the fragrant Odours of the Eaſtern World, all the blooming Beauties of the Spring, and the Wealth of Summer: In ſhort, all the Incenſe that is offer'd on the Altars of our Gods, comes infinitely ſhort of the natural Sweetneſs of her Breath. But here I will ſtop my Narration, for what need I trouble my ſelf to ſend every particular to you, who are old enough to imagine them of your ſelf? Only this I will add, that we ſtrove all Night-long, which of us ſhould expreſs their Love in the moſt Emphatical Manner; and that, that ſawcy Intru-

truder, Sleep, found us too well employ'd to offer to interrupt us.

Philomatia *to* Emuſus.

Out of the ſame, Epiſt. 14. Lib. 1.

THIS comes to let you know that we are not ſo bewitched to Muſick as you imagine, and that the beſt Lute and Guitarr in the World will make but little Progreſs, unleſs it comes attended with the more powerful Harmony of Money. Why then do you give your ſelf and me the unneceſſary trouble of ſo many Serenades? Why muſt you imploy your Hands to ſhew the Paſſion of your Heart? Why do you proſecute me with your Sonnets, and Sing under my Windows?

Since Beauty's Charms do hourly fade,
And 'tis a Shame to be a Maid;
Let not Love's Pleaſures be delay'd.

You are old enough, one would think, to know that Money atones for all Defects with us Women, and that Beauty and Vigour have no Merit with us, if they have no Gold to recommend 'em: But you think me an eaſie, fooliſh, good-natur'd Creature, who am to be impos'd on by any wheedling Stories. You fancy'd, I ſuppoſe, that I never had been initiated in the Myſteries of our Profeſſion, and that I wou'd immediately ſurrender to you, upon the firſt ſtroak of your Violin, and the firſt touch of the Lute; but to undeceive you, know that I was bred up under the moſt experienc'd

perienc'd Miſtreſs of her time; who formed my tender Mind with wholſome Precepts; telling me, that nothing under the Sun was ſincere or deſirable but Money; and teaching me to deſpiſe every thing but that. Under her Inſtructions, and by her virtuous Example, I have profited ſo much, that I now meaſure Love, not by vain empty Compliments, that ſignify nothing, but by the Preſents that are made me, and by the Almighty Rhetorick of Gold, which will ſtand my Friend, when a thouſand ſuch fluttering Weathercocks as you have left me in the Lurch.

Terpſion *to* Polycles.

Out of the ſame, Epiſt. 7. Lib. 2.

TO convince you how inſenſibly Love gets Admiſſion into the moſt innocent Hearts, be pleas'd to read over the following Story: A young Country Girl, fell deſperately in Love with her Miſtreſs's Gallant, and took Fire her ſelf, while ſhe contributed to extinguiſh that of others. Being obliged to keep Watch upon the Stairs, leſt the Lovers ſhou'd be ſurpriz'd, ſhe cou'd not but often hear their Murmuring and Sighing: She ſaw 'em too folded in one anothers Embraces, performing the Ceremony of Love; and thus through the Eyes and Ears of this tender Girl, the God of Love, with his Torch and Arrows, plung'd himſelf over Head and Ears in her panting Breaſt. She bewailed the Unhappineſs of her Condition, and accus'd her Deſtiny for giving her a Mind ſuſceptible of the moſt tender Impreſſions, yet, denying her the Means to ſatisfie them:

Why ſhou'd not I, ſaid ſhe, participate Pleaſure with my Miſtreſs, ſince I have a Soul as ſenſible as hers? Why ſhou'd Love, that tramples over all Diſtinctions of Rank and Quality, ſhew himſelf faint-hearted only in my Quarrel? But ſhe did not afflict herſelf with theſe unprofitable Complaints. *Venus* wou'd not ſuffer her to loſe the the Time in lazy Wiſhes, for being ſent one Afternoon to invite the Gallant to her Miſtreſs's Lodgings, without any farther Preamble or Preface, ſhe accoſted him in this manner: *Sir*, ſaid ſhe, *I believe you to be a Gentleman, and willing to eaſe the the Longing of a young Virgin: if my Face will go down with you, that, and the reſt of my Body are at your Service. You know well enough what it is to Love, and therefore will have Compaſſion, I hope, on one that languiſhes under that Diſtemper.* The Gentleman without farther ado, took her at her Word, and was ſo courteous as to play the Prieſt, ſince ſhe was ſo willing to be the Sacrifice. He ſoon eaſed her of that Burden ſhe complain'd of, and own'd that he ne'er receiv'd more Pleaſure in his Life. The Kiſſes of married Women are generally inſipid; the Kiſſes of mercenary Harlots are fallacious and deceitful; but thoſe of an Innocent, Uninſtructed Virgin are ſincere, and conſequently the moſt delicious. Our Lovers had like to have fainted away under the Violence of their Agitation; their Souls kept hovering about their Mouths, but their uninterrupted Kiſſes denied them a Paſſage. While the golden Minutes paſs'd away in theſe Tranſports, the Miſtreſs, who was ſeiz'd with a Fit of Jealouſy to ſee them ſtay ſo long, ſtole ſoftly into the Room, and ſurprized them in very Criminal Circumſtances. The unhappy Maid found the firſt Effects of her Indignation, whom ſhe thump'd and beat, and dragg'd by the Hair; but the poor Wench intreat-

intreated her to conſider, that tho' her ill Stars had ſent her a Slave into the World, which was none of her Fault, ſhe had as ſtrong Inclinations as the beſt of her Sex: that Love was an Imperious Deity; and when he had once got Entrance into a Heart, would not throw up his Poſſeſſion, as ſhe herſelf could not but know by Experience. Wherefore, Madam, ſays ſhe, in conſideration of Love, who is our common Maſter, and whoſe Yoak both of us carry, be pleas'd to forgive this Indiſcretion in me: which, after the worſt Gloſs you can put upon it, was only the Effect of a fooliſh Curioſity, from which the beſt of Women are not extempt. Theſe Complaints ſo innocently deliver'd, ſoon appeas'd her Miſtreſs's Fury, who, taking her Gallant by the Hand, thus rallied him; *I find*, cries ſhe, *you are of the Humour of ſome People, who had rather gather four Grapes, than ſtay till they are ripe. What could make you ſo fooliſhly trifle your time with a ſilly raw Baggage, that is ſo far from knowing how to perform her part in the Chorus of Love, that ſhe does not yet underſtand how to level her Kiſſes aright? A Virgin is dull and heavy, and unacquainted with the true Management of a Paſſion; whereas ſuch a Woman, as I am, that has tried many a fall with many a Man in her time, needs not the Inſtructions of any one, but gives the utmoſt Satisfaction. In ſhort, a Woman gives, but a Virgin only receives Kiſſes, which makes a ſenſible Difference between them. And this*, continued ſhe to her Spark, *you know well enough; but, if you want to have your Memory refreſh'd, come to me to Night, and I will make you own I am in the right.*

What happen'd upon this, I can't tell, neither am I curious to know, becauſe all Men affect to govern themſelves by their own peculiar Palates, but eſpecially in the Buſineſs of Love.

A

A Letter of Gallantry, from a young Gentleman, to his Perjur'd Miſtreſs.

Out of the ſame, Epiſt. 9. Lib. 2.

IF you conſider, Madam, what ill Treatment, I have had from your Hands, you are in the right on't to believe that I hate you moſt mortally; but then if you reflect what an abſolute Empire your Beauty has gain'd over my Soul, you can't but be ſenſible that it is impoſſible for me to harbour the leaſt injurious Thought of you. To convince you how far I intereſt my ſelf in every thing that concerns you, I ſwear to you by that adorable Face, which hath made ſo perfect a Conqueſt of me, That next to the Grief of loſing you, I am in the next place concern'd to think what Puniſhments Heaven has in ſtore for you, for affronting it by ſo open, ſo bare-fac'd a Perjury. Love has ſo effectually ſtifl'd all Reſentments within me, that I dare not entertain the leaſt diſadvantageous Wiſhes againſt you. But tho' I am ready to forgive you, I am afraid leaſt the Powers above ſhou'd call you to an account for violating their Majeſty by a Crime ſo provoking. If the thing wholly depended on me, you might ſafely ſtare Heaven in the Face, after you have ſo often called down its Vengeance on your Head; but my Fear is, (and my Concern for you, obliges me to tell you ſo much) that the Gods will not be ſo ready to Pardon you, as I have been; and any Misfortune of yours wou'd afflict me more, than to find my ſelf nglected and forgotten by you. I mpute my Miſeries to Deſtiny, not to you, (you ee, Madam, I would rather judge injuriouſly of eaven than of your ſelf) and I will never ceaſe

to Pray, that Juſtice itſelf may be blind, that ſo you may eſcape the Puniſhment you deſerve, rather than thoſe bright Eyes ſhould ſuffer any thing, tho' they have caus'd my Ruin. Nay, if it ſhould be your chance to treſpaſs once more, and offend Heaven again, I hope it will have a due Regard to the Weakneſs of your Youth. I am content to Sacrifice my Pretenſions to you; I, who wou'd ſooner part with the *Indies* than your ſelf, provided that you wou'd be no Sufferer. Farewel charming Creature, farewel; and may Fate be as indulgent to you, as I have been: Show me now, if you can, a Lover like me, who after ſuch cruel Uſage ever writ ſo humble a Letter.

Abrocomas *to his dear* Delphis.

Out of the ſame, Epiſt. 21. Lib. 2.

YOu'll be angry perhaps at the frank Confeſſion I am going to make to you. I examine with curious Eyes all the Women I ſee, I go to all the places of publick Reſort, and no Female eſcapes me; pray, Madam, don't think I do this to carry on any Intrigue with 'em (for I wou'd not have you put ſo unjuſt a Conſtruction upon my Expreſſions) 'tis only to ſee how much your Beauty ſurpaſſes theirs, and to be able to do the more Juſtice to your Merits. Yes, Madam, by *Cupid* I ſwear it, who never had a devouter Votary than my ſelf, you ſurpaſs the reſt of your Sex in Dreſs, Beauty, and all other Agreements: Your Charms are ſo conſpicuous and ſhining, that they need no Artifice to ſet 'em off: A natural Red adorns your Cheeks; neither do you lie under any neceſſity to load your Head with that

cum

cumberſome Attire, other Women take a Pride in. You have the loveliest Hair in the Universe; Who can behold ſo black a pair of Eye-brows, in ſo fair and white a Fore-head, and not own himſelf your Slave? I dare not truſt my Invention, as fertile as it is, with venturing upon more Particulars. In ſhort, Madam, all the Perfections of your Sex center in you; and your Empire is never ſo ſafe, as when you appear among our moſt celebrated Beauties. Your Sight alone, as it creates our Aſtoniſhment, ſo it commands our Love; and to make a new Triumph, you need only appear to a new Beholder. Since my Life is intirely wrapt up in yours, I wiſh you may live long and happy. All my Inclinations, all my Hopes and Thoughts terminate in you; and I earneſtly beg of Heaven, that I may always continue in this Opinion. Enjoy that Conqueſt therefore which Nature has given you, and I will everlaſtingly carry Love's Golden Dart in my Breaſt. Neither do you endeavour to pluck it out, for beſides that, you are not able to do it, I don't deſire to part with it, for I take Pleaſure in nothing ſo much as in my Paſſion. May it always be the Scope of my whole Life to love *Delphis*, and may it be my Fate to be belov'd by her, to be ſubdu'd by her Beauty, and charm'd by her Converſation.

Oceanius *to* Ariſtobulus.

Out of the ſame, Epiſt. 20. Lib. 2.

YOU deſire to know what Progreſs our Friend *Damon* has made in the Affections of his Miſtreſs whom he hath ſo long beſieg'd, and

I am ſorry I cannot ſend you ſo good News as I cou'd wiſh: He threw himſelf down at her Feet, and in the common ſtrain of Lovers; will you not, ſays he, take compaſſion on my Youth? Will you not pity one that dies every Moment for you? Show at leaſt ſome Tenderneſs to the Man, who never was conquer'd by any Beauty but yours? But ſhe return'd him a Compliment, as cold as if it had come out of the midſt of *Tartary*: Leave perſecuting me, ſays ſhe, with idle Stories of your Paſſion, with your pretended Darts, and your Romantick Flames, for you do but loſe your Time and Labour. The Youth was reduc'd to the laſt Deſpair, when he found himſelf thus ſlighted, and as Anger on theſe Occaſions generally ſucceeds to Love, he ſaid the moſt reproachful bitter things to her, that his Indignation cou'd inſpire him with. When his Fury had ſpent it ſelf, looking upon him with a ſcornful Air, I know, ſays ſhe, how to puniſh the Inſolencies of your Tongue: All your Sex are perfidious and falſe; You devour us, nay, you devour one another. The moſt ſavage Beaſts in the Woods, unleſs compell'd by Hunger, ſeldom attack the Travellers, but when they are taken by you, and have been debauch'd with a Domeſtic Education, they prove erranter Brutes than any in the Foreſt; to be ſhort with you, your Perjury and Inconſtance teach us to lay aſide all Pity, and treat you as you deſerve: for in the firſt Ardors of your Love, you can lie all Night at our Threſholds on the bare Ground; you can ſay the moſt ſubmiſſive things in the World; you can whine and cry, and make Goddeſſes of us; you have Oaths perpetually at Command, and with thoſe Counters you deceive us; but no ſooner have we granted the laſt Favours to you, but you grow inſolent and haughty; you make us the Subject of your ill-manner'd Mirth, and you diſdainfully reject her, whom

whom the day before you adored like a Divinity. You are all Atheiſts as to Love, and pretend that *Jupiter* has other Buſineſs on his Hands, than to trouble himſelf about the Oaths of Lovers.

Thus the Lady diſcarded the unfortunate *Lyco*; and, as partial as I am to my Friend, I cannot but own there is a great deal of Truth in her Invective.

Chryſis *to* Myrina.

Out of the ſame, Epiſt. 15. Lib. 11.

YOu and I, my deareſt *Myrina*, have long languiſh'd under the Tyranny of *Cupid*, who is the moſt Fantaſtical of all the Deities. You are in Love with my Husband, and 'tis my unhappy Deſtiny, (But who can reſiſt the God who commands all the reſt?) to doat on your Page. What Expedient will Love, who uſes to be no Blockhead when he is put to his Shifts, what Expedient, I ſay, will Love find out to put an end to our preſent Sufferings? You know I am a conſtant Woman at Prayers, and if a Woman ever prays for any thing in good earneſt, you likewiſe know, 'tis when ſhe prays for a kind Gallant. Now to be plain with you, I put up a fervent Petition to Heaven this Morning, that it wou'd furniſh a Remedy for both our Paſſions; when immediately the following Thought came into my Head: I won't be poſitive, as our Prieſts generally are, that this Whimſy of mine is of Heaven's inſpiring; but it ſeems ſo eaſy, ſo pretty, and ſo feaſible, that I am reſolv'd with your help to ſee it put in Execution.

The Stratagem in ſhort is this: Do you pretend to be very angry with your Page, upon what Occaſion you think moſt proper, whether for tearing your Fan, beating your Squirrel, or ſo forth, but be ſure to turn him out of your Houſe. The better

to colour this Buſineſs, I will give you leave to ſtrike him a Blow or two, but I article before-hand with you, that you ſha'n't hurt him. Upon this I know he will immeniately run to me, as being your greateſt Acquaintance, and I will take care to diſpatch my Husband on an Errand to you, under pretence of interceeding for the Boy, that you wou'd be ſo kind as to take him into your Service again. By this means both of us will have a fair Opportunity to ſatisfie our Longings, which, for my part, I will ſee punctuallly perform'd, unleſs your Page is a very ignorant Devil indeed; and I ſuppoſe you will not be wanting to your ſelf. But, my dear *Myrina*, remember to keep my Husband with you as long as you can, for that you know will be for our mutual Intereſt. I can tell you before-hand, that you will not be diſappointed in my Spark; I that have ſo often experienc'd how well he performs upon Duty, am ſatisfy'd he'll outdo a Hero, when Wickedneſs ſpurs him on. *Farewel.*

Steſichorus *to* Eratoſthenes.

Out of the ſame, Epiſt. 9. Lib. 1.

TO ſee now what cunning Gipſies theſe Women are! T'other Day a certain Woman of my Acquaintance, walking in the Market-place with her Husband by her ſide, and a Train of Servants at her Heels, ſaw a Gallant of hers at ſome diſtance off, with whom ſhe uſed to be familiar. She had a mighty Longing to whiſper ſomething in his Ear, and if poſſible, to ſteal a Kiſs from him before her Husband's Face; ſo to bring the matter about, ſhe pretends to fall upon her Knee, and her Gallant, who, as it ſeem'd, underſtood her Deſign, charitably lent her his Hand to help her up

up: Then down ſhe tumbles again, and our Gentleman was forced the ſecond time to give her his Aſſiſtance. Oh! my poor Wife, cries the Cuckold, in a ſtrange Conſternation, I hope thou haſt not hurt thy ſelf. Troubled with ſuch cruel Fits, cry'd ſhe; and then ſhe made a third Stumble. The Gallant on one ſide, and the Husband on the other, did what in 'em lay to ſet her on her Legs again; but as her Fits ſtill increaſt, the Husband, with the help of the kind Gentleman, was obliged to carry her to the next Tavern: The Gallant chafed her Hand, and rubb'd her Face; and all the while the Fellow thank'd him for the great pains he took with his Wife: but finding her Indiſpoſition ſtill increaſe, he ran down Stairs like Lightning to fetch a Phyſician of his Acquaintance to her, not daring to truſt his Servants with ſo important a Meſſage. In the mean time, our Lovers were not wanting to adminiſter mutual Conſolation to each other: So by that time the Husband came back with his Doctor, his Wife was exceedingly refreſhed. The Gallant was complimented a thouſand times for his Civilities on this Occaſion: Sir, ſays the Man, I heartily beg your Pardon for the Trouble my Wife has given you. Lord, Sir, anſwer'd he, if it was to do ten times again, it would be no trouble. But indeed 'twas too much, Sir. I 'faith, cries the other, I don't think I can ever do too much for her. I ſwear but you have, ſays the Husband; I find ſhe hath put you into a Sweat with helping her. In ſhort they drank a loving Glaſs together; the Wife pretended ſhe was twenty *per Cent.* better than when ſhe ſet out in the Morning; the Gallant was highly ſatisfy'd with what he had done, and the Husband the merrieſt Man alive, to ſee his Wife ſo miraculouſly recover'd.

The End of the Firſt Part of Ariſtænetus's *Epiſtles.*

A Choice Collection OF Select LETTERS OUT OF *ARISTÆNETUS.*

Epist. II. Lib. I.

In two PARTS.

Translated from the GREEK, *by Mr.* THO. BROWN.

About a Lady that consented to grant her Lover every thing but the last Favour.

YOU have heard of several fantastick Effects that *Love* has produc'd in the World: But I am going to tell you of *One* which will *surprize* you more than *all* the rest; for my part I never heard of the like before. *Architeles*, to whose Person and Character I suppose you are no Stranger, has for this good while been most *furiously* in love with *Telesippe*. It was not without a great deal of *Importunity*, that

that ſhe was prevail'd upon to admit him into her *Company*; at laſt ſhe ſuffer'd it, but has tied the poor *Young Fellow* to ſuch hard Conditions, that 'tis a *Miracle* to me how he could *comply* with them. Young Man, ſays ſhe, I give you leave to kiſs me as often as you pleaſe; nay, to touch my *Breaſts*, to ſqueeze my *Hands*, to *careſs* and *hugg* me, even when my *Stayes* are off; but as for *Marriage*, I would not have you ſo vain as ever to *think* or *dream* of it, leſt you ſhould *forfeit* theſe Privileges, and force me to *diſcard* you my Service. Be it then as my *Queen* would have it, replies *Architeles*; if you are pleas'd, I am reſolved to be ſo, and ſhall think you *reward* my paſt Sufferings more than they deſerve, if you will vouchſafe me a a kind *Look* now and then, and ſometime honour me with your Converſation. But, Madam, may I make ſo bold as to ask you, why you *forbid* me to think of *Marriage?* For a hundred and twenty *Reaſons*, replies the *Lady*; but at preſent I ſhall only give you *one*, which you muſt own to be *ſufficient*. *Matrimony*, like ſome ſort of *groteſque Painting*, looks well enough when you view it at a *diſtance*; but when you come up *cloſe* to it, the *Courſneſs* of the Daubing is enough to *turn* ones Stomach. *Hymen* puts the flattering End of his *magnifying* Glaſs into the Hand of all his *Cuſtomers*, which makes them ſee a thouſond more *Charms* in their *Miſtreſſes* than they *really* poſſeſs; and this is the Reaſon why moſt of them repent of their *Bargain*, when they find it ſo *wretchedly* diſappoint their *Expectations*, and throw away the *Romance* after they have once *read* it. *Enjoyment* as *naturally* begets Diſguſt, as Diſguſt *concludes* in Hatred; and a Man that would have *pawn'd* his Soul to obtain one *favourable* Glance from his Miſtriſs before he was *married* to her, ſlights and undervalues her when he has her in his Power. Beſides,

ſides, there's no truſting to you young Fellows: You are as inconſtant as *Weathercocks*; and 'tis as impoſſible to *ſecure* you, as to *fix Mercury*: She that paſſes for a *Goddeſs* with you to Day, ten to one but you make a *Fury* of her before the Week is over. In ſhort, Expectation keeps Love *alive*; but *Enjoyment* kills it beyond all *poſſibility* of a Reſurrection. Thus you ſee what a *narrow* Circle this *Imperious* Devil has confin'd the Unfortunate *Architeles*. He lives with his Miſtreſs in no better a Poſt than an *Eunuch* would do; nay, I much queſtion whether ſhe does not grant ſome Favours to her *Monkey* and *Lap-Dog*, which ſhe refuſes him. For my part, I wonder he does not *rebel*, and throw off a *Tyrant* that treats him ſo *rigorouſly*, and impoſes that as a Diverſion upon him, which Antiquity made to paſs for one of the greateſt Puniſhments in Hell. To *touch* and *ſee*, and yet be *forbbidden* to *taſte*, is certainly the greateſt of all Curſes!

Euxitheus *to* Pythias.

Epiſt. 2. Lib. 2.

A Gentleman falls in Love with a pretty Lady at Church, and ſends her this merry Love Letter.

WELL, Madam, for your ſake I believe I ſhall never like a *Church* ſo long as I live. People uſe to go to thoſe Places to *pray off* their Misfortunes; but for my part I have pray'd my ſelf into ſuch a Peck of *Troubles*, that only *Jove* and *You*; no, I beg your Pardon, only *You* and *Jove* can tell when I ſhall get clear of them: For alas! while with my *Hands* and *Eyes* moſt devoutly

ly lifted up, I was as *buſie* at my *Prayers* as a Lawyer at his *Papers*, I found my ſelf all on a ſudden *ſhot* thro' the Heart, Liver, Pluck, and all, by that confounded Dog of an Archer *Cupid*: For, Madam, *turning* my ſelf to the Right, who ſhould I happen to ſee but your *Ladyſhip?* and I no ſooner ſaw your *Ladyſhip*, but thoſe everlaſting *Murderers*, your Twinklers, pink'd and ſtabb'd me in a thouſand Parts of my Body. I endeavour'd to *remove* my Eyes from an Object that would not allow me time to ſay my *Prayers*: For, Madam, you muſt know I am plaguy *Religious* in my Nature; but the Devil a jot my *Eyes* wou'd obey me: So on I gaz'd, and ſtar'd without *Intermiſſion*, while the reſt of the People went on with their Devotions: And, Madam, when you perceiv'd that my *Eyes* made ſo familiar with your Divine Countenance, like the *reſt* of your *Cruel Sex*, that take a Pleaſure in *mortifying* us poor Men, you threw your *Hood* over your Face, and not content with that, *turned* your ſelf another way; nor was that all, but you clapt your *unrighteous* Hand upon your *Seraphical* Cheek, only leaving a ſmall part of it not much bigger than a Patch, as our Ladies now wear them, to be ſeen, which however was enough to do my Buſineſs *effectually*. Now, *Madam*, let me ask you one civil Queſtion. Will you be pleas'd to take into your Service a *Slave* that is ambitious of lying and dying for your ſake: and who would rather chuſe to carry your *Chains*, than *enjoy* a dull lazy *Liberty*, or be the greateſt *Monarch* in the Univerſe. I can't tell whether *Jupiter* is alter'd of late; but by *Jove* I dare ſwear, that even *Jupiter* himſelf would leave his *Heavenly* Manſion, and put himſelf once more to the Expence of a *Golden Shower*; but what makes me talk of a *Golden Shower?* I dare ſwear that he would take any *Form* or *Shape* upon him, even that of a Bellows-mender, a

Broom-

Broom-Man, or a Chimney-ſweeper, only to have the *Privilege* of making you a ſmall Viſit. But, Madam, to let *Jupiter* alone, (*nam quæ ſupra nos, nihil ad nos*) and to return to my ſelf; I could wiſh you would give me as *juſt* an Occaſion to ſpeak *well* of your *Good Nature*, as you have given me to extol your *Beauty*: For, under the Roſe, *my Dear*, it would be a moſt *horrid* and *lamentable* thing, if your cruel *Treatment* ſhould fright back the Lover, whom your *Charms* have gain'd you. Since you have ſpoil'd my Devotion at *Church*, I'll e'en try how can pray at *home*: And O ye Gods! that any one of you would be ſo tender-hearted as to *aſſiſt* and *promote* the Amours of the moſt *paſſionate* Wretch that ever drunk his Miſtreſs's *Health* out of a Slipper; or told his *Pain* in the Woods to thoſe *compaſſionate* Gentlemen the *Trees*: And as for you, *Charming Damſel*, I am ready to *ſwear* to you by what *God* or *Goddeſs* in the Firmament you pleaſe: Or rather, if you'll take my Word without *ſwearing*, I will *pray* to every *Divinity*, that ſo long as you *vouchſafe* to be the *Sovereign Lady* of my Heart (and may that be ſo *long* as both of us *live*; and may both of us *live* as long as we are able to *enjoy* and *look* at one another,) I may take a *Pride* in wearing your *Fetters*, and being

Your moſt obſequious Vaſſal.

Al-

Alciphron *to* Lucian.

Ep. 5. Lib. 1.

How a Woman put a Trick upon her Husband who had ſurpriz'd her at a publick Entertainment, and made him glad to buy his Peace with her at any rate.

T'Other Day ſo *merry* an Adventure hap'ned at our End of the Town, that I can't for the Heart of me forbear to ſend you a *ſhort* Account of it. We had a publick Entertainment, you muſt know, in the Suburbs, to which *Charidemus* invited ſeveral of his *Friends:* Amongſt the reſt, there was a *certain Lady* (you'll excuſe me, if I don't think it proper to give you her *Name*) whom that *Latitudinarian* of a Lover *Charidemus*, who flies boldly at all *Game*, meeting accidentally in the Street, as he was upon the *hunt*, muſt needs oblige to ſup with him. After all the *Gueſts* were ariv'd, the *Maſter* of the *Feaſt* comes into the Room, ſpruc'd up as fine as a *Lord*, and brought with him an old venerable Gentleman, who it ſeems was his Friend. Our *young* Female no ſooner ſaw him come into the Room, but immediately ſhe flew into the next *Apartment*, and ſending for *Charidemus* to come to her; Lord! ſays ſhe, what have you done? You have utterly *ruined* me: That old Fellow you brought along with you is my *Huſband*, the moſt jealous, ill-natured, yellow-pated *Dog*, that ever was known, and as *ſurly* and *peeviſh* as he is jealous; he certainly *knew* me by my *Mantua*, for 'tis not a full Week ſince he gave it me; and I perceived he kept his Eyes inceſſantly upon it, ſo that when he comes home, our Houſe will

will be *untiled*, that's certain; and if I eſcape with the *Loſs* of a Leg or an Arm, I come off cheaper than I expect; but after all, ſays ſhe, perhaps *Ways* and *Means* may be found to put the *Doctor* upon the Old Prig: Be you therefore ſo kind as to ſend me out of hand a Plate-full of *Victuals* to my Houſe, and I warrant you I'll manage my *Tyrant* rarely, and make him as *meek* as a Lamb before I have done with him. 'Twas no ſooner propos'd, but agreed upon: ſo ſhe took the ſhorteſt Cut to her Houſe, that ſhe might *get* thither before her Ancient *Lord* and *Maſter*; and taking a Neighbour's Wife along with her, both of 'em laid their Heads together how they might beſt *dumfound* the jealous Coxcomb. They were hardly got within doors, but in comes Sir *Fumble* the *Cholerick*, roaring and ſwearing like a *Dragon*, and calling the Wife of his Boſom a thouſand *Whores* and *Strumpets*. Well, youinſatiable *Cockatrice*, ſays he, I'll put it out of your Power to abuſe me or my Bed any longer: My *Eyes* are not ſo bad, but I knew you well enough to night by your *Mantua*; but I'm reſolv'd to ſpoil your *Gadding* abroad for the future. With that he ran *furiouſly* to his *Sword*, when the other Woman, who had retired into the next Chamber, *pops* very *ſeaſonably* into the Room: Neighbour, cries ſhe, here is your *Mantua* again, and I give you a thouſand Thanks for the Uſe of it. I was invited out to an Entertainment this Afternoon, which made me make ſo bold with you: And pray Madam, be ſo kind as to *accept* of ſomething that I have brought you: with that ſhe uncovers the Plate, and ſets it before her. When our old *muſty Cuckold* ſaw this, the Sky *clear'd* up with him in a trice; his Suſpicions vaniſh'd, his Jealouſy was *non-plus'd*; nay, the Scene was ſo *wonderfully* chang'd, that from a haughty imperious *Tyrant*, he became the moſt *obſequious* Slave that might

might be. Dear Fubſee, cries he, I own I was in the wrong; but what ſhall I ſay? the beſt of us may be ſometimes *miſtaken*; truly, truly, I was *beſides* my ſelf; my Paſſion had made me as *blind* as a Beetle: But prithee dear Wife, lay a *Fine* upon me, and ſee it be a good *heavy Fine* too, a Necklace of Pearl, a new Gown and Petticoat, or ſome ſuch matter; for I am reſolved to *purchaſe* my *Peace* with thee, let it *coſt* me what it will: But what a *Mercy* was it, my pretty *Pigſnye*, that our Neighbour ſhould come in ſo *luckily*, and thereby prevent the *Effuſion* of my dear Spouſe's *Blood*. Thus the old Gentleman *humbled* himſelf before his Wife; and to ſhow his *Gratitude* for this ſtrange *Deliverance*, muſt needs go to *Church* immediately. His *pious* Wife made her beſt uſe of this *Opportunity*, ſends for her *Gallant*, and *Cuckolds* her Husband, that now he might have occaſion to thank Heaven for ſomewhat.

Hermocrates *to* Euphorion.

Ep. 6. Lib. 1.

The great Danger a Man runs of finding himſelf diſappointed when he marries, confirmed by the Story of a young Girl, that began to trade for her ſelf very ſoon.

TO ſhow you how *ſoon* the Women of this Age grow *ripe*, as likewiſe to *deter* you from committing *Matrimony*, till you have made a due *Enquiry* into all Matters, ſuffer me to *entertain* you with the following *Story*. A Gentleman's Daughter of my Acquaintance ſurpriz'd her Nurſe the other Morning with the following *Confeſſion*:

Nurſe,

Nurſe, ſays ſhe, if you will give me your Word, and promiſe that you will never talk on't again, I have a *Secret* to impart to you which *highly* concerns me. The *Nurſe* ſwore by all that was good and ſacred, by the never-failing *Brandy-Bottle*, and the comfortable *Sack-Poſſet*, that it ſhould never go out of her Lips. Upon this, the young Girl *bluſhing* very prettily, to tell you the Truth, Nurſe, cries ſhe, I have loſt my *Maidenhead*. How, ſays the old Gentlewoman, have you parted with that precious *Treaſure*? Upon that ſhe tore her *Hair*, wrung her *Hands*, ſtamp'd the Ground with both Feet, and *laid on* as if ſhe had been diſtracted. For God's ſake, Nurſe, ſays the young Gipſy, don't make ſuch a *Noiſe*, leſt the Folks in the Houſe ſhould over-hear us. You *promiſed*, did you not, to *keep* my Council? why then do you make all this *Pother*, as if you deſigned to betray me? And, Nurſe, to let you ſee I am not ſo *guilty* as you take me, tho' I was ready to die for Love, yet I did not *ſurrender* up my *All* on the ſudden; no, I diſputed every Inch of *Ground* with my Gallant; but alas! I found all this *Strugling* was to little purpoſe; I was of *twenty* Minds in an Hour; and thus I *expoſtulated* with my ſelf: Shall I *obey* the Dictates of *Love*, or bid *Defiance* to him? Shall I conſult my *Pleaſure*, or preſerve my *Reputation*? Both are in my *Power*. But alas! I find a Woman has no Free-will in theſe Matters, the *Bias* on Nature's ſide runs ſo ſtrong; and *Honour* is an unequal Match for *Inclination* at any Hour of the *Day*, but eſpecially of the *Night*. What helpt to *inflame* my Paſſion, was the very Oppoſition I made to it; ſo that having held out about a Month, it was not in the power of frail *Fleſh* and *Blood* to ſuſtain the Siege any longer. When ſhe had done her Story, this is *lamentable* News, replied the old *Beldam*; You have diſhonoured my *Grey* Hairs, and broke thro' all

all the wholſome *Admonitions* I have given you: But, Miſs, ſince (as the Proverb has it) *What is once done, is never to be undone*; all the Advice I can give you at preſent, Miſs, is to forbear this Paſtime, Miſs, for the time to come, till the *Holy* Prieſt has join'd you to ſome *Husband*, and then you may fall on a *God*'s Name, and take your *Belly* full; for, mind me, Miſs, ſhould you do this *naughty* thing again with your Spark, ten to one, Miſs, but your Apron-ſtrings would riſe up to your *Chin*, and tell ſtrange Tales of you. This would enrage your Father, break the Heart of your Mother, and *expoſe* you, Miſs, to the malicious Mirth of all the *Neighbourhood*: But, Miſs, I truſt in Heaven, that before any thing of this *happens*, Providence will find out for you a good Pains-taking *Husband*; and I hope your Father has got your *Portion* ready to ſtrike the firſt fair *Chapman* that bids for you. So then, Mother, cries the Girl, jumping and friſking about her, I have nothing more to fear, have I? No, cries the Nurſe, for this bout, Miſs, I hope you have nothing more to *fear*: And when you come to be *married*, Miſs, leave *every* thing to my *Conduct*: For, Miſs, do you ſee, I'll manage *Matters* ſo for you, that, Miſs, tho' your Husband could ſee as far into a Mill-ſtone as the beſt *Philoſopher* of them all; nay, tho' he were a *Man-midwife*, and a *Conjurer* into the bargain, yet, Miſs, he ſhould never ſuſpect you: And if he has any Skill in theſe Matters, his very *Skill* ſhall help to cheat him. This vertuous *Diſcourſe* paſt between the old *Woman* and our young *Harlot* in a private *Arbour* in the Garden, and was *accidentally* over-heard by one of my Servants. Judge then, my *worthy Friend*, what a cruel Riſque we poor Men run, that venture into the *Terra incognita* of *Matrimony*; when our *Females* are debauch'd before they

get into their *Teens*, and *know* Man almost as soon as they can tell their Right-hand from their Left: So that if the Age *goes* on after this wicked rate, as it has *begun*, a Man that is resolv'd to have a *Maidenhead*, must chuse his *Wife* out of the *Cradle*, or at best, be *content* to take her in a *Bib* and long *Coats*; but a word to the *Wise* is sufficient.

Eubulides *to* Softratus.

Ep. 12. Lib. 2.

That 'tis Folly for a Man to marry a Woman beneath himself, out of hopes that she'll make a dutiful Wife, which is confirm'd by an Instance to that purpose.

IT seems you are not convinc'd by what I said to you in our last *Conversation*, therefore I once more affirm it; and you may believe your *Friend*, who has found it to be so by woful *Experience*, that a *perverse froward* Woman is never to be mended: even *Poverty*, that uses to humble the haughtiest *Tyrants*, cannot correct their *Insolence*, or make them tractable to their Husbands; of which sad Truth I am a living *Testimony*: for like a silly Blockhead as I was, I married a Woman with not a Groat to her Portion, thinking I should live *easier* with one whom I preferr'd as it were from a *Dunghil* to my *Bed*, than with one that was more suitable to my *Quality* and *Estate*, who perhaps might presume upon her *Family* and the *Fortune* she brought me. I lov'd her, tho' a *Serving-maid*, with the *truest* Passion imaginable; I was *concerned* to see so *pretty* a Creature undergo such vile *Drudgery*; I pitied the Meanness of her Condition; and as *Pity* ea-

sily

ſily improves into *Love*, (which was a piece of Natural *Philoſophy* I then was unacquainted with) I *pitied* and *pitied* her ſtill, till at laſt I fell up to the Ears in love: Thought I to my ſelf, the *Duce* is in't if a Woman, who has ſo many *Obligations* to her *Husband*, will not make the moſt *dutiful* Spouſe in the Univerſe; but I was *lamentably* miſtaken in my *Politicks*; for tho' ſhe had ſcarce Cloaths to her Back, when I took her for better for worſe; yet now ſhe is more inſolent and ill-manner'd than if ſhe had brought her weight in *Gold* with her. In ſhort, the *Devil* can't match her for Envy, Malice, and Ingratitude: Her Paſſion ſometimes tranſports her ſo, that ſhe *threatens* to drub my Jacket. 'Tis true, ſhe has not as yet been ſo good as her word; for which I may thank her *Fear*, and not her want of Will: However ſhe pretends to controul and contradict me in *every thing*, and neither fears me as her *Husband*, nor reſpects me as her *Patron*. This, my dear Friend, is *all* the *Portion* I have had with her, tho', now I think on't, I muſt do her the juſtice to own, that ſhe brought a Gown with her, but ſo bepatch'd and betatter'd, I'll warrant you, that it had been two hundred Years out of Faſhion; but now no Cloaths are *good* enough for her; and every other Week forſooth, ſhe muſt have a *new* Gown and Petticoat, as if ſhe ſtudied all the *ways* in the World to *ruin* me, and bring me to a *Gaol*. Were my Eſtate ten times *greater* than it is, ſhe would ſoon bring it to *nothing* by her boundleſs *Prodigality*: 'Tis to no purpoſe to tell her what will be the Effects of her *Vanity*. T'other Morning, as ſhe was *importuning* me upon the old ſcore for a *New* Gown; my Dear, ſaid I to her, Prithee do but behold this Coat of mine; it has ſerved me a whole *Twelvemonth*, and yet I can make a *ſhift* with it ſtill; in good faith you will

undo me, if you go on after this rate. *Undo* you? cries ſhe to me ſo loud, that you might have heard her a Mile off; You are *like* indeed to be undone by my *expenſive* living: there's never a Woman in Town but goes better dreſt than my ſelf, tho' their *Husbands* are nothing near ſo well able to bear it: And, Mr. *Thrifty*, how long do you think I have worn this Mantua? 'Tis about a Fortnight old, reply'd I: Look you there, cries this *Inſtrument* of Hell, as I hope for Salvation I have had it a full Month; but every thing I find is too good for your *loving* Wife. With that ſhe fell a *roaring* and *crying*, as if ſhe intended to exhauſt all the radical Moiſture in her *Body*. Now, what would you adviſe me to do in this Caſe? For my part, I ſee no other way left me but to belabour her Sides with a good *Oaken Cudgel* at parting, turn her out of *Doors*, and bid her make the *beſt* of her way to *Hell*, rather than ſhe ſhall ſquander all I have, and ſend me to an Hoſpital. I know by Experience, that the *more* a Man bears with an *imperious* Woman, the more ſhe will *ride* him; and that a true *Scold* is no more to be cur'd than a vicious Conſtitution, which turns the beſt *Aliments* into Poiſon: Therefore I am reſolv'd ſhe ſhall *troop*, and be a *Thorn* in my Foot no longer. This is *fully* concluded between *me* and *my ſelf*, *nemine contradicente*; and as for my *Dear Spouſe*, ſhe may travel with her Band-Box wherever ſhe pleaſes; and whether ſhe *hangs* or *drowns* her ſelf in her great Diſcretion, 'tis all one to

Your humble Servant.

Epi-

Epimenides *to* Agrinota.

Ep. 17. Lib. 2.

A Letter of Gallantry to a married Woman.

I Proteſt, Madam, you adviſe one like any *Oracle*: Your *Exhortations* are the ſobereſt things in the World, by the ſame token, I never *think* of them, but they *wonderfully* affect me. The laſt time I had the Honour of your *Company*, you were pleas'd to ask me when I intended to raiſe the *Siege*, and leave off *perſecuting* you, adding, that you had an honeſt Man to your Husband, and would ſooner *loſe* your *Life*, and all that, than *violate* his Bed? After this, Madam, you *very diſcreetly* counſelled me to fly the *Country*, leſt he ſhould find me *prowling* in his Territories, and cut my Throat for endeavouring to *fortifie* his Head. Now, Madam, as I hinted above, you have a moſt excellent Hand at *adviſing*, but you muſt give me leave to tell you that you were never in *Love*, nay, that you never ſaw a *Lover* in your Life; for your *Language* ſhews that you are a perfect *Stranger* to theſe Matters. You tell me that you have a *Husband*; why, what care I if there were a *thouſand* of 'em; for then there would be ſo many the more to *Cuckold*? A true *Lover* is as great a *Stranger* to *Fear*, as he is to *Modeſty*. Break your Fan about his *Ears*; ſet your *Lap-Dog*, *Squirrel* and *Monkey* all at once upon him, turn him out of *doors*; call him a hundred *ſaucy Fellows*, and fling your Chamber-pot at him; yet all this won't hinder him from making a ſecond Attack: Fright him with a *Bully* of a Husband

eight foot high; nay, ſet *Death* before his Face, he'll *break* thro' all Difficulties, and ſail againſt *Wind* and *Tide*, to arrive at his expected *Port*. *Venus* is infinitely more honoured by theſe noble *Reſolutions*, than by all the Incenſe and Victims that her other Votaries preſent to her. So, Madam, you may ſave your ſelf the *trouble* of giving me any more wholſome *Admonitions*; for, upon my word, they are not like to *edifie* with me. Having made theſe Advances, I ſcorn to *liſten* to the Suggeſtions of ſo treacherous a Privy-Counſellour as *Fear*; and have reſolved either to take the Town by *Storm*, or elſe to die in the *Trenches*, or do ſomething that's worſe: You may diſſuade me to the contrary, till your *Lungs* are tired; but my *Heart* whiſpers me to keep my Ground; and for your ſake I have bound my ſelf by an Oath, either to fall in your Quarrel, or elſe to cure my *Love* by *marrying*: For I have been told that *Marriage* is as effectual a Cure for *Love*, as *Beheading* is for the *Tooth-Ach*. But, Madam, I hope you'll not put me upon ſuch cruel *Extremities*. In the mean time, Oh, thou moſt charming of all Women! don't entertain ſuch *wicked* Sentiments as to think that theſe are *Compliments* of courſe, and no better. You muſt be a rank *Infidel* to diſtruſt me after ſo frank a *Declaration*: For, as I hope to be happy in your *Embraces*, my *Pen* is *Secretary* to my *Heart*, and *writes* nothing but what that *dictates* to it.

Farewell.

Æliz.

Ælianus *to* Calyca.

Ep. 1. Lib. 2.

A young Gentleman had fallen out with his Miſtreſs; and a Friend of his endeavours in this Letter to re-eſtabliſh him in her good Graces: And the better to bring it about, tells her that he ſhall bring his Pockets lined with Gold; which Argument, they ſay, never yet failed with any Woman of any Age, Religion or Country whatſoever.

I Have *preſumed* to write to you this Letter in behalf of my Friend *Charidemus*; and if my Eloquence could come up to the height of his *Paſſion*, I ſhould not much doubt of carrying my Point with you. This *young Gentleman* has been long your *Adorer*; and unleſs you propoſe a ſpeedy Cure to his *Pain*, I am afraid will not continue long in the Land of the Living. At preſent he is a *walking Skeleton*, and I leave it to you to conſider what Credit it will be for you to ſend one, who is a *Ghoſt* already, to his Brethren below. For my part, I *daily* put it up in my *Prayers*, that Bloodſhed may never be laid to your Charge; and that ſo beautiful a Face as *yours* may never be indicted at Heaven's *Old-Baily* for Murther. You are *angry* with the young Spark I know, and perhaps he has merited your Indignation: But if his *Youth* will not plead for his *paſt* Errors, yet remember he has done *Penance* enough by being *baniſhed* your Company ſo long. As you are only *inferiour* to the Goddeſs of *Beauty*, perhaps it may not be amiſs for you to *try* to imitate her: 'Tis true ſhe has her *Fire*, and carries her *Darts* about

her; but her *Fire* is gentle, not devouring, and her *Darts* are reſerv'd for thoſe that deſpiſe, not for thoſe that adore her. You are not content to ſet us on *fire* by your *Sight*, but wound us even with your *Abſence*. Now where would the *harm* on't be, to heal the Wounded by a *kind* Glance, and to ſoften that *Flame*, which your *Cruelty* firſt kindled? So far, Madam, I have talked to you in the Language of an *Interceder*; now give me leave to ſay a Word or two to you as an *Adviſer*. I know indeed that it is no ill *Policy* for a Woman to make her *Lover* now and then ſmart by her Diſdain; becauſe it not only puts an Edge upon his *Appetite*, but keeps him in his *Duty*; but then there is danger in carrying this Point too far: For as *Satiety* is apt to *cloy*, ſo too ſevere a *Treatment* generally diſguſts him. Who knows too but it may make him beſtow his *Applications* elſewhere, where he has a fairer Proſpect of ſucceeding? *Cupid* comes and goes away in a Minute; where he hopes there he *ſettles* his Quarters; make him *deſpair*, and he *abandons* them in an inſtant: For this reaſon a Lady that would *ſecure* her Lover to her ſelf, ought to manage her Game *cautiouſly*; and altho' ſhe is not inclined to grant him the laſt *Favours* as often as he demands them, to afford him at leaſt ſo *ſlender* and ſo *cheap* a Diet as *Hope*. To deal plainly with you, Madam, ſeveral of your Sex have been laying out for my *Friend* already; and one that ſhall be nameleſs, had *certainly* drawn him into her *Toyl*, if he had *firmly* reſolved to forget all Womankind for you. As for thoſe *fluttering* Coxcombs that make love to all the *Females* they meet, and adore all Faces alike, you may receive them in what manner you think fit; but a ſincere Lover, like my Friend, ought to be uſed *ſincerely*, and treated upon the ſquare: Therefore, Madam, let me adviſe you

to

to keep within due Bounds, leſt you *crack* the Line by endeavouring to *ſtretch* it; and let not your Diſcretion degenerate into *Pride*. You need not be informed what a Pleaſure the World takes to mortifie the *Haughty*: Beſides, Delays in theſe Matters are often prejudicial; and the *Fruit* that taſtes well when *newly* gather'd from the Tree, loſes all its delicious *Flavour* by being kept too long. Time ſpurs on *continually*, whether we employ it to our Advantage or no: And when old Age knocks at your Door, your other Gueſts will leave you; and 'tis a *ſad*, but an *undeniable* Truth, that Love ſeldom or never ſurvives the loſs of *Beauty*. A Woman is like a *Garden*; while the *Verdure* laſts, and the *Flowers* are in perfection, what can be more *agreeable*? But when the *Spring* is once gone, the *Flowers* decay, and the Garden lies neglected. Thus it happens with a *Woman*; for when her *Shape* and *Charms* have left her in the *Lurch*, ſhe muſt either keep at home, and be a *Magdalene* in her own *defence*, or reſolve to be *laught* at if ſhe peeps abroad. *Love* waits upon *Beauty*, as *Flatterers* do upon Wealth, and both *diſappear*, when the attractive *Object* is gone. But, Madam, I forget whom I am *talking* to all this while; for what need I make a long *Harangue* to one, who krows theſe Matters ſo much better than my ſelf? Let me therefore conjure thee, O thou *Phœnix* of thy Sex! to forget and forgive all former *Quarrels*; and let thy *Soul* that inhabits ſo fair a Manſion, be, if 'tis poſſible, more charming than thy *Body*. You ſee how a Roſe withers upon the *Stalk*, if it is not gather'd; I need not make any *Application*. Will you then be reconciled to your *Lover*? I am ſure you will: For I know your Breaſt is capable of the moſt tender Impreſſions; and 'tis not in your Temper to be cruel. Know then that I will wait upon

you

you to morrow Night, and be Maſter of the Ceremonies to my young Gentleman, who ſhall bring with him ſtore of *Mediators* in his Pocket; I mean of *Broad-Pieces:* For between Friends, Madam, nothing is ſo *hearty* a Reconciler, or ſo effectual a *Pleader*, eſpecially in the Affairs of *Love*, as a round Handful of *Gold:* Thus hoping you'll paſs an Act of *Indemnity* for what is paſt, and put the beſt *Conſtruction* upon the *preſent*, I remain

Your moſt obedient Servant.

Apollogenes *to* Soſias.

Ep. 11. Lib. 2.

Deſcribes the uneaſie Condition of a young Gentleman, who at the ſame time had a violent Paſſion for his Wife and his Miſtriſs.

I Believe no young Fellow in the World, was ever in ſuch *Curſed* Circumſtances as I; and were it poſſible for a Man to conſult every Lover between *Pole* and *Pole*, I fancy they'd all own that *mine* is the hardeſt Caſe that ever was. I *kept* a Woman and *lov'd* her, but after a Month or two, grew *weary* of her, as 'tis the way of *frail* Mankind: Thought I to my ſelf, I'll e'en leave off this *fooliſh expenſive* courſe of Life, turn *honeſt*, like the reſt of my Neighbours, and *marry*. I did ſo; and married a Woman of Vertue and Fortune; and, in ſhort, poſſeſs'd of all thoſe good *Qualities* that can *recommend* one of her Sex. But tho' I enjoy this Charming Bedfellow every Night, my *Paſſion* for my old *Miſtriſs* burns ſtill as *violently* as ever; and yet I defie any Man breath-

breathing to love his Wife better than I do. But here's the *miſchief* on't, when I *poſſeſs* one, I cannot forbear thinking of the *other*; and thus when I am in *company* with my Wife, my wicked *Memory* conjures up the Idea of my *Miſtriſs*: And when I am *circled* in my Miſtriſs's Arms, ſome untoward *Dæmon* or other puts my *Wife* into my Head. In fine, my Caſe is like that of a *Pilot* at Sea, who finds himſelf attack'd by two *contrary* Winds that ſtruggle for the *Sovereignty* of the Ocean, and buffet his poor Veſſel by turns moſt *unmercifully*. You'll wonder perhaps how I ſhould be able at the ſame time to harbour two *ſuch* incompatible *Intereſts* in my Breaſt, as a *Wife* and a *Miſtriſs*: But you may reſt aſſured, that what I have told you is *true*; and I could wiſh with all my Soul, that as theſe two *Paſſions* make a ſhift to ſubſiſt in my Heart without *juſtling* out one another; ſo my *Spouſe* and my *Miſs* could be induced to ſet up their Horſes together, and live *peaceably* under the ſame Roof, without any *Jealouſie* or *Heart-burning*. But this is a *Miracle* which I muſt never expect to ſee; for tho' a *Miſs*, ſo long as you ſupply her with *Mony*, cares not a farthing if you are concerned with a thouſand other Women; yet that untractable craving Animal called a *Wife*, would ſooner ſee you ſquander her *Fortune*, and plunder her of her Grandmother's *Jewels*, than let you *pay* the leaſt *Sum* of *Love* into any *Exchequer* but her own.

The end of the ſecond Part.

LET-

LETTERS out of *PLINY*, Junior.

By Mr. THO. BROWN.

I Am to inform the Reader, that in the following Letters, I have not confin'd my ſelf to a literal Verſion. Where I found any place ſo perplexed that no certain Sence cou'd be made of it; or where it could not be underſtood without a Comment, (which would have look'd ridiculous in ſuch a Collection as this) I have fairly omitted it, and ſometimes I have made bold to alter a Word or two to make my Author more palatable to the Engliſh *Reader. As for the Choice I have made of the Letters, if they are not the beſt, I hope they will not Diſpleaſe.*

To his Friend Romanus.

Lib. 3. Epiſt. 13.

AT your Requeſt, I have ſent you the *Panegyric* I lately deliver'd before our moſt incomparable * *Prince*, altho' I had ſent it to you, whether you had deſired it or no. Now you have it before you, I muſt beg you to reflect upon the Difficulty, as well as the Nobleneſs, of the Subject. Upon other Occaſions, the newneſs of the Argument generally draws our Attention, but here it was impoſſible

* *Trajan*

ſible for me to ſay any thing which all the World did not know before. For which Reaſon, the Reader, having nothing elſe to employ him, will only mind the Elocution, in which 'tis a hard matter for a Man to ſucceed well, when that, and only that, is taken notice of. I could wiſh that the Order, Tranſitions, and Figures could be conſidered at the ſame Time: For in the moſt barbarous Nations, you ſhall find many that are able to invent handſomely, and to expreſs themſelves magnificently enough; whereas to diſpoſe of things in their proper Order, and to vary the Figures with Art and Judgment, is only the Talent of the Learned. I am of Opinion indeed, that the ſublime and pompous Stile is not alway to be uſed; for as in a Picture nothing ſets off the Light ſo well as an artful Diſpoſition of the Shades, ſo an Oration is no leſs recommended by the Simplicity than Majeſty of the Diction. But why ſhould I trouble you with theſe Things, who know them ſo much better than my ſelf? In the mean time I beg the favour of you, to mark what places you think want Correction; for I ſhall be the eaſier inclin'd to believe that the reſt of the Oration pleaſes you, when I find you diſlike ſome Paſſages in it. *Farewel.*

To his Dear Caninius.

Lib. 8. Epiſt. 4.

'TWas the nobleſt thing you ever attempted in your Life, to relate the *Dacian* War in Verſe: For, beſides the newneſs of the Subject, what can be more Copious and Fertile, what more Poetical, and, tho' we all know it to be true,

true, what more ſeemingly Fabulous? You will have a noble Occaſion to employ all the Stores of your Invention: When you talk of Rivers commanded to take a new Courſe, or bridled by new Bridges, that before were hardly to be paſs'd in Boats; when you talk of Armies encamp'd on the tops of Precipices, and a mighty King who had graſped the whole Univerſe in his Imagination, not only deprived of his Kingdom but his Life: In ſhort, when you come to deſcribe two magnificent Triumphs, both of which were celebrated for the Reduction of a Nation held Invincible before: The only and greateſt Difficulty will be, to expreſs all this in a Strain equal to the dignity of the Subject; which even you, my Friend, will find to be no eaſy Task, altho' you have a towring, elevated Genius, capable of the higheſt undertakings. Some little trouble too you'll find it, to ſoften the Names of theſe barbarous People, and particularly of their Towns, ſo as they ſhall not ſhock our Ears, when they come into Verſe; but there is nothing ſo harſh and diſſonant but what may be made harmonious, or at leaſt tolerable, with a little Care and Alteration. Beſides, if it were lawful for *Homer* to contract, to extend, and turn Words, even of *Grecian* Extraction, for the better Cadence of his Verſe, why ſhould not the ſame Privilege be allow'd you, eſpecially ſince it is not affected but neceſſary? Therefore, when after the Cuſtom of the Poets you have invoked the help of the Muſes, and eſpecially of your Heros, their greateſt Patron, whoſe noble Atchievments and Actions you are going to Sing, weigh Anchor, put up all your Sails, and, if ever you did it upon any Occaſion, ſo now more particularly hoiſt your Flag, diſplay your Colours, and bear down with all the Force of Wit. Theſe Metaphors perhaps may ſeem

too

too daring for Proſe; but why may I not be indulg'd to ſpeak in the Poetical Language to a Poet? But this I bargain with you before hand, that you ſhall ſend me your Poem in pieces juſt as you finiſh it: Nay, even before you have finiſh'd it, by which means it will come the more freſh, like Fruit newly gather'd from the Tree. You will tell me 'tis impoſſible that ſmall Fragments ſhould pleaſe ſo well as an entire Work, or that a Sketch ſhould be ſo well liked as a finiſh'd Picture: I confeſs it, and therefore I will conſider it as ſuch, and you ſhall beſtow the laſt hand upon it at your leiſure in my Library. To your other Favours give me, I beſeech you, this farther Mark of your Friendſhip, as to communicate to me what you wou'd let no Body elſe ſee: For tho' I ſhall the more commend and value your Writings, as I ſee them come out more ſlowly and more correct, yet I ſhall both Love and Honour your ſelf infinitely the more, as you ſend me theſe things with moſt diſpatch, in their Undreſs.

To his Wife Calphurnia.

Lib. 6. Epiſt. 7.

YOU ſend me word, that my Abſence does not a little afflict you, and that you have no other Antidote againſt your Melancholy but my Letters: 'Tis no ſmall Satisfaction to me, that I am always in your Thoughts, and that ſuch Trifles can contribute to your Diverſion. For my part, to let you ſee my Caſe is parallel with yours, I am perpetually reading yours, and the oftner I read them, the more new they ſeem to me, and I ſtill diſcover ſome freſh Beauties in 'em, which I did

did not obſerve before. Tho' this in ſome meaſure aleviates my Pain, yet it ſets me a longing the more for your Company; for if your Letters are ſo ſweet and entertaining, what Pleaſures may I not expect from your Converſation? Therefore let me conjure you to loſe no Opportunities of Writing to me, tho', as I hinted before, at the ſame time this Commerce delights me, it gives me ſome Uneaſineſs.

To the Same.

Lib. 7. Epiſt. 5.

'TIS impoſſible for me to tell you how much I regret the want of your good Company, and I have ſeveral good Reaſons for it: In the firſt place, there is Love in the Caſe. Then 'tis to be conſider'd that you and I never lived aſunder, which is the reaſon why I paſs the greateſt part of the Night in thinking on you. From the ſame Cauſe it proceeds, that even in the Day-time, at thoſe Hours when I uſed to viſit you in your Chamber, my Feet of their own accord carry me thither, and then when I miſs you, I come back no leſs melancholly and ſorrowful, than if you had turn'd me out of your Room. The only time that I am free from theſe Inquietudes, is when I am pleading in the *Forum*, and drudging for my Friends. Judge then, what a mortified Life I lead, when I am forced to find Relaxation in Labour, and Comfort in Care and Miſery.

To

To his Friend Ferox.

Lib. 7. Epiſt. 13.

YOUR laſt Letter is a convincing Argument that you Study, and that you don't. You'll tell me I talk Riddles to you, and ſo I do, till I explain to you more diſtinctly what my Meaning is. In ſhort, the Letter you ſent me, ſhows you did not ſtudy for it, ſo eaſie and negligent it appears to be; and yet at the ſame time 'tis ſo polite, that 'tis impoſſible that any one ſhould write it, who did not weigh every word; or elſe you are certainly the happieſt Man in the World, if you can write Letters ſo juſt and exact, without Care and Premeditation.

To Cornelius Tacitus.

Lib. 7. Epiſt. 20.

I Return you your Book which I read over very carefully, having marked all along in the Margin what places I thought fit to be alter'd, and what ſtruck out; For I am no leſs inclin'd to tell the Truth, than you are to hear it. 'Tis a plain Caſe, I believe, that no Man ſuffers himſelf to be ſo patiently found fault with, as he that deſerves the higheſt Commendation. And now I expect my own Book from you, with your Corrections and Amendments. Theſe reciprocal Offices of Friendſhip that paſs between us give me no little Satisfaction; for if Poſterity will have

any Concern for us, I am pleaſed to think that it will tell, with what Amity, and Integrity, you and I have lived together. It will be a remarkable, and perhaps the only Inſtance in Hiſtory, that two Men almoſt of the ſame Age and Quality, and of ſome Reputation for Learning, (I am oblig'd to ſpeak the more ſparingly of you, becauſe at the ſame time I ſpeak of my ſelf) ſhould promote one another's Studies ſo unanimouſly. When I was but young, and you had juſtly acquir'd a high Character in the World, even then it was my greateſt Ambition to imitate and follow you, tho' at never ſo great a Diſtance. We had then at *Rome* ſeveral Perſons of Wit and Learning, that were deſervedly admired; yet ſo great a Similitude was there between our Tempers and Diſpoſitions, that even then I endeavoured to Copy after you. For this Reaſon 'tis no ſmall Satisfaction to me, that whenever there is any Diſcourſe about Learning and Learned Men, you and I are ſtill quoted together; that when your Name is mention'd, the Company immediately mentions mine; and that when they prefer a third Man to one of us, they mean it of both. But 'tis no matter to me, whether you or I are mention'd firſt, for if I am firſt, it is only becauſe I am the next to you. I don't queſtion too, but you have obſerv'd, that in the laſt Wills of the Deceas'd, unleſs there was ſome particular difference in the Caſe, you and I have Legacies of the ſame Value generally bequeathed us. The Concluſion I draw from all this is, That we have the greateſt Obligations that can be, to entertain the ſtricteſt Amity; ſince even our Studies, our Manners, our Reputations; in ſhort, the united Teſtimony of the World, are ſo many Arguments why the mutual Friendſhip between us ſhould ſtill increaſe. *Farewell.*

To

To the same.

Lib. 6. Epist. 16.

YOU desire me to send you an Account of my Uncle's Death, that you may be the better able to relate it in your History. I am oblig'd to you for this Favour, for I foresee my Uncle's Name will be immortal, if it has the Honour to be preserv'd by your Pen: Tho' it was his Fate to die, like great Cities memorable for their Calamities, in the universal Desolation of the finest Part of *Italy*; Nay, tho' he himself has written several learned Volumes, which will propagate his Memory to future Ages, yet that Eternity which seems to be entail'd on every thing you write, will not a little contribute to perpetuate his Name: For my part I reckon those Men happy, who by a particular Indulgence of Heaven, are capable of doing Things fit to be transmitted to Posterity; or of writing Works, that deserve to be read; but I reckon those the happiest of all who possess both these Advantages: Among the number of these latter I reckon my Uncle, by means of yours, as well as his own Writings, upon which account I am proud to comply with your Desires. My Uncle was then at *Misenus*, with the Fleet under his Command in the Harbour, on the 24th Day of *August*, about one of the Clock in the Afternoon; when my Mother came to tell him, that she beheld a far off a Cloud of an unusual Magnitude and Form. He had taken two or three turns in the Sun, after which he bathed himself in cold Water, then he lay down and tasted a small repast, and fell to his Books; but

upon this Alarm call'd for his Slippers, and got up to the higheſt Part of the Houſe, from whence he might moſt advantagiouſly behold this Prodigy. At ſo great a Diſtance we cou'd not poſitively tell from whence this Cloud aroſe, tho' afterwards we knew it came from Mount *Veſuvius*: Nothing reſembl'd the Shape on't more than a Pine-tree does, for from a long taper Trunk, it ſpread it ſelf to a very large Head; the Reaſon of which I ſuppoſe might be, that when the Wind that carried it up, began to fail, its own Weight made it run into a great breadth. Sometimes it look'd of a whitiſh, and ſometimes of a black gloomy Colour, according as it carried up with it Earth, or Aſhes. My Uncle, thinking it impoſſible to make a juſt Obſervation of this Phænomenon without coming nearer, commanded a Gally to be got ready, and made an offer to take me along with him, if I thought convenient. I excuſed my ſelf to him, and anſwer'd, that I would paſs that Afternoon at my Study; and as it happen'd he had given me ſomething to tranſcribe. As he was going out of the Houſe with his Pocket-book in his Hand, the Seamen of *Retina*, affrighted at ſo ſurprizing a Conflagration (for the Village lay under the Mountain, and there was no other way of eſcaping but by Sea) begged of him not to expoſe himſelf to a Danger that ſo eminently threatned him. This did not diſſwade him from his Deſign; and what he began out of a Spirit of Curioſity, he perform'd with the greateſt Reſolution imaginable. So he order'd the Gally to put out to Sea, and went himſelf aboard it, with an Intention to aſſiſt not only thoſe of *Retina*, but the Neighbouring Towns, for the Country all along that Shore is extremely well peopled: He ſteer'd his Courſe towards thoſe Places, from whence the affrighted Inhabitants ran away in great Multitudes;

tudes; nay, he ſail'd into the very Mouth of Danger, and was ſo free from Fear, that he took particular Notice of every Circumſtance almoſt, relating to this Eruption. By this time a Shower of Aſhes, attended with Pumice-ſtones, covered the Deck, falling the hotter, and in greater Quantities, as they approach'd nearer to the Shore. Upon this he conſider'd a little with himſelf whether he had not beſt Tack about, and Sail homewards (which the Pilate advis'd him to do) but he told him that Fortune favour'd the Bold, and ſo order'd him to Sail to his Friend *Pomponianus*, who was at *Stabiæ*, on the other Side of the Bay. In this place, tho' the Danger ſeem'd to be at ſome Diſtance, yet upon the firſt Approach of it, *Pomponianus* had order'd all his Luggage to be carried on Shipboard, being reſolv'd to make his Eſcape, had not the Wind ſat in the contrary Corner. But the ſame Wind that hindered him, brought my Uncle into the Harbour, who perſwaded them to be of good Courage, and endeavour'd by his own Example to make them lay aſide their Fears. After this he bathed, and was very cheerful at Supper, or (what in theſe Dangers is full as great) he ſeemed at leaſt to be ſo. All this while the Flames broke out in ſeveral Places of the Mountain *Veſuvius*, which appear'd ſo much the brighter in ſo dark a Night: In this ſtrange Conſternation the Country People left their Habitations, which in their Abſence were devour'd by the Flames; and this my Uncle urged as an Argument, why it was not adviſeable to quit the Place where they were. After this he compos'd himſelf to reſt; and ſlept very ſoundly, as thoſe which were in the next Room and heard him, affirmed, for by reaſon of the largeneſs of his Cheſt, he breath'd ſomewhat of the loudeſt. But the Court-yard, thro' which there was a Paſſage to the Dining-room, was by

this time ſo cover'd with Aſhes and Pumice-ſtones, that there was no getting out of it for him, if he had ſtaid never ſo little longer; ſo being awak'd out of his ſleep, he joyn'd *Pomponianus* and his Company, who had watch'd all this while. And now they debated among themſelves, whether they ſhou'd ſtay within Doors, or venture Abroad in the open Air, for the Earth-quake was ſo violent, and the Houſes reel'd and ſtagger'd ſo, that one wou'd have thought they had been torn up from their very Foundations. When they were now in the Fields, they feared the falling of the Pumice-ſtones, tho' they were light and porous, however of the two Dangers, this was the leaſt. With my Uncle, Reaſon overcame Reaſon, with the reſt, one Fear overcame another, ſo they carried Pillows on their Heads to break the Fall of any thing that might fall on 'em. In other places it was Day, but here it was as dark as poſſible Night it ſelf could be, tho' it was ſomewhat leſſened by the numerous Flambeaux and other Lights. Then it was reſolv'd to go to the Sea-ſhore, and ſee how the Sea ſtood affected, which ſtill continu'd very Rough and Tempeſtuous. Here my Uncle, lying along upon a Bundle of Cloaths, call'd once or twice for cold Water, and drank it off. After this the Flames, and a ſmell of Brimſtone, which us'd to precede the Flames, as it made the place too hot for the reſt, ſo it waked my Uncle, who being ſupported by two Servants, got up; but in an Inſtant fell down again, being, I ſuppoſe, ſuffocated by the ſulphureous Vapours, and the Orifice of his Stomach cloſed up, that was naturally weak and puling. Three Days after this, his Body was found whole and intire, without the leaſt hurt or mark upon it, and in the ſame Cloaths he laſt put on; in a Poſture too, that made him rather look like one that was aſleep than

than dead. While this happen'd, my Mother and I were at *Miſenus*; but this is nothing to the Hiſtory, and you deſired to be inform'd in no other Particulars, but thoſe that related to the Death of my Uncle. I will therefore conclude, but before I do that, give me leave to add, That I have given you a true and faithful Account of all that has come to my Knowledge. I leave it to you to pick out what you think moſt proper for your Purpoſe; for it is one thing to write a Letter, and another to write a Hiſtory; one thing to write to a Friend, and another to addreſs himſelf to all the World. *Farewel.*

To Sura.

Lib. 7. Epiſt. 27.

YOU and I are both at Leiſure, you to teach, and I to be inform'd; I have for a long while earneſtly deſired to know, whether there are any ſuch Things in Reality, as Spectres, or whether they are only the Reſults of a fearful Imagination: For my part, I am inclin'd to believe the former, by what happen'd, as I have been told the Story, to *Curtius Rufus*: He was walking up and down a Portico towards the Evening, when the Shape of a Woman appear'd to him, but much bigger than the Life, and much more beautiful: This unexpected Sight ſtrangely ſurpriz'd him, when the Phantom told him ſhe was *Afric*, and came on purpoſe to tell him his Fortune; adding that he was going to *Rome*, where he ſhould be advanc'd to the greateſt Honours; that he ſhould return back to this Province in Quality of Governour, and there die. Every thing exactly hap-

pened as the Spectre foretold. The Story goes that as he was Sailing for *Carthage*, and coming out of the Ship, the very ſame Figure met him upon the Shore, upon which he fell Sick, and remembring what it had formerly told him, gave over all Hopes of Recovery, before the Phyſicians thought his Caſe dangerous. But what I am now going to tell you, as it is by much ſtranger, ſo it is more terrible than the other. There was a large and ſtately Houſe at *Athens*, but untenanted, by reaſon of the ill Name it lay under; for in the depth of the Night you might hear a Noiſe like that of the dragging of Chains, which at firſt ſeem'd to be further off, but by degrees came nearer and nearer to you: At laſt a Ghoſt appear'd in the Shape of an old Man, lean and meager, with a long Beard, and the Hair of his Head matted; it had Fetters about its Legs, and Manacles on its Hands, which it ſhaked and rattled. Theſe ſtrange Noiſes diſturbed the Neighbourhood ſo, that few or none could ſleep for them; ſome fell Sick with watching ſo long, and their Fears increaſing, died ſoon after; for tho' the Spectre was not viſible in the Day, yet their Memory ſtill repreſented to their Eyes, and one Fear begot another: For this Reaſon no one would dwell in the Houſe, but it ſtood empty, and was left wholly to the Ghoſt, to play its Midnight-frolicks in; however, there was a Bill put over the Door, to ſignify that the Houſe was to be Let or Sold, if by chance they cou'd meet with a Chapman, who knew nothing that it was haunted. It happen'd that one *Athenodorus*, a Philoſopher, coming to *Athens*, read the Bill, enquir'd after the Rent, and ſuſpecting there was ſomething extraordinary in the Matter, becauſe it was to be had ſo cheap, he informs himſelf of the Neighbours, who fairly acquainted him with the whole Buſineſs:

Buſineſs: He was ſo far from being diſcourag'd by it, that it made him the more eager to ſtrike a Bargain. When it began to grow dark, he order'd a Bed to be made for him in a Room that faced the Street; he call'd for Paper, Ink, and Candle, and order'd all his Servants to withdraw; he employ'd his Mind, his Eyes, his Hands in Writing, leſt his Imagination, having nothing to employ it, might be at leiſure to create Viſions and Spectres: All the former part of the Night the Scene continued quiet enough, at laſt he heard the ratling of Iron, and ſhaking of Chains. Our Philoſopher did not ſo much as lift up his Eyes to ſee what was the Matter, nor left off Writing, but endeavour'd all he could to neglect it; the Noiſe ſtill increaſing, and moving nearer, ſo that ſometimes it ſeem'd to be within, and ſometimes without the Room, at laſt *Athenodorus* look'd behind him and ſaw it, juſt as the Neighbours had deſcrib'd it to him. It ſtood ſtill, and beckon'd with its Finger, like a Man that calls to another. He, on the other ſide, makes a Sign with his Hand, that it ſhould tarry a little for him, and falls a Writing again. All this while the Spectre rattled his Chains over his Head as he writ, and he looking behind him, found that it beckon'd to him as before, ſo he took up his Candle in his Hand, and followed it: The Ghoſt walked leaſurely along, as if its Chains did hinder it, after that it turn'd into the Court-yard, and immediately vaniſh'd under Ground. Our Philoſopher took ſome Leaves and Herbs that he might know the Place again; the next Day he goes to the Magiſtrates of the Town, and advis'd 'em to dig in the Place where this happen'd: Which they accordingly did, and found a parcel of Bones wrapt about with Iron-Chains formerly belonging to a Body, which Time, and the Earth together, had putrified.

Theſe

Theſe Reliques were publickly Buried, after which the Houſe was haunted no more. I am inclin'd to believe this Story, having had it ſo confidently affirm'd to me. —— I earneſtly intreat you to beſtow a little Conſideration to inform me better upon this Point. 'Tis a Subject worthy of your deepeſt Enquiry, tho' I confeſs I am not worthy to have you to communicate your Learned Thoughts to me. Altho' you can plead on both ſides, and manage an Argument either *pro* or *con*, as the Cuſtom of the Gentlemen at the Bar is, yet I beg you not to employ that Talent here, but fairly to determine the Point, becauſe I wou'd not be diſmiſs'd uncertain or left in ſuſpence, ſince this is the Reaſon of my giving you this Trouble. *Farewel.*

C. Pliny *to his Friend* Fuſcus.

The Argument.

In this Letter Pliny *adviſes a young Gentleman what Method to follow in his Studies.*

SInce you have been pleaſed to ask my Advice how you are to *regulate* your *Studies*, and improve the preſent *Retirement* you *enjoy* to the beſt advantage; In the firſt place, I am of opinion, that it will be *highly* beneficial to you (and 'tis what ſome of our *greateſt Maſters* have often adviſ'd) to *tranſlate* out of *Greek* into *Latin*, and back again out of *Latin* into *Greek*; for by this ſort of Exerciſe a Man not only makes himſelf *compleat Maſter* of both Languages, acquires the *Propriety* and *Beauty* of Words, *Variety* of Figures and *Perſpicuity* of Stile, but by ſetting the *beſt*

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Authors before him, as *Patterns* to imitate, he attains at last to *copy* their Virtues and Perfections. Besides, there are several things which escape the *Observation* of the nicest *Reader*, which 'tis impossible for the *Translator* not to see. So that by thus *employing* our selves, we cultivate the Understanding, and improve the Judgment: Neither will it be amiss, when you meet with any *Passage* in an Author that is *extreamly* fine and beautiful, to enter the Lists in *competition* with him, if I may so express my self, and try how you can perform upon the same Subject; then when you have so done, *carefully* and *impartially* to consider in what Places he *excels* you, and where you have the better of him. It will be no little Satisfaction to you to find that you *out-do* him in some things; as on the other Hand it will be a Mortification, if you see he *exceeds* you *every where*: But if you are minded to be upon this *Sport*, I would not have you *practice* upon mean, ordinary Authors, of little or no *Reputation*; but single out the most *Eminent* Masters, and chuse the most *shining* Places. This is a daring *Enterprize* I must confess; but such as can't be taxed with *Impudence* or *Vanity*, since a Man performs it in private by himself. However, 'tis certain that abundance of Men, to their great Commendation, have ventured to *contend* with our most *admired* Writers, by the same token that they were not at their first setting out asham'd to *follow* them at a distance, while they were in hopes one Day to *overtake* them. You will likewise find it very *serviceable* to you, when you have committed *any* of your *Thoughts* to writing, to lay them aside for some time, and endeavour to *forget* 'em: Then when you are *cool* and *sedate*, and divested of that Fondness that a Man *naturally* has for his own *Compositions*, to call 'em to a severe *Examination*; to strike out some Expressions,

and

and to retain *others*; in ſhort, to make ſuch Improvements and Alterations as you ſee convenient. Did not the *Advantage* we receive by it, make us ſufficient amends for our Pains, 'tis an *ungrateful* piece of *Drudgery*, I confeſs, to call our Works to a ſecond *Review*, to expunge and amend 'em; and when the whole *Body* of the Building is finiſhed, to *enlarge* the Entrance, to *ſtrengthen* the weak Parts of it, to ſtrike out new *Lights* where they are neceſſary; in ſhort, to make ſeveral *Additions*, however ſo, as not to *deſtroy* the *Symmetry* or Proportion of the whole *Structure*. I know that at preſent your Intentions run *chiefly* for the *Bar*: However, I would by no means adviſe you to *confine* your ſelf *wholly* to that wrangling and litigious Stile, which is practiſed by our Pleaders: For, as we find by common Experience, that the *Ground* is ſoon worn out and exhauſted, if it is *only* ſowed with *one* ſort of Grain; whereas it recovers *heart* by exchanging the *Seed*; ſo the Faculties of our Mind loſe all their *Vigour* and *Activity*, when they are *conſtantly* employed upon one Subject, while a judicious *Variety* gives 'em a new force. For this Reaſon, if you would be govern'd by me, you ſhould ſometimes *try* how well you can perform in the *Hiſtorical way*; ſometimes I would have you *employ* a few Hours in writing of Letters upon occaſional Subjects; and ſometimes too I would adviſe you to ſacrifice to the *Muſes*, and ſee how you can perform in *Poetry*. I ſay, I would ſometimes have you *try* your *Poetical Genius*, becauſe even in our publick *Speeches* and *Harangues*, where we are oblig'd to make any *Deſcriptions*, a Man is *forced* not *only* to indulge himſelf in the Liberties and Decorations of an *Hiſtorical*, but even of a *Poetical* Stile; And then, as for the *Purity* of Language, and a cloſe compendious way of *expreſſing* ones ſelf, 'tis no where

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ſo *happily* learnt, as by frequent writing of *Letters*. When I tell you that you may ſometimes divert your ſelf with *Poetry*, I don't mean that you ſhould *attempt* the Writing of a *long* continu'd *Poem*, which cannot be done without a great *expence* of Time, and perhaps more than the thing is worth; but only that it may not be amiſs for you now and then, to *checquer* your *ſerious* Hours and Occupations, with a few ſhort *Sallies* of Verſification. This the World *generally* calls *Luſus* or *Sports*, and indeed ſo they are; however a Man gets ſometimes no leſs *Reputation* even by theſe *Sports*, than by the *graveſt* Performance. But to *relieve* my *Proſe* with a little *Poetry*; for why ſhould I not make uſe of Verſe, when I encourage you to write it?

As the ſequatious Wax with eaſe receives
What ever Shape th' informing Artiſt gives;
Now repreſents the furious God of War,
Or in Minerva's *Likeneſs does appear.*
Now a fair Venus *ſhews with all her Charms,*
Or wanton Cupid *ſporting in her Arms:*
As murm'ring Rivers with their Chryſtal Streams
Not only ſerve to quench th' aſpiring Flames:
But in below'd Meanders *as they flow*
On Fields and Flow'rs freſh Beauties do beſtow:
So ſhould the Mind with early Care be wrought,
And faſhion'd for the diff'rent turns of Thought.
One Art alone too dull a Chaſe does yield:
Your active Sportſman ranges all the Field.

And thus we find that the moſt *Celebrated* Orators, and Perſons of the moſt eminent Rank, have condeſcended to *employ* and *divert*, or rather to *divert* and *employ* themſelves in theſe agreeable *Amuſements*: And it is almoſt incredible to tell how *ſtrangely* the Imagination is *affected* by them; for

for they are not *only* proper to deſcribe Love, Hatred, Anger, Envy, Compaſſion, and the like, but likewiſe *comprehend* every thing that has a Relation to *Human* Life; nay, what ſeems directly *oppoſite* to its Genius, Verſe takes in even the * *Law* it ſelf, as rugged and moroſe as it appears. This *Advantage* at leaſt we reap from *Poetry*, that when we lay it *aſide*, and return to *Proſe*, we ſeem to have knock'd off our *Fetters*; and what every Man will ſoon find to be *true*, upon making the Experiment, our *Thoughts* and *Words* flow with more *Facility* and *Freedom*: Perhaps I have *exceeded* my Commiſſion, and *interpoſed* my Advice in ſome Matters where you never *required* it: However, I am ſenſible that I have omitted one thing; and that is to tell you, what Authors I think moſt proper for you to *read*; altho' in *effect* I did it, when I adviſ'd you what to *write*; only *remember* this by the bye, always to read the beſt in their kind; for as the Proverb has it, 'Tis not the *Quantity*, but *Quality* that recommends every thing: Now, who theſe are, is ſo *commonly* known, that they need not be *pointed* out, or *named* to you. Beſides, without engaging to make any ſuch *Catalogue*, I have *already* ſwell'd my Letter to ſuch a *Bulk*, that I have *treſpaſſed* upon your Hours of *Study*, even when I pretend to *regulate* them. In ſhort, take your Pen and Ink in Hand, and either put in practice ſome of theſe *Rules* that I have ſent you, or if you are taken up about any thing elſe, *diſpatch* and finiſh it.

M.

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* Grotius *has attempted ſomething of this nature in a Paraphraſe of one of the Chapters in* Juſtinian's *Inſtitutions*, de rerum diviſione, & acquirendo earum Dominio, *which is to be found among his other Poems; but for all that I would not adviſe any of our Inns of Court Gentlemen to try how* Littleton's Tenures, *or my Lord* Vaughan's Reports, *would run in Verſe.*

M. Tully's Cicero's LETTERS.

By *Tho. Brown.*

Brutus *to* Cicero.

The Argument.

After Cæsar *had been Assassinated in the Senate-House,* Octavius, *who was then about* 18 *years old, was sent for out of* Epirus, *and desired to take the Government into his Hands. Among the rest,* Cicero *made his Court to young* Octavius, *and recommended his Friend* Brutus, *and those of his Party, to his Protection; for which* Brutus, *who was zealous for the Republick, quarrels with him in this Letter. 'Tis written with a great deal of Fire and Vehemence; and fully answers the Character that Antiquity gives us of that great disinteressed Man.*

I Receiv'd by your Friend *Atticus*, the Parcel of Letters which you sent to *Octavius*. Your *Affection* and *Concern* for my *Safety*, gives me no *new* Pleasure, because I *daily* receive *fresh* Instances from all Hands of your Friendship, and hear how *zealously* you speak in behalf of your *absent* Friend; but 'tis impossible for me to tell you how much I was *grieved* at that part of your Letter directed to *Octavius*, wherein you take occasion to mention *me* to *him*. What shall I say? I am *ashamed* both of my Condition and Fortune: However, I must write on. You recommend

mend me to his *Protection*: Gods! what Death is not preferable to ſuch a *Servitude*? And you *thank* him for his great *Care* of the Republick in ſo *abject* and ſo *ſubmiſſive* a Strain, that one would conclude from what you write, that the *Tyranny* was not *extinguiſh'd*, but only the *Tyrant* chang'd. Reflect a little upon your *Words*; and deny if you can, that this is the *Language* of a crouching *Slave* to a haughty *King*. You tell him there is one thing *required* and *expected* from him; that is, he would be pleaſed to take into his *Protection* thoſe Citizens, of whom the People of *Rome* have a *good* Opinion: But what if he *won't*? Muſt we therefore be treated like *Out-laws*? For my part, I think it much *better* not to *be* at all, than to *owe* my Being to him. I can never believe that *Heaven* has ſo far abandon'd the *Roman* People, and the *Preſervation* of our Empire, that ſuch a one as *Octavius* ought to be *petitioned* for the Life of any one ſingle *Citizen*, much leſs for that of the *Deliverers* of all *Mankind*. I am proud to uſe this *magnificent* Language: And certainly a Man is *allow'd* to do it, when he talks to *thoſe* that neither know what they are to *fear* or *ask* for others. But this you'll tell me, is in *Octavius*'s Power, and are his Friend: But if you have any *Kindneſs* for me, can you wiſh to ſee me in *Rome*, ſince you have begg'd Leave of a *Boy* to ſuffer me to live there? What occaſion is there for you to *throw* away ſo many *Compliments* upon him, if he muſt be intreated and humbly *petiton'd* to *grant* us our *Lives*, which we never *forfeited*? Or do you think that he looks upon it as an Obligation, that for the obtaining ſuch a Favour, you addreſs your ſelf to him rather than to *Antony*? What Man in his *right* Senſes ever ask'd the *Succeſſor*, much more the *Aſſertor* of another Man's *Tyranny*, that he wou'd be

pleaſed

pleased forsooth not to cut the Throats of those that have best *deserved* of the Common-wealth. Now this *scandalous* Weakness and Despair, for which you are no less to be *blamed* than the rest of your Complexion, see what blessed effects it has produced: It first of all taught *Cæsar* to *aspire* to the Empire, and after his Death *incited Anthony* to pursue the same *Designs*; and now at last has so far *incouraged* the Ambition of a young beardless *Stripling*, that you must *humbly* beg him to spare the *Lives* of the *Defenders* of the common Liberty, and we must depend upon the *Mercy* of one, who cannot as yet stile himself *Man*. But if we would remember that we have the *Blood* of the ancient *Romans* in our *Veins*, those arrogant *Usurpers* should not be so forward to establish their Greatness at the *Expence* of the *Publick*, as we to *pluck* them down; neither would *Anthony* be so much *encouraged* by *Cæsar*'s invading the *Sovereignty*, to attempt the *like* after him, as *deterred* and *humbled* by reflecting upon his *Fall*.

You that have born the *Consular* Dignity in your time, and stickled *earnestly* for those generous *Patriots*, who if they are once *brought under*, I am afraid your *destruction* will not be far off, how can you look back upon your *past* Actions, and either *approve* the *present* Villanies, or behave your self so *sneakingly* and *submissively*, as at least to seem to *approve* them? Tell me what private *Quarrel* you have to *Anthony*? why, because he would have our *Lives* in his *Power*, because he would have us *petition* him for our *Protection* who had received his Liberty from us; in short, because he would *trample* upon our *Liberties*, and *govern* the Common-wealth in an *arbitrary* manner. Then you thought it *necessary* for us, to take up Arms to *prevent* his Tyranny; and now we have *prevented* him, must we be such *Slaves* to *desire* another to *take* his place, or

elſe *manfully* aſſert the *Rights* of the Republick; unleſs after all it can be ſaid, that we had no *averſion* to *Slavery*, but only to the manner of it. If this had been our *Caſe*, we could not only have preſerved our *Fortunes*, under that *righteous* Maſter *Anthony*, but ſhared the chief *Employments* and *Dignities* of the State; and this treatment we might well *expect* to find from him, ſince our *paſſive abject* behaviour would have been the greateſt *ſecurity* to his *Uſurpation*; but no *Bribe* was great enough to make us *proſtitute* either our fidelity or liberty. This very *Boy*, whom *Cæſar*'s Name ſeems to ſtir up againſt *Cæſar*'s Murderers, what would he not *give*, if we were capable of being *bribed*, that he might ſet up an abſolute *Authority* by our *means* and *aſſiſtance*, as it is probable he will ſoon do, becauſe we are *content* barely to *live*, to keep our *Eſtates*, and retain the empty *name* of *Senators*? Why did we *diſpatch Cæſar*, or to what purpoſe did we ſo much *rejoice* at his *death*? if after we have removed him out of the way, we can reſolve to carry Fetters, and take no care to prevent our *Slavery*? But may Heaven take *every* thing from me, even what the World reckons the *deareſt*, rather than that *greatneſs* of mind, which not only *forbids* me to *ſuffer* that in the *Heir* of him whom I kill'd, which I could not *bear* in the Uſurper himſelf, but not even in my own *Father*, were he now alive; I mean, to aſſume to himſelf a deſpotick *Power* over the *Laws* and the *Senate*, and I to ſtand *tamely* by and ſee it. Can you be ſo *vain*, as to imagine that others will have *better* quarter from him, if we cannot be allowed to live at *Rome* without his *permiſſion*? Beſides, how can you think to *obtain* that which you *deſire* of him: You ask him that he would be pleaſed to let us *live* in *ſafety*; do you think we receive our *ſafety* from him, if we receive our Lives; and how can we be ſaid

to

to *receive* tht latter, if we are forced to throw up our *Dignity* and our *Liberty*. Perhaps you fancy that to live at *Rome* is to live in *ſafety*; Alaſs! 'tis not the *place* I value, if the *thing* be wanting; I never look'd upon my ſelf to be *ſafe* while *Caſar* was *alive*, till I had *fairly rid* the World of him; neither will I be a *baniſhed* Man if I can *help it*, while I hate *Servitude*, and the tame bearing of *Affronts*, above all the *Plagues* in the Univerſe. In the *Grecian* Republicks, when they *knocked* any *Tyrant* on the *Head*, they uſed to ſerve his *Children* the ſame *ſawce*; and are not we the moſt abandon'd *Sots* that ever *crawl'd* upon all *four*, if we can ſtoop to *flatter* the Man that has taken a *Tyrant*'s Name upon himſelf, we, I ſay, that were the *Deſtroyers* and *Puniſhers* of *Tyranny*? Do you think that I have any regard for that City, or indeed believe it deſerves the *Name* of one, that would not *accept* of *Liberty* when it was ſo *fairly put* into its hands, nay is rather inclined to *truckle* to a *Boy*, whoſe *Father* was *ſerved* according to his *merits*, becauſe he has aſſum'd the Name of *Caſar*; than to *aſſert* its own Freedom, eſpecially ſince it has ſo *freſh* and *recent* an Example before its Eyes, of an *Uſurper*, who wanted no *Power* to ſupport him in his *Pretenſions*, that was taken off by the *bravery* of a *few* Perſons? Therefore let me deſire you for the future to *recommend* me no more to your *new* Lord and Maſter, nor indeed your ſelf, if you'll be rul'd by me. You ſet too *high* a value upon the *few* years you have to live, if you can *condeſcend* to *ſupplicate* a Boy, that he would be *graciouſly* inclined to let the *Candle* burn to the *Snuff*. You behaved your ſelf very *bravely* againſt *Anthony*, and ſtill continue to do ſo, for which reaſon I would not have you *forfeit* your old *Reputation*, or give the World any occaſion to ſuſpect your want of *Conſtancy*; for if you can ſo *vilely* ſneak to *Octa-*

vius, whom you have, I find, *deſired* to be *merciful* to us, People will be apt to conclude, that you are not out of *love* with a *Tyrant*, but are only for having his *Nails pared*. As for your *commending* him for what he has already done, I own indeed the Actions are *praiſe-worthy*, cou'd I be ſatisfied that the *end* of them was to *repreſs* another's Uſurpation, and not to *eſtabliſh* his own. But when you carry matters ſo *far*, as to tell me, that it is not only *convenient*, but *neceſſary* to *petition* him in our behalf, take my word for it, you paſs a *Compliment* upon the *young* Gentleman, which he never *deſerved*: You beſtow that very *Power* upon him, which I thought the *Republick* had obtained by his means; beſides you don't conſider, that if *Octavius* deſerves our *eſteem*, becauſe he makes *War* upon *Anthony*; the *Roman* People, tho' they beſtowed all they have, yet they can never ſufficiently *recompence* thoſe who *cut* off that Monſter's *Head*, of which that *Fellow* and his *Party* are only the *Tail*. This may let you ſee how much farther our *fear* carries us than our *gratitude*, becauſe *Anthony* is ſtill alive and in Arms. As for *Caſar*, all that cou'd or ought to be done to him is *paſt*, and cannot be *recalled*: But is *Octavius* one of that *bulk*, that the *whole Roman* People muſt *ſtay* to ſee how he will be *pleaſed* to uſe us? or are *we* ſuch contemptible Wretches, that *one* Man muſt humbly be *implored* to grant us our *Lives*? As for me, to return to my ſelf, I am of that *temper*, that I not only *ſcorn* to *ſupplicate* him, but will do all that lies in my power to hinder others from doing the like: However I will take care to get out of the Neighbourhood of *ſupple* Slaves. In whatever *place* I am, that *place* I ſhall fancy to be *Rome*, and ſhall heartily *pity* ſuch as you, who can neither be taught by your *Age*, nor by your *Quality*, not yet by the *Examples* of brave gallant Men, to deſpiſe a vile, naſty,

naſty, precarious life. To be plain with you, I ſhall think my ſelf to *happy*, if I can keep up to this *vertuous* Reſolution, that I ſhall think my Duty and Services to my Country overpaid: For what greater *pleaſure* can we enjoy, than the *remembrance* of honourablo Actions, and under the happy contemplation of our *Liberty*, to deſpiſe the *vain* greatneſs of the World? I am fully reſolved not to run with the *Populace*, or be carried down the *Stream* with a herd of tame *paſſive* Fools, or overcome by ſuch as are willing to be made *Slaves*. I will ſtill oppoſe our Uſurpers, I will try all Expedients, and leave nothing unattempted to *free* my Country from *Servitude*. If my Deſires are crowned with *ſucceſs*, as they deſerve, we ſhall all *rejoice*: But if it happens otherwiſe, I ſhall not *repent* of my labour; for how can any Man *better* imploy his time or thoughts, than in ſetting his Country at *liberty*? Therefore I conjure you, my dear *Cicero*, not to be *caſt down* or *diſcouraged*, and while you endeavour to avert the *preſent* Evils, caſt your Eye upon the *future* too, unleſs you have already *provided* againſt them, leaſt they ſhould ſurprize you *unawares*. Take this for granted, that without *conſtancy* and *reſolution*, all your bravery and freedom of mind, with which both when a *Conſul*, and now when a *Senator*, you *aſſerted* the *Rights* of the Republick, will be reckon'd as nothing. The *Caſe* of an *experienced* Virtue is much *harder* than that of one that is not *known*. We conſider their Services as ſo many *Debts* or *Earneſts* of future *Payments*; and if they don't anſwer our *Expectations*, we proclaim them *Bankrupts*, and look upon them as *Cheats*. For this reaſon when we find *Cicero* to oppoſe *Anthony*, although it deſerves our higheſt *Commendations*, yet becauſe the *former* is in all reſpects ſuperiour to the *latter*, no one wonders at it. If the ſame *Cicero* who

chaſed *Anthony* with ſo much Reſolution and Gallantry, ſhould be found *warping* in his Conduct towards others, he will not only *rob* himſelf of all his paſt *Glory*, but utterly *efface* the *Memory* of it; for what can be called *perfect* where *Conſtancy* is wanting? And to be plain with you, no one is more oblig'd than you, to ſtand up for the *Common-Wealth*, and to maintain its *Liberty*; not only in regard of your own great *Qualities* and paſt *Actions*, but the *Wiſhes* and *Expectations* of all that know you. In a word, you need not trouble your ſelf about petitioning *Octavius* to protect us: Rather rouze up your ſelf, and doubt not but that City where you have perform'd ſo many *great* Things, will recover its *ancient* Splendor and Liberty, if its *Noblemen* will but head the *People*, and *unite* to hinder the *wicked* Deſigns of our *Enemies*. Farewell.

Sulpitius *to* Cicero.

The Argument.

Sulpitius *in this Letter condoles* Cicero *upon the loſs of his Daughter* Tullia. *One of the chief Reaſons by which he endeavours to alleviate his Grief, is taken from the ſhort duration of all mortal Beings, the inſtability of humane Affairs; and particularly from the Confuſion and Diſorders which reigned at that time, and at laſt ended in the utter Subverſion of the Common-wealth.*

I No ſooner received the *unwelcome* News of your Daughter *Tullia*'s Death, but I was heartily and earneſtly *afflicted* at it, as, I confeſs, I ought to be, and look'd upon it to be a *common* Cala-

Calamity, wherein I had no *little* ſhare. Had I been upon the *ſame* Spot with you, I had not been *wanting* to teſtifie to you my *Reſentment* on this Occaſion, and adminiſter all the *Help* that I was capable of giving you. I muſt own indeed that this ſort of *Conſolation* is melancholy and troubleſome; for our *Relations* and *Friends*, from whom we expect this *Relief*, are equally *concern'd* with our ſelves; and therefore rather *want* others to comfort them, than are in a *condition* to do it themſelves: However, I reſolved to ſend you by the firſt Opportunity all that my *Thoughts* ſuggeſted to me; not that I am ſo vain as to imagine that you *know* them not; but becauſe your Grief perhaps does ſo *entirely* poſſeſs all the Faculties of your *Mind*, that you are not at *liberty* to *reflect* on them. Now give me leave to ask you why this *domeſtick* Loſs ſhould afflict you in this exceſſive manner? Do but conſider how *Fortune* has already *dealt* with both of us. We have ſeen all thoſe things *ſnatch'd* from us, which ought to be no leſs *dear* to a *ſenſible* Man than his *Children*: We are robb'd of our *Country*, our *Reputation*, of our *Places*, and in ſhort, of all our Honours; and when we have ſuffer'd this, what can *farther* happen to *inhance* our Grief? or what *Soul*, that has labour'd under theſe *Calamities*, ought not to grow *callous* and *inſenſible* to all other *Accidents*? Can you regret the *Loſs* of your Daughter, when ever you think? (And how can you avoid it? for 'tis no more than what I ſay *daily* to my ſelf) That in this *wretched juncture* of Affairs 'tis no great *Unhappineſs* to ſhake off a troubleſome *Life*, which at beſt is ſcarce worth the *dragging* after us. Now what was it that ſhould make her ſo *fond* of Life in this general *Shipwreck* of the Republick? What *Temptations*, what *Hopes* could ſhe have, or what mighty *Advantages* could ſhe pro-

poſe her ſelf? I ſuppoſe to marry ſome fine young *Gentleman* of Quality, and live *handſomely* and *comfortably* with him. I don't queſtion but that a Perſon of your *eminent* Rank in the World, when ever you pleaſed, might have *choſen* a Son-in-law, with whom you might *ſafely* truſt your Daughter. But let us ſee what you could have *expected* from ſuch a Match, ſuppoſe it had been never ſo *advantagious*: Why, to have Children by her Huſband, who might be a *Comfort* to her when they were *grown* up, who might enjoy the *Fortune* left 'em by their Parents, advance themſelves by *degrees* to all the conſiderable *Poſts* of the *Government*, and have it in their Power to ſerve their Friends. Alas! *all* theſe Things are already *gone* before they are *given*; and our *Government* and *Liberties* lie *buried* under the ſame *Rubbiſh*. But ſtill you'll tell me, 'tis a *ſad* thing to loſe ones Children. 'Tis ſo, I confeſs; but 'tis a more *ſtabbing* Affliction to ſurvive the *Deſtruction* of ones *Country*. And this puts me in mind of a certain *Paſſage*, which did not a little contribute to make me *eaſie* in my Mind, in hopes it may have the ſame *effect* upon your ſelf. At my return from *Aſia*, as I was ſailing from *Ægina* to *Megara*, I had the curioſity to *look* about me, and caſt my *Eyes* upon the Coaſt by which we paſs'd. *Ægina* was behind me, *Megara* before me; I had *Piræus* on my right, and *Corinth* on my left Hand: All which were formerly Flouriſhing and Wealthy Towns, but at preſent nothing but a heap of Ruins. So then I began to make theſe *Reflections* with my ſelf; "Why ſhould we poor Mor-
"tals *complain* and *repine*? We, who cannot rea-
"ſonably expect to live long in this World, if
"the Fate of *War*, or the common Courſe of
"*Nature*, carries us out of it; when we ſee the
"Skeletons of ſo many *Illuſtrious* Cities, that

"might

" might have promiſed themſelves a much longer " Duration? Stifle all your *Reſentments*, and re- " member that you were born a *Man*, and conſe- " quently ordained to *die*. To deal *ingenuouſly* with you, this *Reflection* gave me a great deal of *Eaſe*; and I would adviſe you to *cure* your ſelf by ſetting ſomething of the *like* nature before your Eyes. As for Inſtance; So many conſidera- ble *Men* have lately been killed in the *Wars*: Our *Government* is ſhattered all to pieces; our *Provinces* are all exhauſted and undone. Can you then be ſo exceedingly concerned for the *Loſs* of one *Daughter*, who, if ſhe had not *died* now, muſt certainly have paid the *Debt* of *Nature* at another time, ſince ſhe was born ſubject to its Laws? But I conjure you to divert your Thoughts from theſe melancholy *Conſiderations*, and rather *remember* thoſe Things that *become* a Man of your *Character*. Conſider that ſhe liv'd as long as it was worth her while to live; that ſhe ſaw her *Father* poſſeſs'd of the moſt eminent *Dignities* of the *City*; that ſhe liv'd long enough to ſee the better part of her Citizens *die* before her; in ſhort, that ſhe went off the *Stage* when our *Republic* likewiſe was deſtroy'd. I would deſire to know what Reaſon either *you* or *ſhe* have to complain of Fortune in all this?

Laſtly, *Remember* who you are, one that us'd to *give* Advice and Conſolation to others; and don't *imitate* thoſe ſordid *Quacks*, that pretend to cure all the World, and are not able to help them- ſelves; but rather make uſe of the ſame *Remedies* you preſcribe to others, and expect a *Cure* from them. There is no Grief ſo *obſtinate*, which length of time can't diminiſh and ſoften. 'Twill be *ſcandalous* in you to expect your Relief from Time, as the common *Herd* of *Mankind* uſe to do, and not *overcome* it rather by your Wiſdom and Phi-

Philoſophy. If the *Dead* below have any Senſe left them, your Daughter in *duty* to you, and *love* to all her Relations in general, is ſo far from *countenancing* this Affliction, that even ſhe *conjures* you to *grieve* no longer. Pay therefore this Reſpect to the *Dead*; pay it to your *Friends* who are *concerned* for your Grief; pay it to your *Country*, that whenever an Occaſion offers it ſelf, you may be able to *ſerve* it with your Advice and Aſſiſtance. In ſhort, ſince we live in ſuch Calamitous Times, that we muſt go down the Stream whether we will or no, don't give thoſe at the Helm any *Umbrage* to think that you rather *regret* the Deſtruction of the *State*, and the good Fortune of our new *Conquerours*, than the Loſs of your *Daughter*. I am aſham'd to ſay more to you on this Head, leſt I ſhould ſeem to diſtruſt your Prudence; for which Reaſon I will conclude. Your Friends have ſeen you behave your ſelf ſo ſteadily in the time of *Proſperity*, that you were univerſally admired for it. Let them ſee, that you can bear bad *Fortune* with the ſame Equality of Mind; and don't afflict your ſelf more than *Decency* and *Prudence* require of you, that you may give no occaſion for People to *ſay*, that this is the only Virtue you want. As for me, ſo ſoon as you are grown *calm* and *ſedate*, I will take care to inform you how *Affairs* go in this *Part* of the World.

Farewel.

Ci-

Cicero *to* Titius.

The Argument.

This Letter is conſolatory, and of the ſame nature with the former. The Arguments are almoſt the ſame, taken from the common Deſtiny of Mankind, and from the calamitious Diſorders of thoſe miſerable Times. By this it will appear, that the Letter which Lentulus *ſent to* Cicero *was ſtill freſh in his Memory, ſince he uſes moſt of the ſame Reaſons that are to be found in that; unleſs it will be ſaid perhaps, that two Great Men, when they come to write upon the ſame Subject, may eaſily happen to fall upon the ſame Things, without communicating their Thoughts to one another.*

ALthough I am one of the unfitteſt Men in the World to adminiſter *Conſolation* to you, becauſe I am ſo exceedingly *afflicted* at your Troubles, that I want a Comforter my ſelf; yet ſince my Grief, as *great* and as *juſt* as it is, is not altogether ſo *violent* as yours, I thought my ſelf obliged in point of *Gratitude* and *Friendſhip*, to hold my Peace no longer under this your preſent Sorrow, but endeavour to give you ſome little *Comfort* at leaſt, that may ſerve to *alleviate* and *aſſwage* your Grief, if it cannot perfectly cure it. The Conſolation which is moſt *commonly* preſcribed in theſe Caſes, and which we ought always to have in our *Mouths* and *Thoughts*, is to *remember* that we are born *Men*, and that we were ſent into the World on purpoſe to be *expoſed* to the Uncertainties of a fickle capricious *Fortune*; that conſequently we ought to *acquieſce* in theſe Terms that Fate has allotted us; that is the greateſt

greateſt *Folly* imaginable to be overmuch *afflicted* at thoſe *Misfortunes*, which it was not in our power to *prevent*: And laſtly, that if we *reflect* upon thoſe that were born before us, or caſt our *Eyes* upon our Neighbours *about* us, we ſhall ſoon find that we do not ſtand ſingly by our ſelves, but that others have their Loſſes and Calamities as well as we. Theſe Reaſons indeed are not without their *Weight*, having been uſed by the *wiſeſt* Men, and may be found in the *Writings* of our *greateſt* Philoſophers: But in my opinion, neither *they*, nor any other Reaſons of the *like* nature, ought to make that *Impreſſion* upon us, as the Confuſions and Diſorders of theſe *miſerable* Times; when thoſe are the *happieſt* Men in my opinion, that have *no* Children at all; and even thoſe that have *loſt* them in this *calamitous* Juncture are far leſs *miſerable*, than if they had *buried* 'em when the Republick was in a *flouriſhing* Condition, or when we had at leaſt the *Face* of a Government among us. Now if your own private *Loſſes*, and the *Reflections* you make upon them, are the things that *wholly* take you up at preſent, I ſuppoſe that your *Stock* of Grief, let it be as *great* as it will, may ſoon be *exhauſted*: But if you are griev'd for the *Misfortunes* of thoſe that are *dead*, which ſeems to be the effect of your *Compaſſion* and *Love*, I will not repreſent to you upon this Head, what I have frequently *read* and *heard*, That there is no Evil in *Death*; for if there remains to us any *Senſe* after it, 'tis rather to be called *Immortality* than *Death*; and if we *loſe* all manner of *Senſe*, we ought by no means to call that a *Miſery*, which we don't feel; but this I dare venture to *affirm* to you, without pretending to ſet up for a *Prophet*, that there are thoſe *Rods* preparing for our Backs, and thoſe *Calamities* hang over our Commonwealth, that whoever gets out of the way to avoid them, in my judg-

judgment takes the wiſeſt Courſe that can be. Have we not *baniſh'd* all manner of *Virtue* and good *Learning* from amongſt us? Nay, don't we daily ſee our Lives and Liberties *raviſhed* from us by the *Violence* and *Rapine* of unjuſt *Uſurpers*? For my part, I never hear of any of our young Fry carried off by Diſtempers and other Caſualties, in a moſt *lamentable* and *diſmal* Year, but I am ſo far from thinking them unhappy, that I take it to be the higheſt *Mark* of the *Affection* and *Goodneſs* of Providence, to *remove* them out of theſe Miſeries, and take away a *Life* from them, which would have been a perpetual Series of *Calamities* and *Vexations*. And therefore if you can but ſo far *prevail* upon your ſelf, as to believe that no *Misfortune* has happened to thoſe *Friends*, whoſe loſs you ſo much *regret*, you will find that you have *beaten* your Grief out of one of its *ſtrongeſt* Holds, and that very little *remains* to perfect your Cure; for when once all thoſe *Branches* of your *Sorrow*, which had *Communication* with them, are dried up, you have none but your ſelf left to mind; and one would think it no difficult Matter for a Perſon of your *conſummate* Prudence and Diſcretion, of which you have given the World ſo many *Teſtimonies* even from your *Infancy*, to forget your Grief, eſpecially when it is wholly *confined* to your ſelf, and has nothing to do with the Miſeries and Misfortunes of your *Friends*. Upon this occaſion, give me leave to *repreſent* to you, that you have all along managed your ſelf with that univerſal *Applauſe* in all your Affairs, both *Publick* and *Private*, that you are obliged in *Reputation* to preſerve your *old* Character, and ſhew that you are ſtill *Maſter* of all your former Conſtancy. 'Tis not enough for you, that *Time*, which uſes to *conquer* the moſt *obſtinate* Grief, will at laſt *abate* your *immoderate* Sorrow: You ought to *anticipate* ſo vulgar a *Reme-*

dy,

dy, and ſhould make uſe of no other *Phyſician* but your *Moderation* and *Prudence*. What *Woman* was ever known to *abandon* herſelf ſo exceſſively, to *grief* upon the Loſs of her *Children*, but at laſt ſhe *ceaſed* her Lamentations? A Man of *Conduct* and *Temper* will not tarry till ſo tedious a Healer as Time *cloſes* up the Wounds of his *Sorrow*, but will immediately call his Reaſon and Reſolution to his Relief. Now if this Letter of mine is ſo *happy*, as to give you the leaſt *Eaſe* under your *Afflictions*, I ſhall think I have perſormed a very *meritorious* Work; but if it fails of Succeſs, I ſhall however *ſatisfie* my ſelf, with having diſcharged the *Duty* of a Cordial and Faithful *Friend*; in which you may *aſſure* your ſelf I will never be found *wanting* to the *laſt* Moment of my Life.

Cicero *to* Lucceius.

The Argument.

One, who has been never ſo little converſant in Tully's *Works, needs not to be told here, that the Deſire of Glory was his predominant Paſſion, which perhaps he carried to an Exceſs. Accordingly we find him very urgent in this Letter with his Friend* Lucceius, *a Famous and Learned Author, but none of whoſe Works are now extant, to write the Hiſtory of his Actions, and particularly* Catiline's *Conſpiracy, upon the defeating of which he valued himſelf ſo much. Monſieur* Perrault, *at the End of his* Paralelle des Anciens & Modernes, *T.* 1. *where he pretends to ſet the Moderns upon the ſame Level with the Ancients, with what Juſtice I will not ſay, oppoſes to this Letter of* Cicero, *one written by Monſieur* Balzac *to Cardinal* de Richelieu, *which the Reader will find below*

below. What an Opinion Tully *had of this Letter, appears by what he ſays to his Friend* Atticus *about it.* Epiſtolam Lucceio nunc quam miſi, qua res meas ut ſcribat rogo, fac ut ab eo ſumas; valde bella eſt. *Ad Att. l. 4. Epiſt. 7.*

AN awkard ſort of *Baſhfulneſs* has all this while hindred me from asking a certain Favour of you, altho' I have *frequently* endeavoured to do it; and yet I can make a ſhift to communicate it to you at this *diſtance*; becauſe Letters don't uſe to *bluſh*. I am extreamly *deſirous*, and I hope the World can't *blame* me for it, to ſee my Name made *immortal* in *your* Works. 'Tis true, you have often promiſed to do me that *Honour*; but excuſe me if I am *importunate* and *preſſing* with you upon this Article; for altho' I had always a very great Opinion of *your* Writings, you have nevertheleſs ſurpaſſed it; and I am ſo *tranſported* when ever I read 'em, that I am impatient to the laſt degreee, to have you *celebrate* my Actions with all *Expedition*; For 'tis not only my deſire that *Poſterity* ſhould talk advantagiouſly of me hereafter, and that my *Name* ſhould live in future *Ages*: I am ambitious, while I am alive, to *enjoy* ſo authentic an Approbation as *yours*, to receive ſo diſtinguiſhing a Mark of your Friendſhip, and to be praiſed by a *Hand* ſo *univerſally* eſteemed. I am ſenſible that while I am writing this *Letter* to you, you are engaged in ſeveral other *Deſigns*, which you have undertaken and begun: But ſince your *Hiſtory* of the Wars of *Italy*, and *particularly* that of our late *Civil* Commotions, is in a manner *finiſhed*; and ſince I heard you ſay, that you were going to begin the *Continuation* of them, I was reſolved not to be *unmindful* of my ſelf, and therefore beg you to conſider whether it will be moſt proper to inſert my Actions into the *Body* of that *Hiſtory*,

ſtory, or elſe to make a *ſeperate* Volume of *Catiline*'s Conſpiracy, as ſeveral of the *Greek* Hiſtorians have done: *Caiſthenes*, for Inſtance, has compos'd a Treatiſe of the Wars of *Troy* by it ſelf; *Timæus* has done the ſame in his Wars of King *Pyrrhus*; and *Polybius* in that of *Numantia*. I confeſs that it does not much concern me in point of Fame, whether 'tis ſo or no; but it highly concerns my preſent *Impatience* not to wait till you come to that part of your *Hiſtory*, but to engage you, if poſſible, to *diſpatch* me out of hand. Beſides, I foreſee this Advantage in it, that if you *confine* your ſelf to the Limits of one *Subject* and of one *Perſon*, you will have more room to *diſplay* the *Fertility* of your Wit, and the *Riches* of your Eloquence. I am not ignorant what an *impudent* Requeſt this is, conſidering the *multiplicity* of Buſineſs which takes you up at preſent, and how ill it looks in a Man to *court* Commendation and Applauſe; but what will you think of me, if after all I don't deſerve to be ſo much commended as I *deſire*? But a Man that has once abandoned *Modeſty*, muſt be *heroically* impudent, and not do things by halves. For this Reaſon I *earneſtly* entreat you to *praiſe* me, and perhaps more than you think I *deſerve*, without tying up your ſelf ſo *religiouſly* to the ſtrict Laws of *Hiſtory*; and if you find any favourable *Inclinations* fo[illegible] (tho' I remember it was *pleaſantly* ſaid by v[illegible] one of your *Introductions*, that you were no [illegible] to be *influenced* by them, than *Hercules* in *Xephon* was by the Goddeſs of *Pleaſure*) let me requeſt you not to *check* them, but for once make thoſe *Allowances* to Friendſhip, which the *Severity* of Truth will not permit. Could I prevail with you to undertake this Affair, I dare engage it would not be *unworthy* of your Eloquence; for it might make a *pretty Hiſtory* by it ſelf, beginning with the *Conſpiracy*, and ending with my *Return* from

from Baniſhment; in which compaſs of time you might take notice of all the *Changes* that have hapned in the Republic; and either deſcribe the Cauſes of theſe *Diſorders*, or lay down thoſe *Remedies* that may be moſt proper to prevent 'em for the future. I ſhall wholly leave it to your own Diſcretion to *condemn* or *juſtifie* whatever you think deſerves your *Cenſure* or *Commendation*; and if you have a mind to expreſs your ſelf *freely* and *openly*, as your Cuſtom is, you may take notice of that *perfidious baſe* Treatment I have found in the World. With ſubmiſſion, I ſay it, the *Adventures* of my Life will afford a *Variety* that muſt *certainly* pleaſe; for nothing gives a *greater* Pleaſure to the Reader, than the diverſity of *Times*, and the *Viciſſitudes* of Fortune. I muſt confeſs that when I *ſuffered* under 'em, they were not very *pleaſing*; however the reading of them muſt needs be *agreeable*; for the Remembrance of a paſt *Affliction* gives a Man *Joy*, when he has no longer any occaſion to fear it; even thoſe who never *ſuffered* any, and behold the Misfortunes of other Men at a diſtance, without taking any *part* in 'em, muſt ſurely find a ſecret *Joy* in *commiſerating* them. Is it poſſible for any Man to read how *gallantly Epaminondas* died at *Mantinea*, without feeling in himſelf ſome *Compaſſion* for the *Hero*, when he finds he wou'd not ſuffer the fatal *Spear* to be pluck-ed out of his Side, till he had asked whether his *Buckler* was in the Hands of the *Enemy*; and when he was told that it was not, *expired* with Pleaſure and Satisfaction? Who can read of the *Baniſhment* and happy *Return* of *Themiſtocles*, without being ſenſibly affected at the fantaſtick ſhifting of the Scene? I may *poſitively* affirm, that the read-ing of our common *Annals* makes no more *Impreſſion* upon us, than the reading of an *Almanack*; whereas the dangerous and uncertain Revolutions

in a Great Man's *Life* inſpire, us with all ſorts of Motions, give us *Admiration* and *Deſire*, *Joy* and *Grief*, *Hope* and *Fear*; and when all this is finiſhed by ſome remarkable *Cataſtrophe*, the Mind, if I may ſo expreſs my ſelf, is *ſated* with the Pleaſure it finds in the Narration. And this makes me the more *importunate* with you to beſtow a *ſeparate* Treatiſe upon this *Tragi-Comedy* of my *Adventures*; for ſo I may very well call it, ſince it comprehends ſo many different *Acts*, play'd at ſeveral *Intervals*, and carried on by ſo many various *Motions*; Neither am I afraid that you'll *ſuſpect* me of Flattery, for deſiring to be praiſed by *you* rather than *any* one elſe; for you cannot be a Stranger to your own worth, and muſt *certainly* know that thoſe who don't *admire* you, ought with more Juſtice to be reckoned among the *Envious*, than thoſe who praiſe you among the *Flatterers*. Beſides, I am not ſuch a Fool neither, as to expect *immortal Glory* from a Man who will not obtain the ſame for himſelf by the *Beauty* of his Language, and the *Elegance* of his Work, even while he commends me. Thus, when we find that *Alexander* would ſuffer himſelf to be *painted* by none but *Apelles*; and none but *Lyſippus* to make his Statue and Medals; 'twas not becauſe he had a mind to gratifie and humour theſe two *great Maſters*, but becauſe he thought that the Excellence of their Art, as it would do *credit* to them, would bring much more *Glory* to himſelf: And yet theſe famous Artiſts only gave the Repreſentation of his Body to thoſe that knew him not: And had it never been done, what had he *loſt* by it; or indeed what great *Man* makes the *leſs* Figure in Story, becauſe his *Portraiture* was never taken? *Ageſilaus* of *Sparta* is no leſs *eſteemed*, although he never would ſuffer his *Picture* to be drawn, or any *Statues* to be erected to him, than thoſe who were ſo *extravagantly* fond of

of these *Vanities*: For that little *Book* wherein *Xenophon* has described his excellent *Qualities*, has done him infinitely more *Honour* than the others received from all their *Pictures* and *Statues*. Therefore if you'll oblige me so far as to allow me a *small* place in your Compositions, I shall be much more pleased, and think my *Memory* much better secured, than if all the Writers of this Age should *conspire* to do me the same Honour: For, not to mention the advantage of a *beautiful Stile*, which I may as certainly expect to find from you as *Timolæon* found from *Timæus*, or *Themistocles* from *Herodotus*, I shall have this farther Satisfaction, to see my self *supported* by the *Authority* of a *great* and *deserving* Man, who has shown the Wisdon of his *Conduct* in the greatest and most important *Revolutions* of State; so that I shall not *only* have my Actions described in the *politest* Language, not *inferiour* to that which *Alexander* acknowledg'd to have been bestow'd on *Achilles* by *Homer*; but I shall likewise have the *grave* and *solid* Approbation of the most *Illustrious* Person of his Age. I love the *Saying* of *Hector* in our Poet *Nevius*, who not only tells us, that *it is a Pleasure to him to be praised*, but goes further on, and adds, *to be praised by a Praise-worthy Man*. Now if you cannot *oblige* me in this particular; that is to say, if your other Affairs should *hinder* you, (for I cannot believe that you'll refuse me any thing by your good will) I must be forced to do that for my self which several Persons have often *condemned*; I mean, to *write* my own *History*; although 'tis certain that I have the *Example* of several Great Men to justifie me in so doing. But you know, my dear Friend, that there are *many* Inconveniences in an Undertaking of this nature: A Man is obliged to write of *himself* with more *Indifference* than he would of *another* Person, when he is to relate any Action that deserves *Praise*:

On the other hand, when he is to ſpeak of his own *Defects* or *Infirmities*, 'tis natural for him to paſs them over in *ſilence*. Beſides theſe *Diſadvantages*, there are many *more* behind; a Man is apt to be leſs *believ'd* when he tells his own Tale; he talks with leſs *Authority*: In ſhort, the World exclaims againſt him, and *ſays*, that he is more impudent than your Trumpeters at the *Publick* Sports, who after they have crowned the other Conquerors, and *ſolemnly* named them, when they themſelves at the Concluſion of theſe Sports, come to receive the *Crown* which they have deſerved, deſire a Brother Trumpeter to *do* the Ceremony for 'em, leſt they ſhould be forced to *proclaim* their own *Victory*. Now this is what I would *willingly* avoid; and I ſhall *effectually* avoid it, if you will undertake this Affair for me, as I *earneſtly* deſire you; and that you may not be ſurprized to ſee me *beg* this of you with ſo much Eagerneſs, and in ſo tedious and ſo long a Letter, as if you had never given me your Promiſe to oblige the World with an exact *Hiſtory* of all the Occurrences of our time; I muſt farther declare and confeſs to you frankly and ingenuouſly that I am in *pain*, as I have *already* told you, to ſee this *Hiſtory* concluded by you in my *Life*-time: Whether this proceeds from the natural *Impatience* of my Temper, or whether 'tis becauſe I am deſirous to be known by *your* Books, and to *taſte* while I am alive, the Pleaſure of that *Glory*, which they will *certainly* beſtow on me after my *Death*; I conjure you to let me know what you *deſign* to do, if it will not be too troubleſome to you: For if you'll ſet about it, I will furniſh you with ſufficient *Memoirs*; but if you defer it to another time, you and I will talk more of it when we meet next: But I hope you'll *immediately* take it in hand, poliſh at *leiſure* what you have begun, and continue to *love* me. *Farewell.*

A

A Collection of Letters from the beſt French *Authors, adapted to the Humour of the preſent Times.*

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

PART III.

Monſieur Fountenelle's *Letters, Author of the Amuſements*

---To Mademoiſelle de J---

Upon ſending to her a Boar in a Paſty, who had like to have wounded him at the Chaſe.

Madam,

I Have ran the greateſt Risk in the World, but at laſt my Enemy is defeated, and now I ſend him to you bound to his good Behaviour in Pye-cruſt. I have ordered him to be well Spiced and ſeaſon'd with Salt, to preſerve the Memory of my Triumph. Had I been acquainted with the Receipt of the ancient *Ægpptians*, I wou'd have embalm'd him, and made a Mummy of his Body: By that means he would have laſted numberleſs Ages; but it unluckily falls out with us Moderns, that we have no other Secret but

this of Paſte. Imagine that this Animal, you ſee before you, had no great mind that I ſhould kill him: As ſoon as he ſaw me, away he ſcamper'd as if the Devil had been behind him, but on a ſudden turn'd full upon me with a felonious Intent to Murder me. Upon which I deliberated with my ſelf what I had beſt to do. I could not tell but you might have ſet him againſt me, for whenever I ſee any thing that is diſmal or terrible, I immediately conclude that it comes from you. But after I had well examin'd the Boar's Countenance, I cou'd not find that he came upon any ſuch Errand. There was another Difficulty ſtill behind, and that was to know, whether I had not beſt die to put an end to thoſe cruel Torments you make me ſuffer; but there was too much Self-Intereſt I thought to take that courſe, and I humbly conceiv'd it was for your Ladyſhip's Honour, that a Lover ſo faithful as I, ſhould live, altho' he did not find his Account in it. Thus the Zeal that I had for your Glory coſt the poor Boar his Life, who little imagin'd he had to deal with an Adverſary, that was animated by ſo powerful a Motive. In ſhort, I ſhot my Gentleman dead upon the Spot, and his Brother Boars I preſume will have more Guts in their Brains for the future, then to pick a Quarrel with ſuch as preſerve their Lives on purpoſe for you. I ſhou'd be the happieſt Man in the Univerſe, Madam, if you would feed heartily upon him, out of Revenge for having been ſo impudent to put me in peril of my Life; and if that Conſideration wou'd make him go down the better with you, I am,

Your moſt Obedient, &c.

To

To Monſieur C----

Upon the Carteſian *Philoſophy.*

SO then 'tis a plain Caſe, I find, that you have loſt your Underſtanding. It ſeems you are turn'd Philoſopher of late, and what is more, you belong to that Sect of Philoſophy which is the oddeſt in the World. Among other Heretical Doctrines, you maintain that there are no ſuch things as Colours: Nay you pretend that Beaſts are Machines, and move by Clock-work: In fine, you turn things topſie-turvy after ſo ſtrange a rate, that a Man can't tell what to truſt to. I ſpoke of it the other Day to Madam *B*— who is very much your Friend, and is heartily afflicted, at the loſs of your Reaſon: I dare ſwear ſhe wou'd ſtrangle *Des Cartes* in one of her Garters, if ſhe had him in the Room; for in ſhort, his Philoſophy is not to be endured in a Chriſtian Country; it robs the Ladies of their Beauty, and makes them all as ugly as Witches. If there is no ſuch thing as Colours, there's conſequently no ſuch thing as a fine Complexion; and what will become then of the Lillies and Roſes in the Cheeks of our great Beauties? You'll come off but ſcurvily, let me tell you, if you think to appeaſe them, by ſaying that Colours are in the Eyes of thoſe that look upon them, and not in the Objects themſelves. The Ladies won't depend upon the Eyes of other Men for their Complexion, but but are reſolved to hold it of themſelves, and not at the Courteſie of every Spectator. If there are no Colours in the Night, our Friend Mr. *N*— is finely brought to Bed, who fell in Love with

Madam *L*—— meerly upon the ſcore of her fine Face, and married her. It wou'd be a great Mortification to him, after having believed that he has the fineſt red and white in the Univerſe between his Arms, to find there is no ſuch thing as red and white in Nature. But if the Complexion is a cheat upon our Senſes, what will you ſay to thoſe Ladies that practiſe the Myſtery of Painting, and lay on the Carnation and the White as thick as Plaiſter? 'Tis certain nothing can be more real, and ſo theſe Ladies will enjoy a Privilege above the reſt of their Sex, I mean that of having a true Complexion; however all the World are of another Opinion, and will poſitively tell you that theirs is not true.

I deſire you to anſwer this Argument at your leiſure; but this is not all, for Madam *De B*——, and my ſelf have found out another Objection againſt your Philoſophy, which you'll find it no eaſie matter to ſolve. You pretend that Beaſts are no leſs Machines than Watches; now I dare engage that if you put a certain Machine call'd a Dog, and another Machine call'd a Bitch, together in the ſame Room, there will reſult a third little Machine from their correſponding together; whereas you may keep two Watches together as long as you live, nay, till Dooms-Day if you pleaſe, and they will never produce a third Watch between them. Now, Madam *B*——, and I find by our Philoſophy, that any two Things that have the faculty to produce a third out of themſelves, are of a Claſs much ſuperiour to that of Machines. We give you time to conſider of an Anſwer to theſe Objections, for we know very well that you muſt conſult your Books, before you'll be able to do it. Madam *B*——, ſends you Word by me, that ſhe will not receive a Viſit from you, before you have made ſome Reparation to her Complexi-

on;

on: As for me, I assure you, I am a piece of Clock-work newly wound up, to go in your service, and am

Your most Obedient Servant.

To Madam D--- V---

Upon sending her a Black and a Monkey.

Madam,

Afric, to oblige you, has exhausted her self, and sends you two of the oddest Creatures she produces, so that nothing would be wanting to make my Present compleat, if I could send you a Crocadile to keep them Company. Both of them are in Perfection, the Black is the saddest Dog of all Blacks, and the Monkey the most malicious Devil of all Monkeys. I can assure you, that one of these Beasts has a mighty Respect for the other, and is a profest Admirer of his Ingenuity and great Parts. You'll soon discover that this Admirer is the Black. Besides that, it is an Article of Faith among those of his Nation, that the Monkeys have as much Reason as themselves, but that they conceal it as much as they can, by not talking, for fear Men should clap Pack-saddles upon their Backs, and make them work for their living: This Black, Madam, has a particular Esteem for the Monkey, as having lived under the same Roof many Years with him, and has not a jot of Understanding more than he has learnt in his long acquaintance with him. But I have one Advice to give you, Madam, and that is to look him frequently in the Face: Our Blacks in *France* turn tawny, and become of an Olive Com-

Complexion, which is enough to ſcare *Lucifer* out of his Senſes. The Phyſical Reaſon of this is, becauſe the Sun is not ſtrong enough in our Climate to keep up that charming Black which it gives them in *Afric*; but, Madam, your Eyes, that are ſo lively and piercing, will ſupply the defect of the Sun; and will not let him loſe an Ace of his primitive Complexion. I am extreamly glad that you will always have a *Slave* in your preſence to repreſent me; he is not more yours than I am; if he gives you any Occaſion to have him well Cudgel'd ſometimes, to put him in mind of his Duty, he ſomething reſembles me, for the Devil of Rebellion often tempts me to revolt againſt you. As for the Monkey pray don't be ſurpriſed, Madam, if you hear Sighs come from him, that are ſtrong enough to turn about a Windmill; if you ſee him paſs whole Nights without ſleeping a Wink, if you find him as Melancholy as a Horſe in a Pound, when he is not in your Company; in fine, if he eats little and can't divert himſelf in any thing; for I muſt tell you, Madam, that like a truſty Servant he has learnt all this of his old Maſter, who is,

Your moſt Obedient, &c.

To the ſame.

Upon the Death of her Monkey

I Am told your Monkey is gone the way of all Fleſh, at which I am exceedingly griev'd, for I am like to be a great loſer by his Deceaſe, ſince I have no body now to put you in mind of me; but the Black the unhappy Creature, I ſuppoſe

poſe, broke his Heart, becauſe he was not able to imitate me before you, as well as he deſired; indeed there was nothing which he could not handſomly counterfeit with infinitely more eaſe than my Paſſion; but may his Deſtiny light upon all my Rivals that ſhall have the Inſolence to be the Apes of my Affection; perhaps too the poor thing drew your Diſpleaſure upon himſelf, for endeavouring to imitate my Paſſion, and ſo unluckily dy'd of Deſpair. If it is ſo, I have nothing left me to do, but to imitate him in my turn, and to die after him. I am inform'd you have ſhed ſome Tears for him; it is ſomething of the lateſt to repent for your ill Uſage of the poor Creature; but regulate your Conduct I beſeech you, by him, and don't oblige me to die, if you muſt needs regret me after Death. It is very probable that if you ſo heartily lament the Party that imitated me, you'll grieve ten times more for your humble Servant. I am an Original of Tenderneſs; and if you loſe me, you are not like to find my Fellow in haſte, but muſt even content your ſelf with very ſcurvy Copies. But, Madam, let me conjure you, not to uſe the Black the worſe becauſe he is my Repreſentative; it would be very hard upon him indeed, if for that Reaſon he muſt meet with the Deſtiny of the Monkey. Can you ſuffer nothing to be near you, that has the Misfortune to bear ſome Reſemblance of my Fidelity and Devotion for you, but you muſt kill it by your Cruelty? The Tears I ſhed for the Death of the Monkey are better founded than yours, ſince his Adventure teaches me what I am to expect. Farewel, Madam, but remember if you pleaſe that you cannot reſtore the late Defunct to Life again, but that you have ſtill the Power to preſerve *Your humble Servant*, &c.

To

To Madam ——

How a young Gentleman, that had tried all other Methods unſucceſsfully, frighted his Miſtreſs to comply with him, by threatning to ſtarve himſelf in her Cloſet.

YOU will excuſe me, Madam, if I have made bold to ſend you a ſhort Account of a *remarkable Accident* which lately happen'd in *theſe* Parts of the World; and for the *Truth* of which, I dare pawn my Reputation to you. It will give you a *wholſome Teſtimony* of the Power of *Love*, and ſerve to inſtruct you, that when a *Lover* is once poſitively *reſolved* to gain his Point, the beſt thing a *Woman* can do, is to ſtrike up a Bargain with him, and loſe no more time in *Capitulating*.

Monſieur —— had courted a *Lady* two Years, but was ſo unfortunate as not to make the leaſt *Progreſs* in her Affection. All his *Services*, his *Cares*, his *Reſpects*, his *Complaints*; in ſhort, all his *Tears* and *Proteſtations*, had prov'd unſuccesful. One Day, happening to be *alone* with her in her Cloſet, he fairly and plainly told her, that ſince nothing was capable of touching her, he was *fully reſolv'd* to *die*, and put an end to his *Pains*. This Diſcourſe, I muſt confeſs, had nothing that was *ſingular* in it: For a thouſand Men have threatned to *diſpatch* themſelves that never *intended* it; but what follows, you'll *own* to be very *particular*: *And to the end, Madam*, ſays he, *that you may fully enjoy my Death, and have the ſatisfaction to ſee it ſteal upon me by degrees, I am reſolv'd to die of Hunger here in your Cloſet.* With that, he flung himſelf upon the Floor, reſolving to put his Deſign in Execu-

tion

tion from that very *Moment*. The young *Lady* only *laughed* at him, and *left* him there, making no queſtion but that he would be gone in leſs than a quarter of an Hour. In the mean the *Evening* approach'd; yet our Truſty *Lover* ſtill continu'd in the *Cloſet*. She came to ſee him, and ask'd him whether his *Brains* were not grown *addle*, and whether he intended to take up his *Quarters* there? To both which Queſtions our Gentleman made no manner of *Reply*; ſo that the Lady was obliged to leave him. In ſhort, the Night paſſed, and next *Morning* the Lady came very early to *adviſe* him to lay aſide this fooliſh *Reſolution*; but all ſhe could get from him, was, *Madam, I have already done my ſelf the Honour to acquaint you with my laſt Intentions.* Having ſaid this, he look'd *languiſhingly* upon her, fetch'd a deep *Sigh*, and turn'd his Head the other way. On the *Third* Day, our Lady, more perplex'd than ever, brought him ſomething to eat with her own Hands. 'Tis impoſſible to tell you with what a *ſcornful* Look he beheld it: He appeared in this ſhort time to be conſiderably *weakned*; his Eyes look'd *dead* and *heavy*, his Complexion *pale*, and there ſeem'd to be ſomething *wild* and *diſtracted* in his Looks. The fourth Day no ſooner arriv'd, but our Lady began ſeriouſly and gravely to conſider what a cruel Scandal this would be to her, if ſhe did not take care to *prevent* it. How! a Man die in my *Cloſet*, kill'd by *Deſpair*, kill'd by *Hunger!* I am utterly *undone* if I don't hinder it. What *malicious* Stories will the Neighbourhoood raiſe of me, if this ſhould happen? Perhaps by this time too *Love* had gain'd ſome Ground upon her Heart; and I am apt to believe for my part, that Love work'd as powerfully with her as the *Fear* of Scandal. However it was, ſhe reſolv'd to go and argue the Matter with him; and after a long *Exhortation*, which he did

did not ſeem to *underſtand*, becauſe he was in a manner *dead*; ſhe told him, that ſince all the Arguments ſhe had offer'd to him, could not *get* him out of her Cloſet, ſhe was willing to let him go out upon his own *Conditions*: With this, our poor *Lover* caſt an amorous Look at her; and ask'd her whether what he heard was *true*, or only an *Illuſion* of his Senſes? She ſatisfied him that all was *true*; when immediately Life return'd to him; and not only *Life*, but a ſurprizing *Vigour*, which enabl'd him to pay off part of his Debt to Madam before ever he ſtirr'd out of the *Cloſet*. Never did *Lover* make a more honourable *Retreat*, that's certain: In all probability, our Lady was mightily pleaſed with her own *Charms*, ſince they had *Efficacy* enough to perform ſo *miraculous* a Cure; and I don't doubt but in Reality they had a good Share in the *Miracle*: But then 'tis as true, that they ought not wholly to aſſume it to themſelves; but to *divide* the Glory of it with a cold *Neat's-Tongue*, a Roll of *Bread*, and a good Bottle of *Wine*, which our Lover had dexterouſly conveyed under a *Couch* which was in the *Cloſet*; for you muſt know, that foreſeeing he was to die, he had had taken care, like a good *Chriſtian* as he was, to make ſome *Preparation* for it before-hand. And now, Madam, methinks I ſee your Ladyſhip *ſtriking* your Fan againſt the *Table*, and crying, Was there ever ſuch a horrid Piece of *Treachery* acted? What will this wicked Age come to? And yet, Madam, I muſt take the *Freedom* to tell you, that I look upon that *Woman* to be happy, *exceeding* happy, who has a *Lover* that can cheat her ſo ingeniouſly: For, in the firſt place, ſhe has the Honour of having done all that can be requir'd from a Lady of the moſt rigid *Vertue*; and, Secondly and laſtly, ſhe has the Pleaſure of finding her *Appetite* gratified without the leaſt Injury to her *Honour*. I dare engage

gage that our young Lady has not been *backward* to teſtify her Love to Monſieur ——, and that, to convince him of it, ſhe has ſent him home an hundred times ſince, with as much Satisfaction as then, and leſs *Hunger*. The Truth on't is, he deſerv'd this kind *Treatment*, if it were only for the Fruitfulneſs of his *Invention*. Others take Towns by blocking them up, till they ſtarve 'em; whereas our Lover carried the Place before him, by only pretending to *ſtarve* himſelf. Well, this was certainly one of the *prettieſt* Stratagems in the World. All the Miſchief is, that You Ladies for the future will take no notice of us *Lovers*, when we talk of *dying* for You, tho' after all, I am apt to believe, that it will do us no very great *Harm* neither. You may find by this ſhort Story, that our Cavalier had come off but bluely had the Lady's Rigour continu'd: But to our Comfort be it remembred, her Vertuous Reſolutions did not hold out ſo *long* as a ſmall *French* Roll, and a ſingle Bottle of Wine.

To Mademoiſelle de C——

Upon ſending her an Extract of the Church-Regiſter.

Madam,

I Can without Vanity boaſt, that I make you to Day a very conſiderable Preſent: In ſhort, I give two whole Years; you thought you were twenty two Years old, and I bring it you atteſted in a Paper under Hand and Seal, that you are but twenty; now I reckon that I give you theſe Years which I take away from you, and indeed in theſe matters we never reckon otherwiſe. The two years you thought had paſt over your Head, are ſtill

ſtill to come, and I do my ſelf the Honour to make you a Preſent of them. I am ready to die for fear, Madam, that you will not value them as they deſerve; But good Heavens! the Man that was able to make ſuch a Preſent, to certain Ladies that ſhall be nameleſs, what Favours might he not expect from their Hands? Where are the Charms and Graces, the fine Expreſſions, and Compliments that can be put into the Ballance with two compleat Years? It is but reaſonable, Madam, I think, that you ſhou'd employ 'em wholly upon me, ſince you are indebted to me for 'em. When they are gone and paſt, you may do what you pleaſe, I ſhall then pretend to have no manner of Right over you, but with Submiſſion, Madam, from the preſent Moment, 'till you are compleatly twenty two, you wholly belong to me. After that, I leave you juſt as I found you, at Liberty to break off or continue the Commerce, according as you ſee convenient; but if I find you not at all inclined to do me Juſtice, know, Madam, that I will ſuffer no one to Love you, upon the foot of twenty years. Wherever I go I will proclaim to all the World, that in truth you had not been ſo old by two Years, if you had not been ſo minded, but that you refuſed to accept 'em from me, and that ſince you don't love me, 'tis but requiſite you ſhould reckon your ſelf twenty two Years old. You little imagine perhaps to what ſtrange Hazards you expoſe your ſelf, by making me Maſter of the Secret of your Age: For, 'tis a Secret, Madam, which thoſe of your Sex keep inviolably to themſelves, and perhaps the only one a Woman can keep. Several Ladies have truſted me with the Affairs of their Families; nay, even with their Intrigues; but I cou'd never yet meet with one ſo open-hearted as to truſt me with her Age: There are thouſand Women

men that will run up to the Mouth of a Cannon, that will hang or drown with as much cheerfulneſs as if they were going to a Goſſiping, that will make you nothing to jump down four Stories; but I never found a Woman that had Courage and Reſolution enough to tell her Age. The truth on't is, the older they are, the more ſenſible they become of what importance it is, that they had not ſo many Years upon the account. As for you, Madam, who have not plaid your Cards ſo cautiouſly as you ſhould have done, you little think how you will tremble one Day leſt I ſhould tell any Tales of you. Your Deſtiny will depend upon me, and there is nothing which I cannot force you to comply with, if inſtead of a Ponyard I ſend you the Extract of the Church-Regiſter. I ſuppoſe you laugh at my Menaces now, and think the time is ſo far off, that you don't believe I ſhall ever live to ſee it. I am afraid indeed you'll prove a Propheteſs, for unleſs you are leſs rigorous, you'll ſoon diſpatch

Your moſt Obedient, &c.

To Monſieur de T——

About a young croſs Devil of a Wife, that would not let her Husband have any thing to do with her the firſt Night of their Marriage.

YOU are deſirous to know what happened at my Niece's *Marriage*; and having an intire *Confidence* in your Friendſhip, I ſhall make no Scruple to acquaint you with the Secrets of our Family. You muſt know then that we are in the ſtrangeſt Confuſion imaginable; and when the

Storm will be over a greater Conjurer than my ſelf muſt reſolve you. That young *Fury* my Niece has a mortal Averſion to her *Husband*, and wou'd not ſuffer him upon the Wedding *Night* to perform the uſual *Duties* of Matrimony. We that knew nothing of what had paſs'd between them, accoſted the *Bridegroom* next morning with the *common* Queſtions; asking him how many *Fingers* he cou'd ſhew? and how *often* he had treſpaſs'd upon Madam's *Patience*? He on his ſide receiv'd us very *coldly*; whereas the young Slut never look'd ſo *gay* and *pleaſant* in her Life. I could not imagine what ſhould be the meaning of it, unleſs it were that the Bridegroom's Conſcience privately *reproach'd* him for having given very ſlender Proofs of his *Manhood* the Night before, and his Wife *inſulted* him for it; tho' at the ſame time I conſider'd, that if the Caſe were ſo, his Spouſe, in all probability, would not be ſo *merry:* For what Woman, that has all her Fortune lodged in a *Goldſmith's* Hands, would rejoice to hear he was a *Bankrupt?* But, in Truth, I was far from divining the true Reaſon of her *Gayety*, which proceeded from the Pleaſure ſhe took in having puniſh'd her Husband the Night before. Since her *Friends* wou'd force her to marry againſt her *Inclinations*, ſhe's reſolv'd by what I can find, to make her ſelf ſome amends for it, by playing the *Tyrant* to her *Spouſe*; and the Succeſs of her *Revenge*, which is Meat, Drink, and Cloth, to a true *Woman*, has given her that Air and Vivacity, that ſhe looks ten times *prettier* than ever. My Siſter, who, you muſt know, is a very devout *Woman* in her Temper, is almoſt at her Wits end, to ſee her *Daughter* in ſo fair a way to damn her ſelf. And what is worſe, to *damn* her ſelf for a *Sin*, which perhaps not one *married Woman* ſince the Creation was ever *guilty* of. For this Reaſon ſhe ſent for ſome of the moſt

Learn-

Learned and *Able Divines* in *Paris*, to come and try what they could do with her; who very *piously* advis'd her to discharge the *Duties* of a Wife, as she was in Conscience bound, and quoted a thousand *Passages* out of *Fathers* and *Councils*, out of the *Civil* and *Canon* Law, to prove that she must obey her *Husband in omnibus licitis & honestis*, and not refuse him the *Use* of his own: But this *silly* Baggage answer'd 'em very *pertly*, that for her part, she would neither be govern'd by *Fathers* nor *Councils*; for what Authority had they to controul her? And endeavour'd to justify her *Rebellion* with such foolish idle *Arguments*, that our worthy *Clergymen* could hardly keep their solemn Countenances. When their Learn'd *Remonstrances* were over, in came her *Husband*, who by his obliging Behaviour and tender *Embraces*, try'd to put her in a better Humour; but she was equally Proof against all these different *Actacks*, and minded him no more than she did the Gentlemen in Black. I *expected* indeed that the *Parsons* would soon conquer her *Obstinacy*; because a Woman is easily perswaded to be complaisant to her *Body*, when she is told that 'tis for the Health of her *Soul*; but as for her *Husband*, I never thought he wou'd advance a Step by any thing he could say, or do to her. In truth, he is so woful a Figure, that although our *Spiritual* Guides had stagger'd her in this Foolish Resolution, yet the very sight of him was enough to confirm her in her *Contumacy*. However, I must do him the Justice as to own, that he *omits* nothing that may help to *reconcile* him to his Wife, and make him appear *lovely* in her *Eyes*. The Perfumer and the Taylor, the Embroiderer and the Sempstress, have taken a World of Pains to set off his Person; but as I told you before, his *Person* is so incorrigible that no Art can amend it. So that to deal plainly with

you, nothing gives me any Hopes in this Affair, but the Bridegroom's *Reſolution*, who is not a jot diſcouraged; But, upon ſecond Thoughts, I very much queſtion whether the *Conſtancy* of a *Married* Man will hold out ſo long as that of a *Lover*. For that very thing, wherein he ſeems to have the Advantage of the *Latter*, I mean, the *Right* he has to obtain what he deſires, produces the quite contrary Effect; and is ſo far from helping him forward, that it proves a Rub in his way. As the World goes at preſent, a Man *ſooner* comes at what is *forbidden* him, than what he may *challenge* as his due: And after all, I'll appeal to you, whether it would not be better for this poor Husband to be ingag'd in a ſhort Skirmiſh of an *Intrigue* which is ſoon over, than to be only Titular Maſter of a *Citadel*, which tho' it owns his *Sovereignity*, refuſes to open its Gates to him.

To the ſame.

By what means the aforeſaid young Lady was at laſt brought to be complaiſant to her Husband.

'TIS a Concatenation of *Merry* Adventures this *Marriage* of my Neice: She has been of late ſtrangely indiſpos'd with the Vapours, which made her ſee very dreadful Viſions, as Deaths-Heads, Winding-Sheets, Church-yards, and the like terrible Apparitions. All the Phyſicians ſhe conſulted, unanimouſly *preſcrib'd* her Husband to her. At firſt ſhe could not bear the mention of this *Preſcription*, and told the *Doctors* flat and plain, that they muſt find out ſome other *Remedy* for her. We then *repreſented* to the young Fool, that nothing but her Husband could cure her; that tho' the *Phyſick* he adminiſtred to her, would gripe her a little at firſt, yet it would

would *go off* in a Minute; that it would throw her into a fine *breathing Sweat*, and afterwards into the moſt *delicious Slumber* that could be. As for me, I offer'd her all the *Duties* and *Services* of a *Lover*, after ſhe had try'd her *Husband* in order to put the *naufeous* Reliſh of *Matrimony* out of her Mouth, as 'tis the Cuſtom, you know, to take a *little Spoonful* of Sugar after *Pills*, to make one loſe the *Taſte* of them. As her *Vapours* ſtill grew upon her, they help'd to *fortifie* our Arguments: So, at laſt, after two Months *holding* out, the *Caſtle* ſurrender'd, and the Marriage-Rites were *conſumated*. It went a little againſt the *Grain* with our Husband to be taken like a Doſe of *Calomel* or *Jalap* by the *Doctor*'s Direction: But what, I ſhould think, he ought to take much nearer to Heart, he has been too *profuſe* of his *Remedy*; and his *Wife*'s Vapours have *gone off* too ſoon; ſo that now he is afraid that he ſhall be no longer *neceſſary* to her; and I fancy, enquir'd of a *Phyſician* t'other Day, whether there was not ſome *Secret* to give the Vapours to Perſons that had them not? I will take care to inform my ſelf better of this Affair. As for the *young Gentlewoman*, ſhe is concern'd too, but 'tis becauſe her *Diſtemper* has left her ſo ſoon; and, in my Conſcience, would not complain if it *viſited* her again, to ſee whether her Husband's *Receipt* is infallible. It cannot but *afflict* her too to find her good Man triumph upon the *Succeſs* of his Medicine, and value himſelf as an *important Perſon*: And indeed, of all the *frightful Viſions* ſhe has ſeen, nothing *haunts* her at preſent but her Domeſtick *Lord* and *Sovereign*, who, to her great Misfortune, ſticks cloſer to her than her Vapours; and is harder to be diſlodg'd. During the time that ſhe kept off her Husband at Arms length, and bid *open Defiance* to him, ſhe had the Curioſity to go to an

Italian Aſtrologer to conſult him about her Fortune; and the *Oracle*, by our *Management*, anſwer'd her, that ſhe ſhould be the *Mother* of ſeveral Children, but gave her not the *leaſt* Encouragement of ever ſeeing herſelf a *Widow*. This Prediction was ſomewhat *miraculous*, conſidering how Matters *ſtood* with her at that time; for how could ſhe expect any *Harveſt*, while ſhe ſuffer'd her Ground to lie *until'd*? But as Women are naturally *ſuperſtitious* and eaſie of *Belief*, Sir *Sidrophel* ſoon perſwaded her that this was her *Deſtiny*. Thus partly out of *Obedience* to the Stars, which foretold that ſhe ſhould have ſtore of *Children*, and partly out of Fear of lying alone when the *Death's* Heads and other *frightful Apparitions* came to viſit her; my *Neice* has with great Difficulty been prevail'd upon to comply with that, which ſhe ought to have ſubmitted to out of *Duty*.

To Monſieur de F—

Deſiring his Advice, whether he ſhould marry a certain Lady that was recommended to him.

Dear Friend,

I Never ſtood more in need of *good* Advice, than at this preſent writing; and I conjure you to aſſiſt me to the beſt of your Skill. My Friends wou'd have me marry: But, deal *plainly* with me, don't you think this Affair ſomewhat too ſerious for one of my Temper; and that I am not worthy to be admitted into ſo *honourable* a State? For my part, I never had one grave ſolid Thought in all my Life; yet never found my ſelf the worſe for't; and muſt I now begin to be *plagu'd* with them? Well, but who do you

you think they would have me *marry?* Why, Madam *A*——, the moſt ſage and diſcreet Perſon in the Univerſe. Methinks I ſee her already adviſe me to lead a more regular Life, love me by *Rule* and *Method*, and take it for granted, that ſhe ſhall have a *Child* by me every Year. The other Day ſhe gave me an *Item* of her *Reſolutions*, which did not a little diſcompoſe me. She told me that it was impoſſible for a Woman of *Virtue* to continue long a *Widow*, without being expos'd to ſtrange *Inconveniences.* Now, nothing but a Woman that was very confident both of her ſelf and her own Reputation, durſt maintain a *Diſcourſe* of this nature. But does ſhe think I am the Man that muſt put an *End* to her doleſome *Widowhood?* Well then, what ſay you? Are you not of the Opinion that I ſhou'd be a very raſh Man to engage in this Enterprize? What *perplexes* me moſt of all, is, that the Party, to do her *Juſtice*, is very deſerving in every reſpect; ſo that I am reduc'd to the ſad *Neceſſity* of coming to a *grave* Deliberation, or threatned to be poſted for a *Sot*, if I don't *comply* with ſo advantagious a *Propoſal.* Better Men by far than my ſelf wou'd be glad to receive it on their Knees. I am inform'd the *Lady* ſpeaks very *favourably* of me in all Companies: Perhaps ſhe propoſes the Satisfaction to her ſelf to convert me, and make me a *ſtaid*, *ſober* Husband. If this is her Deſign, I am undone to all Intents and Purpoſes. For what will become of me, if ever ſhe reconciles me to that troubleſome Companion, *Reaſon?* I have been conſidering with my ſelf, whether 'tis not more *likely* that I ſhall ſooner ſpoil her *Gravity*, than ſhe reclaim me from roving. A verry *pretty* Deſign this, for a Man to have in his *Head* when he is going to take a *Wife.* But upon *ſecond* Thoughts, I dare not flatter my ſelf that I ſhall be able to do this; for I find that in ſpight

of my Teeth, ſhe commands a Reſpect from me, which will certainly give her a ſtrange *Superiority* over me. I am not at all afraid of being govern'd. I am afraid of being made a *grave plodding* Fellow. They will put me upon Offices and Imployment, they will plague me with *Projects* and *Deſigns*, and ſettling Fortunes upon Children: And for my part, I have not Courage enough to truſt my ſelf with any ſuch terrible Ideas. Oh! that at this preſent Minute ſome good-natur'd *Earthquake* would ſwallow all her Lands and Tenements at one *Gulp*; that ſome quick-ſighted Lawyer would find out a *Flaw* in the Title of her Eſtate; or that ſome charitable *Palſie* would ſeize her from Head to Foot! How ſhould I think my ſelf oblig'd to any ſuch favourable Accident that would fairly diſengage me out of this troubleſome *Affair*, without any Fault on my ſide: For, by my good Will, I would not be guilty of one; neither would I give the World a juſt Occaſion to reproach me upon that Head. You cannot imagin how *ſtrangely* I am alter'd for the worſe within this four *Days*, ſince I have had this *Conflict* within my Breaſt. I never *thought* ſo much in my whole Life, and find by Experience that *Thinking* is an Exerciſe which by no means ſuits my *Conſtitution*.

To

To the ſame.

Wherein he gives him an Account, that the Match is broke off.

In cheerful Airs you Joy diſcover,
Hymen's *Tyranny is over.*
Sing Io Pæan, *every Lover.*

MY Marriage is *broke off*, God be thanked: 'Tis true I am ſomewhat in the Fault; but my Honour is ſafe before Men; and I am reſolv'd to make you the *Confident* of my Amour. I went yeſterday to Madam *A*——'s Houſe, being carried thither in ſpight of my Teeth, trembling, ſweating, confounded and diſtracted with the bare *Thought* that I was going to treat of that dreadful Affair, call'd *Matrimony*. I dare ſwear never did Girl of Fifteen ſuffer more from her *Modeſty* on the like Occaſion. I am ſenſible that this Compariſon is too faint to repreſent my *Confuſion*; therefore I will give you one which will make you much better comprehend my Caſe. In ſhort, I was ſo much chang'd, that had you ſeen what a wretched Figure I made, how *ſneekinly* I look'd, and with what *Gravity* I entertain'd Madam *A*——, You would certainly have taken me——, (nay don't be ſtartl'd at what I am going to ſay——) for a grave ſerious Man, the Father of at leaſt half a Score Children. I don't know whether my Miſtreſs flatter'd her ſelf, that this bleſſed Alteration ſhe obſerv'd in me, was *purely* owing to the Ambition I had to pleaſe her: But if ſhe did, I can aſſure her, ſhe reckon'd without her *Hoſt*. At laſt, the Perſon who negotiated this Affair between us, taking

taking me aſide, after a World of Cringe and Ceremony, thus accoſts me, —— *And well, Sir, how do you like my Lady?* —— *Does not every thing about her anſwer the Character I gave you?* —— *You'll certainly live the happieſt Life in the World with her. To my Knowledge, there are four Marquiſſes, and an old Judge keep their Beds, becauſe ſhe will have nothing to ſay to 'em.* After a great deal of ſuch impertinent Stuff, ſqueezing me by the Hand, and ſneering in my Face, *Under Favour*, ſays he, *I hope you have brought your Writings with you; for we have a Councellor in the next Room who will peruſe them in a moment; not but my Lady takes you to be a worthy Gentleman, and ſo forth; and would ſooner have you than the beſt Peer in the Land: but you know, Sir, that the World loves to be ſatisfied in theſe matters; and who would be ſo unfaſhionable to oppoſe what the World does? A little Love and a little Money, ſays a good old* Proverb. *Nothing is to be bought in the* Market *without a Penny, ſays another. Four Legs in Bed, cries a third, want ſomething to keep 'em warm: And though my Lady has no occaſion for your Eſtate, yet there is a fourth Proverb which tells us, That it is good to walk with a Horſe in ones Hand.* The old Gentleman had no ſooner concluded this *fine* Speech, but the Devil put it into my Head to make my Eſtate much leſs than it was; a piece of *Policy*, which I dare ſwear, has been practis'd by none but my ſelf. Well, I was forc'd to betake my ſelf to this Shift; for the Match muſt have certainly gone forward, If I had not prevented it by ſome Artifice. The Offer was ſo very advantagious, that I could not openly reject it: And for my part, I was glad of any *Excuſe* that would hinder the Proceedings, provided I could do it without being diſcover'd. Therefore I reſolved to put this Deſign in Execution, and frankly told him that my Fortune was not ſo great as the World took it to be; that my Father had very

very much incumber'd the Eſtate before it came to my Hands; and that there were ſome Legacies, and two or three Portions ſtill to be paid out of it. Tho' I made my Condition much worſe than it was, yet ſtill I was afraid that the Lady would accept me for all this: However, I reſolved to truſt *Nature* with the *Event*; which does not commonly ſuffer it ſelf to be carried to that Exceſs of *Generoſity*; and thus I expected to receive my Denial with abundance of Thanks and Praiſes. It happened juſt as I expected. But what ſets me a laughing as often as I think on it; this prudent Lady, as I was *Yeſterday* informed, had *carefully* computed whether her and my Eſtate together would be able to purchaſe ſuch a Place for her Eldeſt Son, and ſuch another for a Second, and ſo on for a Third: For, as ſhe is a Perſon of wonderful *Regularity* and Method, ſhe had already contriv'd Fortunes for all the *Children* ſhe was to have by me; and in my Conſcience, ſhe had reckoned before-hand in what Order the *Boys* and *Girls* were to be born. You may imagine what a Pleaſure and Satisfaction it was to me to ſee my ſelf ſo *happily* deliver'd from ſo tickliſh a *Bargain*; for I flatter'd my ſelf, that let whatever Woman come to my ſhare, I ſhou'd live full as *happy* with her, as with this *Arithmetical Lady*. The next time I did my ſelf the Honour to wait upon Madam *A*———, I carried all my uſual *Gayety* with me: For knowing now, I was in no danger of *marrying* her, I had no manner of *Awe* upon my Spirits; nay, what is wonderful, I thought her ten times more charming than ever; ſo that I wou'd have given her a Caſt of my Office with all my Heart, if ſhe had been ſo minded. 'Tis true, ſhe is a grave diſcreet *Lady*; but there is no Favour in the World I wou'd refuſe her, to teſtifie my Gatitude to her for refuſing to *marry* me. In ſhort, I am *damnably* miſtaken, if ſhe

ſhe has not ſome new Graces which I cou'd not diſcover in her before this Refuſal; and perhaps nothing but the Terror of *Matrimony* hinder'd me from ſeeing 'em all this while. This, you'll ſay, is very ſtrange and wonderful; but upon the Word of a Friend, 'tis as true as that I am

Your moſt obedient Servant.

A Letter of Monſieur de Balzac *to Monſieur* de la Motte Aigron.

The Argument.

The younger Pliny, *in one of his Epiſtles, gives us a large Deſcription of his* Villa *or Country-Seat at* Laurentum; *to which Monſieur* Perrault *oppoſes this of* Balzac. *Of both theſe Letters 'tis pleaſantly enough ſaid in the* Apologie de Balzac, *that the latter deſcribes his Houſe like an Orator, but* Pliny *like a Maſon, that had a mind to part with it to the next Cuſtomer.*

WE had Yeſterday one of thoſe fine *Days* without a Sun, which, you ſay, reſembles the *blind Lady*, with whom *Philip the Second* was ſo much in love. To tell you the Truth, I never was ſo well pleaſed in my Life-with being alone: And although the Place where I walked, was a large ſpacious Heath, which could be put to no fitter uſe that I know of, than to ſerve for a *Stage* for two *jolly* Armies to engage upon: Nevertheleſs that agreeable *Shade* which Heaven gave me on all ſides, hindered me from deſiring that of *Grotto's* and *Forreſts*. 'Twas a general Peace from the higheſt *Region* of the Air, to the *Surface* of the

the Earth; the Water of the River ſeemed to be as ſtanding as that of a Lake; and if our Veſſels that go to Sea, were always to find ſuch a *Calm* there, as they could not eſcape, ſo they could not be *deſtroyed* in it. This I ſay on purpoſe to make you *regret* the loſing ſo fine a *Day* in the *City*, and to tempt you to make a ſmall Trip into the *Country*, to come and taſte the Pleaſures of the ancient *Patriarchs*, who quenched their *Thirſt* with Fountain-water, and had no other Nouriſhment but that which fell from the *Trees*. We live here in a ſmall *Valley*, ſhut up on every ſide with *Mountains*, from whoſe ancient Sides ſome Grains of that precious Metal ſtill deſcend, of which the firſt *Ages* were made. When War is buſie in all the four *Corners* of *France*, and within a hundred Paces of this *inchanted Spot*, the whole Ground is covered with *Troops* of Soldiers; yet our *military* Squadrons by common Conſent ſpare this humble *Sanctuary*; and the *Spring* which uſes to *open* with Sieges of Towns and other warlike Exploits, and which for theſe *twelve* Years laſt paſt has been *leſs* expected for the Change of the Seaſons, than for that of *Affairs*, ſhews us nothing new but *Violets* and *Primroſes*. Our People preſerve themſelves in their *Innocence*, neither by the *Fear* of Laws, nor by the *Study* of Wiſdom. To do well, they only follow the ſimple Dictates of *Nature*, and receive more Advantage from their *Ignorance* of Vice, than we derive from our boaſted *Knowledge* of Vertue; ſo that in this happy Kingdom of half a League in compaſs, we know not what it is to cheat, except it be the *Birds* and *Beaſts*; and the vile *Jargon* of that *eternal Babler* the Law, is a Language full as *unknown* to us, as that of *America*, or any other new World, that has eſcaped the Avarice of *Ferdinand*, and the Ambition of *Iſabella*. Thoſe things that deſtroy Human Health, or offend

their

their Eyes, never had any Footing in this charming *Paradice*. We are troubled with no *Lizards* or *Snakes*; and we know no other *Reptiles* but our *Melons* and our *Strawberries*. I will not pretend to trouble you with the Deſcription of a *Houſe* which was never built according to the nice Rules of *Architecture*; and whoſe Materials are not altogether ſo precious as thoſe of *Marble* or *Porphyry*. I will only tell you, that before our Gate there is a *Wood*, where at full Noon we have juſt *Day* enough to let us know that it is not *Night*, and to hinder all Colours from being *black*; ſo that between the *Obſcurity* and the *Light*, there reſults an agreeable *Mixture* that cannot *injure* the *weakeſt* Eyes, and conceals the *Defects* of the moſt indifferent *Faces*. Our Trees are *green* to the very Root, as well with their own *Leaves*, as thoſe of the *Ivy* that *embraces* 'em; and if they bear no *Fruit*, their Branches are full of *Turtles* and *Pheaſants* all the Year round. From this delightful Place we come to a *Meadow*, where we tread upon *Tulips* and *Anemonies*, which I purpoſely ſowed among the other *Flowers*, to confirm me in the Opinion I learnt abroad in my Travels, that the *French* Women are not ſo pretty as the *Foreigners*. I ſometimes walk down to the *Valley*, which is the moſt retired part of my *Deſert*, and which no Man ever *entred* before me. In this Place, which 'tis impoſſible almoſt to deſcribe, I chooſe to contemplate upon my deareſt *Recreations*, and to paſs the *ſweeteſt*, and moſt *innocent* Hours of my Life. The Water and the Trees between 'em always furniſh us with ſomething *cool* and *green*: The Swans, which formerly cover'd the whole River, have *retired* to this Place of *Security*, and live in a Canal, which *ſilences* the greateſt *Talkers* as ſoon as they draw near it; upon the Sides whereof I am always happy, whether I am *chearful* or *melancholy*:

Upon

Upon the leaſt ſtay I make in this *delicious* Place, methinks I return to my primitive *Innocence*; my Deſires, my Fears, and my Hopes, leave me all on the ſudden; all the *Motions* of my Soul ſtop in their full Career; and either I have no Paſſions at all, or if I have any, they are wholly at my Command. The *Sun* affords us enough of his heavenly Face, but does not *diſturb* us with his *Heat*; the Place lies ſo low, that it can only receive the laſt Points of his Rays, which for this reaſon are ſo much the finer, and ſhine with a purer Light. But as it was I that firſt diſcovered this new Land, ſo I poſſeſs it without a Co-partner, and would not ſo much as let my own *Brother* divide the Sovereignty of it with me. As for *every* thing elſe, I have not a *Servant* who is not *Maſter* of it; every one takes his *Fill* of what he loves; and thus the time paſſes *merrily* on all ſides: So that where ever I ſee the Corn *beaten* down to the Ground, or the Graſs *levell'd*, I immediately conclude, that neither *Wind* nor *Hail* did it, but a *Shepherd* and a *Shepherdeſs*. Let me go which way I pleaſe out of my Houſe, and turn my Eyes towards any part of this agreeable Solitude, I ſtill behold a Chriſtal *Rivulet*, in which the *Beaſts*, when they drink, behold the *Heavens* as clear as we do, and *enjoy* that Advantage, which otherwiſe Men would rob 'em of. But this pretty *Rivulet* is ſo much in love with this *pretty* Place, that it divides it ſelf into a thouſand *Branches*, and makes an infinite Number of *Iſlands*, that it may longer *enjoy* the Pleaſure of ſo *bewitching* a Proſpect; and when it overflows its *Banks*, 'tis only to make the Year more *fertil*, and furniſh us with its *Trouts* and *Pikes*, that much exceed the *Crocodiles* of the *Nile*, and the fabulous *Gold* of all the Rivers of the *Poets*. The great Cardinal of *Richelieu* ſometimes comes down hither to taſte a new ſort of Happineſs, and leaves be-

behind him that ſevere *Vertue*, that *Pomp* which ſurprizes all the World, to take up *ſofter* Qualities, and a Majeſty more *ſedate*. This *mighty* Miniſter, whom *Heaven* has choſen for its *Inſtrument*, to perform ſo many great *Exploits*, and who is never out of my Thoughts, after he had loſt a *Brother* ſo well accompliſhed, that if he might have choſen one out of all Mankind, he could not have made a *happier* Choice; I ſay, after he had ſuffered a *Loſs* which *deſerved* the Tears of the *Queen*, he came down hither to find *Satisfaction*, and receive from God's own Hands, who loves *Silence* and inhabits *Solitude*, that Relief which is not to be found in the Syſtems of *Philoſophy*, and the Tumult of the *World*. I could bring other *Examples* to convince you that my *Deſert* has been viſited in all times by illuſtrious *Hermites*, and that the Footſteps of *Princes* and great *Noblemen*, are ſtill freſh in my Walks: But for my concluding Invitation, I need only tell you that *Virgil* and I expect you here, and that if you'll *bring down* your Muſes and your Papers with you, we need not trouble our ſelves with the Intrigues of the *Court*, or the Confuſions of *Germany*. Let me die if any thing can be finer than your Writings, and if the leaſt Paragraph of the Book you ſhewed me does not infinitely exceed all *Frankfort* Fair; and thoſe unweildy Volumes we receive from the *North*, to which we are indebted for the above-mentioned bulky *Bleſſings*, as well as Froſt and Snow. I know indeed that the famous *Preſident de Thou*, who was as nice a Judge of the *Roman* Eloquence, as he was of the Characters and Qualities of Men, had a mighty Opinion of the Writings of thoſe Countries: But for my part, I cannot imagine what ſhould make him ſo much in love with a People, whoſe *Wit* is caſt in ſo *different* a Mould from his own, and who have not the leaſt *reliſh* of the

the *Latin* Purity, which you endeavour to copy with ſo ſcrupulous a Care, and ſo exact a Niceneſs. I don't doubt but that you will ſhew theſe *Northern* Gentlemen, as likewiſe thoſe Pretenders on the other ſide of the *Mountains*, who fondly think that all but the *Italians* are meer *Laplanders*, after what manner Men talk'd in *Auguſtus*'s Age, when Learning and Eloquence were at the height, and before the *Roman* Palates came to be debauch'd. Beſides that *Propriety* of Words, and *Chaſtity* of Stile, which gives ſo much *Perſpicuity* to every thing you write, it muſt farther be owned, that your *Thoughts* are ſo *bold* and *free*, that one would almoſt ſwear, that the ancient Republick of *Rome* ſpoke the very ſame, when ſhe commanded the whole Univerſe; and that the *Senate* uſed the ſame Language in the *Injunctions* they laid upon Kings, and the *Anſwers* they ſent to all the Nations of the *Earth*. But we will talk more of this when you come to my Habitation, where I long to ſee you, and where for the *Flowers*, the *Fruits*, and the delicious Shade I am preparing for you, I expect you will bring me all the Riches of *Art* and *Nature*. To uſe the Expreſſion of my Lord Cardinal *d'Oſſat*, I give you a good Night; but muſt make bold to tell you, that if you look out for any ſorry ſhifting Excuſes to hinder your coming down to ſee me, I am reſolved to be no longer

Your moſt humble Servant,

Balzac.

A Letter of Monſieur Balzac *to* Cardinal de Richelieu.

The Argument.

Balzac *here thanks his Eminence for condeſcending to write a Letter to him, wherein he was pleaſed to expreſs himſelf in favour of his Works. As I have already obſerved,* Perrault *oppoſes this Letter to that of* Cicero *to* Lucceius; *but with what Juſtice the Reader will eaſily diſcover.*

My Lord,

THE Letter you did me the Honour to write to me, has done me as much Credit, as if the Publick had erected a thouſand *Statues* to me, and I had been aſſured from ſome infallible *Authority* that my Writings deſerved *Commendation.* To be praiſed by the *Man*, whom our Age oppoſes to all *Antiquity*, and whom *Heaven* may ſafely *truſt* with the *Government* of this Sublunary World, is a Happineſs which I could not have *wiſh'd* without Preſumption; ſo that I can ſcarce reſolve my ſelf as yet, whether 'tis a *Reality*, or only an *Illuſion* of my *Fancy*; But if it be *true* that my *Eyes* don't deceive me; and if it be likewiſe *true*, that you have paſs'd your Judgment in my *favour*; you, who have been choſen by all *France* to carry her *Petitions* and *Prayers* to the King, and by the King to carry his *Diſpatches* and *Orders* to his *Armies* and *Cities*: I muſt own to you, my Lord, that you have overpaid me before-hand for all the Services I ſhall ever be capable of doing you; and I ſhould be the moſt ungrateful *Creature* upon Earth, if after I have received ſo *diſtinguiſhing* a Favour, I ſhould pretend

tend to complain of my Fortune. And indeed, ſince the Preferments and Honours of *this* World are, generally ſpeaking, either the Inheritance of *Folly*, or the Recompence of *Vice*; and *Vertue* is forc'd to content it ſelf with bare *Eſteem* and airy *Praiſes*, ought I not to think my ſelf fully rewarded, I who have received from your Goodneſs, that which our greateſt *Generals*, when they come home atttended with *Conqueſts*, can hardly hope for? In ſhort, when I have every thing which your *Eminence* might expect for your great and immortal *Actions*, if there were another *Cardinal de Richelieu* to reward you for them. But, my Lord, this laſt is a *Happineſs* which will always be wanting to your *Glory*; ſo that after you have appeaſed the Fury of an enraged *Multitude* by your ſingle Preſence; after you have perſwaded the *European* World by the force of your Arguments, to carry their Arms to the *Holy-land*, and deliver from Servitude that Country which had the Honour to behold our Saviour's *Cradle:* After you have brought over to the *Church* an entire *Body* of People, as well by the *Authority* of your *Example*, as that of your *Doctrine*; who is it that can pay to your Merits that *Incenſe* as they deſerve? or where can you find any one to relate the *Miracles* of your Life, as I have done, to encourage my *poor* Studies, and ſmall Performances? This gives me a Satisfaction which I cannot conceal; and my *Joy* is too juſt to be ſecret. Is it poſſible that ſo great a Genius, to which *Heaven* has preſcribed no *Bounds*, and which was ordained from its very *Youth*, to perſwade *Kings*, to inſtruct *Ambaſſadors*, and teach the *Stateſmen* of four ſucceeding Reigns? is it poſſible, I ſay, that ſo great a Genius ſhould have an *Eſteem* for me? in whoſe Eſteem his very *Enemies* agree; and who, where he is pleaſed to beſtow his *Approbation*, effaces all Diverſity of Opinions? If ſo inconſi-

derable a Man as I am, pretended to diſturb the Kingdom, I ſhould ſtrive to ingratiate my ſelf with the Malecontents; and if I deſigned to make a Figure in a *populous State*, I ſhould find my ſelf obliged to *court* the good Opinion of all ſorts of *People*. But, my Lord, give me leave to tell you, that I never took any Delight in Confuſion and Diſorder; and that it has been always my Ambition to pleaſe a *few* Perſons, and thoſe too of the moſt *exquiſite* Judgment. Since you have been pleaſed to declare your ſelf in my favour, and have brought over the better part of the *Court* to your ſide, I am not at all concerned at what the reſt of the *World* think of me, but leave 'em like ſo many *Turks* and *Infidels*, who make up by far the *greateſt* part of Mankind, to go on in their *Errors*. But, my Lord, I have the Vanity to believe, that there is not in all *France* one Man ſo well *conceited* of himſelf, or ſo fondly addicted to his own Opinion, but will be convinced that I am not altogether without *Merit*, ſince you *Eminence* has vouchſafed to write me ſo obliging a Letter, and will readily acquieſce in ſo *Authentick* a Teſtimony. If it is certain, that even the *Truth* it ſelf would not be able to keep the Field againſt you, I make no queſtion, but where theſe two *concur*, the Judgment they paſs will be owned and approved by all the World. Thus, my Lord, I repoſe my ſelf ſafely on this *Foundation*: And whatever Enemies the Reputation you have *beſtowed* upon me, has created me, yet when I conſider who you are, and what an *Influence* you have upon all that know you, I am not in the leaſt apprehenſive of carrying my *Cauſe*, ſince you been pleaſed to eſpouſe it. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Humble
and moſt Obedient Servant,

BALZAC.

To

To Monſieur de A—— at Paris.

Being a ſhort Account of the principal Things he obſerved in England.

IF the People of *London* talked *French*, a Man wou'd almoſt fancy himſelf in the midſt of *France*: Both Sexes go exactly *dreſt* as they do in *Paris*, and bating a few things, the manner of living is the ſame. Since our arrival here we have ſeen all the *remarkable* Places in this Town, as *White-hall*, *Somerſet Houſe*, St. *James*'s, *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, St. *Paul*'s, *Temple-Bar*, the two *Exchanges*, and ſeveral other Buildings, which we ſhall give you a large *Account* of at our Return. One thing we much exceed *Paris* in, and that is, the great number of *pretty Ladies*, who are moſt plentifully furniſh'd with *Bubbies*. As this is a cheap *Commodity* here, and very ſcarce in *France*, I was thinking to buy a good *Quantity* of them, and ſend them you in a Veſſel *packed* up by two and two, with red *Ribbons* between them. I concluded that ſo *delicious* a Merchandiſe would not be *unwelcome* to you, and that you would be very well *pleaſed* to furniſh ſome of your Acquaintance with them, who *want* them, and would willingly lay out their Money that way: But upon *ſecond* Thoughts, conſidering that your Cuſtom-houſe *Officers*, who let nothing eſcape them without *examining*, wou'd ſully them with their *unrighteous* Hands, I laid aſide this Deſign; knowing full well that ſuch *nice* Commodities would be ſpoil'd with handling, and loſe all their *Charms* and *Beauty* before they could come to you. It was a ſenſible *Mortification* to me that this Obſtacle *oppoſed* my Deſign, and hinder'd me from affording you

this *Satisfaction*. Since I have mention'd the *Engliſh* Ladies, I muſt inform you that they are *terribly* cruel in their Temper, but 'tis not ſuch a ſort of *Cruelty* as gives Occaſion to mornful *Elegies*, that makes the diſconſolate *Lover* hang or drown himſelf, that delights in the *Martyrdom* of Hearts, and the *Complaints* of deſponding Wretches; for according to the *beſt* Advices I can receive, they make none of their Gallants *die*, but by *over-loading* them with their Favours: But they are *cruel* according to the Genius of their Nation, they love *Blood* and *Slaughter*, and after the manner they *talk* of it, one of their humble Servants cannot give them a more agreeable *Diverſion*, than by *ſtabbing* ſomebody or other in their Company. And this is ſo certainly *true*, that a Stranger cannot but obſerve how this *barbarous* Inclination reigns even at their *Plays*, and in their *Theatres*. You know, my worthy Friend, that 'tis an *inviolable* Rule of our *Stage* not to expoſe any *Tragical* Objects to the Eyes of the Spectators: And therefore our Poets, that know the ſweetneſs of our Temper, never exhibit any *bloody* Repreſentations upon the Stage, nor ſuffer any *Murders* or *violent* Actions to appear there. On the contrary, the *Engliſh* Dramatick Authors, to flatter the *Savage* Humour and *Barbarity* of their Countrymen, make no *Conſcience* of ſhedding *Blood* upon their Theatre, nay, *adorn* their Tragedies with the moſt cruel *Cataſtrophes* that can be imagin'd. Hardly a *Play* is acted but ſomebody is either *hanged* or *torn* to pieces, or *murdered* in it, and at ſuch Paſſages the Ladies clap their Hands for *Joy*, and are ready to *burſt* their ſides with *laughing*. I had almoſt like to have forgot that they never *fail* once or twice a Week to ſee the Prize-Fighters *hack* and *mangle* one another at the *Bear-garden*, who, to pleaſe

theſe

these *good-natur'd* Spectators, cut large Collops out of one another's Carcasses. By this you may *judge* of the Temper of the *English* Women: However, I wou'd not have you conclude from hence that they are *cruel* in all *other* Respects; for, as I have already observ'd, they are *favourable* enough to Lovers. 'Tis a freequent thing to carry them to the Tavern, where they'l take their Brimmers *heartily*, till they can scarce find their way out of the Room, and then to be sure they are not in a *Humour* to deny their Gallants any thing. There is a famous Publick House near *Moorfields*, where the Master keeps a parcel of *Fidlers* and *Dancers* in constant pay, who have nothing to do from Morning to Night but to *divert* those that come thither to drink. Here the whole *Quintessence* of their Gallantry is to be seen at one view: They are never without abundance of *merry* Fellows that carry their *Mistresses* thither; the House is somewhat built after the manner of an *Amphitheater*, and the principal Sport being in the *middle* of the Room, the Company behold it at the greatest *ease* imaginable. I have been *there*, and had my share in the *Diversion* it affords. We likewise went to see *Hampton-Court*, where the Court is at present, and which is the *Fountain-bleau* of *England*. We had the *Honour* of seeing their Majesties there: The young Queen is *low*, and of a *brown* Complexion, and by her Face 'tis easie to discover that she has a great deal of *goodness* and *sweetness* in her Nature. She has brought some four or five *Portuguese* Ladies with her, that are the most *deformed*, ill-looked Devils that ever bore the Name of *Women*. When a Man sees them among the *English* Maids of Honour that attend her, he would be apt to swear that *Heaven* and *Hell* were jumbled together, and that *Angels* and *Furies* were lately reconciled

to one another. But this is not all the *Trumpery* which the Queen has brought with her out of her own Country; for her Majeſty has a Conſort, as 'tis called, of Citterns, Harps, and the Lord knows what *Inſtruments*, that make the moſt *wretched* Harmony that ever was heard. Going to hear Maſs, we were oblig'd to ſuffer this vile *Perſecution*, and tho' I have none of the *niceſt* Ears, I never heard ſuch *hideous* Muſick ſince I was born. As for *Hampton-Court*, 'tis a *magnificent* Pile of Building, but upon my Word *comes* not up either to our St. *Germain*'s, or *Fountain-bleau*, no more than *White-hall* is to be put in the ſame Scale with the *Louvre*, or St. *James*'s Houſe with *Luxemburgh* Palace. When I was ſhown that *diſmal* Place were the late King had his *Head* cut off, I could not forbear to pour out a thouſand *Imprecations* againſt this *rebellious* Nation, and was infinitely *pleaſed* to ſee the City Gates, and other eminent Places adorn'd with the Heads and Limbs of thoſe execrable *Regicides*. *Cromwell*'s Head, of accurſed Memory, was very much to my *Satisfaction*, placed over *Weſtminſter-Hall*. I wiſh that the publick Examples of theſe *Criminals* may deterr all *Rebels* for the future, and *ſecure* the Peace and Dignity of the *Britiſh* Throne, which has hardly recovered the terrible *Shock* it receiv'd in the late calamitous *Diſorders*. And now, Sir, having ſeen all that is *worth* the ſeeing, we begin to think of taking our *leave*. Our Pockets have been moſt *cruelly* emptied ſince we have been here, for *Shilling* is the Word upon every Occaſion. 'Tis impoſſible to make a viſit to an *Engliſhman*, unleſs the *Shilling* marches in the Van. For my part, tho' I underſtand as *little* of their Language as I do of *Arabick*, yet methinks they talk of nothing but *Shilling*, *Shilling*, *Shilling*, everlaſtingly. In ſhort, for *this* and twenty other *good* Reaſons,

ſons, 'tis *high* time for us to prepare for our *departure*; but alaſs! 'tis with ſome *regret* we take up this Reſolution. The Sea us'd us ſo *diſcourteouſly* in our Voyage hither, that we would not, if we cou'd poſſibly avoid it, *expoſe* our ſelves again to its *Fury*: Therefore, Sir, if you deſire to ſee us once more in *France*, you muſt with all Expedition build us a Bridge from *Dover* to *Calais*: Otherwiſe I don't ſee how we ſhall get over.

I am

Your moſt Obedient Servant.

To Monſieur des A——, *from* Antwerp.

Giving a Deſcription of what our Author obſerv'd in Flanders.

WE are now at *Antwerp*, and in a few days intend to viſit *Holland*. 'Tis worth any *curious* Man's while to make the *Tour* of *Flanders*: Here are a world of noble Cities, infinitely *finer* than ours in *France*. I had ſent you a *large* Account of them if my Friend Mr *L. B.* had not *prevented* me in my Deſign, for he has acquitted himſelf with ſo much *Care* and *Exactneſs*, that 'tis impoſſible to *add* a Syllable to what he has written. By *virtue* of his Letters you'll *ſee* every thing as *diſtinctly* and *plainly* as if you had it before your *Eyes*, ſo that they give you all the *pleaſure* of our Voyage, without ever ſtepping a foot out of *Paris* for't. However I am afraid that at our return he'l make you *pay* your part of the *Expence*, for 'tis not *reaſonable* you ſhould contribute nothing towards it, who receive the ſame *Satisfaction* as we, yet

yet ſuffer none of the ſame *Inconveniences*. Thanks to the *Relations* he has ſent you from time to time, you have *beheld* every thing that is beautiful and remarkable in *Flanders*, ſitting perhaps at your *eaſe* in your Elbow-chair in *Paris*, while we are *jumbled* to death in ſome curſed Waggon, that almoſt *ſhocks* us to pieces: Not to *inflame* your reckoning by telling you, that we are forced to take up with the moſt *pagan* Food that ever was known, to have *Butter* mingled in all our Sawces, Butter in the *beginning*, and Butter in the *concluſion*. To this I might *add*, that in abundance of places, they *underſtand* our Language no more than *Greek* or *Hebrew*; ſo that if I deſire the Servant-maid of the Houſe to bring me a little *Water*, ten to one but the *Gipſy* lays a huge *Loaf* before me. Not but that we have that *neceſſary* Animal call'd an *Interpreter* with us, but Heavens! What a *damn'd* plague is it to *talk* by an *Interpreter*? If the Fellow *leaves* you but a moment, all that while you muſt loſe two of your Senſes, and reſolve to be *deaf* and *dumb*: Beſides, Sir, conſider how it muſt put a Man to the *bluſh* to ask for *certain* things that ſhall be *nameleſs*, by an Interpreter? and what a cruel *pennance* it is to a Perſon of my *intriguing* temper, not to be able to *whiſper* a few *civil* things into the Chamber-maid's *Ears*, eſpecially if ſhe's *handſom*? Thus I have ſhewn you ſome of the *Inconveniences* we lie under: However, our Friend Mr *L. B.* as *tender* and *nice* as he is, has perfectly inured himſelf to all theſe *Hardſhips*. That *ſickly* Gentleman, who cou'd not have rid from *Paris* to *Dranſy* for his Heart, and who wou'd not have gone a *Mile* without a *Coach* to purchaſe the *Indies*, is the *eaſieſt* Man in the World now, when he's in a Waggon, ſtow'd up between ſome *Tun-bellied* Monk, and ſome jolly *Flemmiſh Hoſteſs*, ly-upon a *wholſome* Bundle of *Straw*, were he diſplays all his Stock of *Dutch* at once, to make himſelf underſtood in ſuch *illuſtrious* Company. Wou'd you not be wonderfully *pleaſed* now to ſee him in this *merry* Equipage? But as I hinted to you above, he that was ſo mighty *ſqueamiſh* and *ſickly* at *Paris*, is grown as *robuſt* as *Hercules* in his Travels, and I can aſſure you has no other *Illneſs* about him but that of not *ſleeping* ſo well a nights; but the *Miſchief* on't is, that he makes me bare a *good* Share of his *Illneſs*. When he can't ſleep *himſelf*, he wiſhes all the World were *awake*, and is ſtark *mad* to ſee any one enjoy his *reſt* when he's *without* it. And yet one wou'd think he uſes *Exerciſe* enough in all conſcience to make him ſleep, for we hardly paſs through any Town of note, but he muſt make the *Tour* of it upon the Ram-

Ramparts, and this for the moſt part on *foot*, for a *Coach* is a *Convenience* that is not *always* to be had. This is not all, he muſt get you up to the top of the *higheſt* Towers and Steeples, that are of a prodigious *height* in this Country. Five hundred *Steps* of Stone or Wood, and above theſe five hundred Steps, four or five confounded *Ladders*, with ſome thirty or forty *Rounds* in each, *terrify* him no more, than if he had ſerv'd an Apprenticeſhip to a *Maſon*. 'Tis to no purpoſe to tell him, that unleſs he had learn'd to *dance* upon the high Ropes, he muſt expect to *break* his Neck, and that he wou'd not get a *Minute* the ſooner to *Heaven* for dying ſo *high* above ground: All *Remonſtrances* of this nature are perfectly *loſt* upon him; nay, what is worſe, he obliges me to follow him in all theſe *Frolics*; me, I ſay, who to purchaſe all the *Wealth* of the Univerſe, wou'd not be *hit* in the Teeth with *dying* in the *Air*, for fear of *diſhonouring* my Family; and who beſides am not altogether ſo curious as he is, to ſee the Fortification, Plan, and Situation of every *Town* we paſs through. Theſe are his *conſtant* Recreations every day that *paſſes* over his Head, and yet he does not *ſleep* a jot the *better* for't. The perpetual *jangling* of the Chimes too in all the great Towns of *Flanders*, is no ſmall *Ear-ſore* to us. 'Tis a ſort of Muſick that *pleaſes* a *new* Comer for twice or thrice, and one that was *never* us'd to it before, muſt needs be *ſurprized* to hear a Set of *Bells* play all the Notes of a *Courant* or *Jig* as diſtinctly as a *Spinette* or *Harpſichord*: So that the Fellow that looks after the Clock, may ſet every Family in any of their Towns a dancing, without putting them to a farthing *Expence* for Violins and other Inſtruments. As I told you 'tis a pleaſant *Surprize* enough, but take my word for it, a Man ſoon grows *weary* of the noiſe; for this Harmony ſtuns one every quarter of an hour: So that the Lord have *mercy*, ſay I, upon all good *Chriſtians* that live near theſe Steeples, but *eſpecially* upon ſuch as like our Friend Mr. *L. B.* have no great *Inclination* to ſleep. Heaven be praiſed we ſhall remove into *another* Country to morrow, where the Bells are not ſo *clamorous* and *importunate*. Before I leave this Town, I cannot but own to you, that *Antwerp* is one of the *fineſt* Cities a Man can deſire to ſee. The Magnificence of the Churches, the *Cleanneſs* of the Streets, the fine *Furniture* of the private Houſes, is a quite different thing from what we have in *France*. There is *hardly* a Tradeſman's Houſe without abundance of good *Pictures* in the rooms, for moſt of 'em have a *natural* Genius to Painting: The People are *honeſt* and *induſtrious*, the Women

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beautiful and *free*, and for that reaſon not given to *Gallantry*, whatever *Stories* you may have heard of the many *Conqueſts* the *French* made at *Briſſels* among the fair Sex. I think 'tis impoſſible to give a *ſtronger* Demonſtration of their Chaſtity, than that there are certain Societies of Religious Women call'd *Beguines* here. In ſome places you may ſee eleven hundred of them *lodge* together, who take no *Vow* upon them, *go* about the Town when they *pleaſe*, receive *Viſits* from Gentlemen in their Chambers, and uſe all the innocent *Freedom* imaginable, yet it was never heard that they were *ſuſpected* of the leaſt Gallantry, or charged with any the leaſt *ſcandalous* Diſorder. Having told you this, you may eaſily conclude, that the *Flemiſh* Ladies have no mighty *Inclination* to love. I dare pawn my Reputation, that if we had ſuch Houſes in *France*, where young Women might *diſpoſe* of themſelves as they *fancy* beſt, without any Guardian, or Relations, or Husband to *controul* them; that *Intriguing* wou'd be much more in *vogue* among them, and that our *French* Ladies wou'd not be altogether ſo reſerv'd and cold as thoſe of *Flanders*. I am *Your*, &c.

To the ſame.

A Deſcription of Holland.

THE Perſecution I ſuffer from Mr *L. B.* daily *increaſes* upon me. A Man that travels in his Company ought to *renounce* Sleep for good and all: Becauſe forſooth I ſleep a little better than he does, he immediately concludes I take too *large* a Doſe of it, and everlaſtingly buzzes in my Ear, that it may be *prejudicial* to my health. Ever ſince we came from *Delft*, where, beſides the famous Tomb of the Prince of *Orange*, we ſaw that of Admiral *Tromp*, whoſe Epitaph begins with *Hic jacet qui vivus nunquam jacuit*, he daily recommends him to me as an *Example* to follow, and to qualify me for having ſuch an *Inſcription* upon my Tomb when I am *dead*, wou'd never have me go to *bed* by his good will while I am *alive*. Let me conjure you, Sir, the next time you write to him, to deſire him to give civil *Quarter* to your humble Servant, and endeavour to perſwade him, that ſuch *Perſons* as I, who have *more* Body than Soul, ought to be allow'd *half* as much Sleep again as *other* Mortals. You may *back* this, if you pleaſe, by repreſenting to him, that during our Stay in *Holland* he ought at leaſt to give me *Liberty* of

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Conſcience, which is the *beſt* and moſt *ſtaple* Commodity of theſe Provinces. Since I have mentioned the Word *Liberty*, it may not be *amiſs* to obſerve to you, that theſe fat Gentlemen keep a *furious* pother about it. A Man that hears them talk of the *French* and their Government, wou'd ſwear we were nothing elſe but a pack of *Slaves* and *Vaſſals*, with the *Rod* always at our Poſteriours, to make us *mind* our Buſineſs, and that no People are ſo fit to *command* the Univerſe as the *Dutch*. They talk of *Crown'd* Heads with as much *Arrogance* as the ancient Citizens of *Rome*: They rail inceſſantly at our Conſtitution, at our *ſelling* of Offices and other Places, pretending I know not how many *Abuſes* are occaſion'd by it, and ſay that nothing but true *Merit* and *Virtue* advances a Man's *Fortune* in their Country. If what they ſay is *true*, 'tis certain that *only* thoſe that have the *biggeſt* Bodies, and *greateſt* Bellies, have the moſt *Merit* to recommend them; for I have remarked that there needs no *other* Qualification to make a Man a Counſellor or Burgomaſter, but a *mighty* Paunch; for which reaſon, if our Friend Mr. *L. B.* has a mind to *continue* in theſe Provinces, I believe without *flattering* him, he may juſtly pretend to the *higheſt* Preferments of State; for altho' he ſleeps very little, yet the Butter, Cheeſe and Beer, upon which at this preſent Writing he feeds as heartily as a natural *Dutch-man*, have ſo exceedingly *improved* the bulk of his Perſon, that you'll *bleſs* your ſelf to ſee him at his return. However, I don't believe he'd *ſettle* his abode here, tho' to poſſeſs himſelf of the *higheſt* Poſt in the Government; for as you know him to be a very good *Catholick*, the difficulty of going to *Maſs* here will be an *invincible* obſtacle in his way. The truth on't is, I am exceedingly *ſcandalized*, that thoſe Sons of *Circumciſion*, the *Jews*, ſhould be allowed more Elbow-room at *Amſterdam*, than honeſt Catholicks. Your Bawdy-houſes at *Paris* live not in half the *dread* of that *Heatheniſh* Animal, *the Commiſſary of the Ward*, as the poor Maſs-houſes here. However, I have had leiſure enough to obſerve, that not the *Men* but the *Government* has this averſion for our Religion. The *Hollanders* don't ſo much hate *Rome* as they do *Madrid*, and for my part 'tis an Article of my *Faith*, that they wou'd *ſooner* be prevail'd upon to ſubmit to the *Pope*, than the King of *Spain*. Happening to be in Company with ſome *Butter-boxes* t'other Morning, a Friend of ours, that was in the *bantering* Strain, told them that the *Inquiſition* was certainly going to be put down, that a *Proteſtant* Miniſter had lately got leave to preach publickly at *Madrid*: In ſhort, that his *Catholick* Majeſty was

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the point of declaring himſelf a *Hugonot*. Upon this, a fat *Hollander* in the Room twirled his *Whiskers*, and in the *fulneſs* of his Heart replied, That if the *Spaniard* turn'd *Hugonot*, the *Hollanders* would find themſelves obliged to turn *Catholicks* the next moment after. And now, Sir, I leave it to you to determine whether they have any real *Affection* for their *own* Religion, or any poſitive *Averſion* to *ours*. It may juſtly enough be affirmed of them, that they hate nothing in the World but the *Spaniſh Tyranny*, and *love* nothing *cordially* but their *Silver*. Were it not for this, they would infallibly be the *honeſteſt* Fellows in the Univerſe. As for their *Women*, you may take it for a general Rule without Exception, that they are fair complexion'd and pretty to a Miracle. In *North Holland* particularly, all the Laſſes have ſuch *delicate* Heads of Hair, and ſo agreeable a *mixture* of white and red in their Cheeks, that the moſt indifferent among them wou'd paſs for a *topping* Beauty at *Paris*. At the ſame time I muſt frankly own to you, that the *generality* of them are little *better* than ſo many *Images* in Wax-work, and have no *greater* a ſhare of *Underſtanding* than meerly to *diſtinguiſh* Beer from Wine, and Butter from Cheeſe; ſo that a Man *needs* not put himſelf to any great *Expence* in Oaths, to perſwade them that he's in Love with them. Altho' they have no great inclination to *Gallantry* on Nature's ſide, yet 'tis no *difficult* matter to draw them into the Net. They do out of down right *Stupidity* that which our Women in *Paris* do out of *Gayety*, but then their Careſſes are ſo *cold* and *phlegmatick*, and they have ſo wicked a reliſh of Joy, that, as I am *credibly* inform'd, in the very *Criſis* of Pleaſure, and in the moſt *tranſporting* Moments of Bliſs, they'll eat Apples and crack Nuts. But this is not *all* I have to *ſurprize* you with: In the Buſineſs of Gallantry nothing can be ſo diametrically *oppoſite* to *Paris* as *Amſterdam*: For here none but your young *Maidens* will grant you any Favours, but when once they are got within the Circle of *Matrimony*, and have pronounc'd thoſe *terrible* Words *for better for worſe*, you may ſooner borrow *Money* of an *Uſurer*, than prevail with them to *ſhow* you the leaſt *Civilities*. While they are at your own *diſpoſal*, you may make them *fetch* and *carry*, *lie* down and do what you *pleaſe*; but when they have taken the diſmal Name of *Wives* upon them, all the Wealth in the *Indies* will not tempt them to *injure* their Husbands: And indeed they derive no little *Advantage* from this *politick* Self-denial, for they *govern* their Husbands at Diſcretion, who are ſuch tame paſſive Creatures, that to this very Hour it was never *known* that a married Man in *Holland* beſtow'd any Conjugal

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Diſcipline upon his Wife. If a Man ſhould adminiſter a few tranſitory *Kicks* to his crooked *Rid*, tho' the *Provocation* were never ſo *juſt*, he muſt expect to be ſent to *Bridewell* for his Pains, and do three or four Years Pennance in *Priſon*: And the Reaſon is, becauſe no Man is allowed in this *bleſſed* Country, to do himſelf *Juſtice*. Nay, a Maſter or Miſtreſs that ſhould be ſo *ill-adviſed*, as to give their Footman or Servant-maid a *Box* in the *Ear*, wou'd certainly be called *coram nobis* for't, and forced to pay them a *Years* Wages, tho' they had lived but five *Days* in their Service. After this I leave you to judge how inſolent theſe Vermin are, and whether you wou'd chuſe a Valet out of *Holland*. But if this Cuſtom is *faulty*, they have others that deſerve to be *imitated*. As for the *Croſſes* and *Afflictions* of the World, they have the *beſt* Maxims that can be imagined. Not to diſpleaſe thoſe *worthy* Gentlemen the *Stoics*, who have preached ſo long upon thoſe *Thread-bare* Topics of *Conſtancy* and *Reſolution*, the *Hollanders* have put that in *Practice* which the others have only recommended in *Theory*. Certainly no People in the World receive Misfortunes with leſs *Emotion*: Let what Accidents ſoever *befal* them, they comfort themſelves that ſomething *worſe* might have happen'd to them: If they chance to break a *Leg* or an *Arm*, they think themſelves *favourably* dealt with that they did not break their *Necks*: If a Tempeſt at Sea *ſinks* ſome of their Veſſels, they thank Heaven for *ſparing* the reſt; or if their *Houſes* are burnt down by *Fire*, they are well enough pleaſed that they eſcap'd it *themſelves*. Thus, Sir, you ſee what admirable *Conſolations* they give themſelves in *Holland*, which are not ſo *commonly* practis'd in our Climate. I ſhould ſwell this Letter to too enormous a *Bulk*, ſhould I pretend to ſet down all thoſe *uſeful* Maxims that are eſtabliſh'd here for the repoſe of human Life: For then I ſhould be obliged to *waſt* a great deal of Paper to acquaint you with thoſe *juſt* and *ſolid* Notions they have of *Love* and *Honour*, how much they deſpiſe theſe two *fooliſh Chymera's*, and how they laugh at us for paying a *ſervile* Adoration to a brace of worthleſs *Idols* of our own making. Beſides, if the *Hollanders* can't boaſt ſo *ready* a Wit, and ſo *fruitful* an Invention as ours, yet they may *juſtly* boaſt a *greater* Application to Buſineſs, and more Induſtry than we. 'Tis indeed *prodigious* to obſerve that a Country, which *hardly* produces any thing of its own growth, ſhou'd yet have *Plenty* of all that the Univerſe *affords*; which is intirely owing to their infinite *Trade*, and the good *Conſtitution* of their *Government*. The Limits of a Letter are *too confin'd* to recount to you a thouſand *remarkable* things, as the Magnificence of the *Stadt-houſe* at

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Amsterdam, the neatness and rich Furniture of their *private* Houses, which are *exactly* built so as to answer one another, the Beauty and vast numbers of their *Canals* in the midst of their Streets, all of them planted with great Trees on each side so regularly, that a Stranger can hardly tell whether he sees a *City* in a *Forrest*, or a *Forrest* in a *City*. To this I might add with what *Art*, as well as *Expedition*, they can build you a Ship or a House, the *vast* Expence and Trouble they are at in keeping their *Dikes*, and what *wonderful* Correspondence which their Traffic gives them in all the *Corners* of the World. In short, Sir, I should be forced to write an *entire* Volume, to give you a *tolerable* Account of all the *Wonders* of this *little* Republic. But I may very well spare you the trouble of my Relations, for you are in great *danger*, let me tell you, of meeting a greater *Persecution* than you'd expect. Our worthy Friend Mr. *L. B.* is *almost* resolved, since he's in the humour of *travelling*, to make a Visit to *Denmark*, *Sweden*, *Poland*, and the rest of the *Northern* Countries. However, I am in good hopes we shall make the best of our way to *Liege* through *Bois le duc* and *Maestricht*, and when we are got safe thither, we shall soon determine how to dispose of our selves. Thus, Sir, you see that in spight of the Proverb, I am like to leave *Holland* without *making my Fortune there*; not that I have been *wanting* to my self in any respect to bring it about, but the *mischief* on't is, that I have not as yet been able to find out any Employment that *Suits* my Inclination, except it be that of teaching your young Wenches of about fifteen or sixteen, the *French* Language, with whom their Masters take all the *familiarity* you can wish, and perswade them to *do* every thing they have a mind to, provided they tell 'em 'tis the Mode and Fashion of *France*. If I knew but a little *Dutch* to introduce me, this wou'd be the *fittest* as well as the most *agreeable* way of turning the Penny; but as 'tis my Misfortune to be able to speak no *other* Language but what I learnt of my *Nurse*, and a few Fragments of *Latin*, which I pick'd up at *College*, I am forced to leave *Holland*, as I told you before, without making my *Fortune* there. However, I can honestly *assure* you, that I am not in the least *mortified* at it, since I should be *ashamed* to find it *any where* else but in your *Friendship*, as being with the *utmost* Sincerity

Your most humble
And most obliged Servant.

The End of the First Volume.

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM